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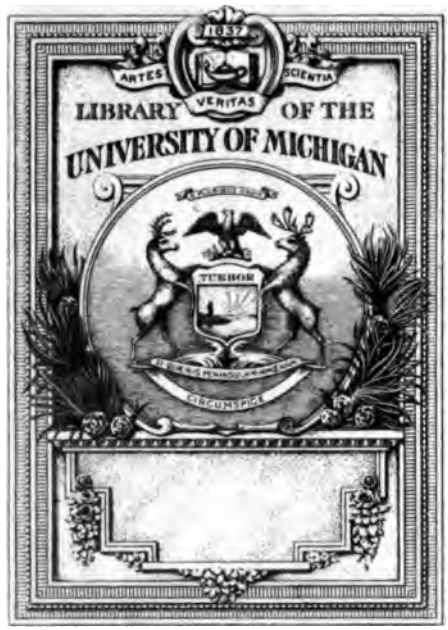
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SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

WITH A

PREFATORY CHAPTER OF BIOGRAPHICAL CRITICISM

BY

LESLIE STEPHEN.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

HENRY SOTHERAN & CO.,
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MDCCCLXXXIII.

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Mrs. B—— to Mr. B——.—She enters more particularly into those parts of education which relate to her own sex; and shows the benefits that would accrue to men, as well as women, from a more enlarged education to the latter. Asserts an equality of genius in the sexes. Censures the writings of some great wits, who treat the sex contemptuously; and shows the pernicious tendency to virtue and morals of such a conduct . . . . . 347—355

LETTER XCVIII.

Mrs. B—— to her Parents.—Occasionally mentions the frequent journeys she has taken with Mr. B—— over most parts of England. Then reviews briefly her past conduct, and the view she always had in it to Mr. B——'s reformation: how all her hopes of this sort were at an

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end on the masquerade affair; but that Providence, out of that evil appearance, had brought about the good she had so long been supplicating for. She then gives the affecting particulars of a conversation between them, in which he voluntarily disclaims and condemns all his past frailties, and resolves upon a thorough reformation: that, to her inexpressible delight, he has ever since behaved answerably to his good resolutions. She then lays down the rules with regard to divine worship, which she intends to observe in Popish countries. Tells them that her Davers and Pamela will be sent down to them, while Miss Goodwin and her Billy are to accompany her abroad 355—364

LETTER XCIX.

Mrs. B—— to Lady G—— (Miss Darnford that was)—Repeating briefly the contents of several of her letters to her, when abroad, which appear not in these volumes: particularly the marriage of the countess dowager with Lord C——. Informs her of their arrival at Dover, and happy meeting with her parents. The improvement of her children and Miss Goodwin. The difficulties they had abroad with Mr. H——; who now, while she writes, by the death of his father, is become a peer. Gives some useful hints on the subject of travelling in foreign parts. Most pathetically bewails the death of her beloved Mrs. Jervis, and of Jonathan, which happened while she was abroad. Takes notice of the deaths of Sir Simon Darnford, his lady, and Mrs. Jones; which likewise happened during her absence from England . . . . . 364—372

LETTER C.

Mrs. B—— to Lady G——.—Acquaints her with the marriage of the new Lord H—— with a woman of ill fame. Gives briefly the history of that affair, and the copy of a letter which he sent to Lord Davers on that subject. Her reflections upon his rash conduct. Apprises her of the birth of her Jemmy . . . . . 373—376

LETTER CI.

Mrs. B—— to Lady G——.—Transcribes, at her request, from her little book of education, some observations relating to young gentlemen's travelling; in which she considers Mr. Locke's sentiments, and gives a scheme of her own, on that subject. Expresses her concern that Mr. and Mrs. Murray live unhappily; and animadverts upon the different behaviour of gentlemen in courtship, and after marriage . 377—381

LETTER CII.

Mrs. B—— to Lady G——.—At her desire, for the sake of two headstrong young ladies, gives the particulars of an instructive conversa-

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tion which formerly passed between herself, several of the neighbouring ladies, and the dean, with Miss STAPYLTON, Miss COPE, Miss SUTTON, and Miss L——, four young ladies, of different tempers and inclinations: who (admiring her story, but not knowing the design of their friends in this visit) were brought to receive benefit from her conversation: which therefore (being apprised of the intention) she adapts to their respective characters and tastes: and which is attended with happy effects to each young lady . 382—411

LETTER CIII.

Mrs. B—— to Lady G——.—Sends her a specimen of her NURSERY-TALES, calculated for the instruction of her attentive little ones. In which she comprises, in a very brief and intelligent manner, the principal DUTIES of CHILDREN from INFANCY to MANHOOD, and the rewards which attend the good, as well as the punishments that follow the bad. After which, at Miss Goodwin's request for a WOMAN'S STORY, she gives her the histories and characters of four young ladies, whom she calls COQUETILLA, PRUDIANA, PROFUSIANA, and PRUDENTIA; interspersed with such cautions and instructions as deserve the attention of every young lady. Miss Goodwin, greatly affected with the story, hopes to imitate the character of PRUDENTIA, which she ascribes to Mrs. B——. 411—425

CONCLUSION:

Containing a brief narrative of facts which happened after the period of time comprehended in the preceding letters; relating to—

Mr. and Mrs. B——,
Miss Goodwin,
Lord and Lady Davers,
Lord H——,
Lady G——, and
Mr. Longman.

PAMELA;

OR,

VIRTUE REWARDED.

—o—

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mrs. B—— to Miss Darnford.

[In answer to Letters XXXV. and XXXVI.]

My dear Miss Darnford,—I skip over the little transactions of several days, to let you know how much you rejoice me, in telling me* Sir Simon has been so kind as to comply with my wishes. Both your most agreeable letters came to my hand together, and I thank you a hundred times for them; and I thank your dear mamma, and Sir Simon too, for the pleasure they have given me in this obliging permission. How happy shall we be together!—But how long will you be permitted to stay, though? All the winter, I hope:—And then, when that is over, let us set out together, if God shall spare us, directly for Lincolnshire: and so pass most of the summer likewise in each other's company. What a sweet thought is this! Let me indulge it a little while.

Mr. B—— read your letters, and says, You are a charming young lady, and surpass yourself in every letter. I told

* See vol. ii. p. 456.

him that he was more interested in the pleasure I took in this favour of Sir Simon than he imagined. As how, my dear? said he. A plain case, sir, replied I: For endeavouring to improve myself by Miss Darnford's conversation and behaviour, I shall every day be more worthy of your favour. He kindly would have it that nobody, no, not Miss Darnford herself, excelled me.

'Tis right, you know, miss, that Mr. B—— *should* think so; though I must know nothing at all, if I was not sensible how inferior I am to my dear Miss Darnford: and yet when I look abroad now and then, I could be a proud slut, if I would, and not yield the palm to many others.—But don't let everybody know how vain I am. Yet they may, too, if they take in, at the same time, the grounds of my vanity; for they must then allow, that I have no small reason to be proud, in having so happily won the favour of two such judges as Mr. B—— and Miss Darnford; and have the good fortune, likewise, to rejoice in that of Lady Davers and the Countess of C——.

Well, my dear miss,

Sunday

Is past and gone, as happily as the last; the two ladies, and, at *their* earnest request, Sir Jacob bearing us company in the evening part. My Polly was there morning and evening, with her heart broken almost, poor girl!—I put her in a corner of my closet, because her concern should not be minded. Mrs. Jervis gives me great hopes of her: —And she seems to abhor the thoughts of Mr. H——. But as there proves to be so little of real love in her heart (though even, if there had, she would have been without excuse), is she not the wickeder by half for that, miss? To consent, and take *earnest*, as I may say, to live with a man who did not pretend to marry her!—How inexcusable this! —What a frailty!—Yet so honestly descended, so modest in appearance, and an example so much better—forgive me to say—before her—Dear, dear, how could it be!

Sir Jacob was much pleased with our family order, and

said, 'Twas no wonder I *kept* so good myself, that was his word, and made others so; and he was of opinion that the four rakes (for he run on how much they admired me) would be converted, if they saw how well I passed my time, and how cheerful and easy every one, as well as myself, was under it. He said, when he came home, he thought he must take such a method himself in *his* family; for he believed it would make not only better masters and mistresses, but better children, and better servants too. But, poor gentleman! he has, I doubt, a great deal to mend in *himself,* before he can begin such a practice with efficacy in his *family.*

—o—

Monday.

In the afternoon, Sir Jacob took his leave of us, highly satisfied with us both, and *particularly*—so he said—with me; and promised that my *two cousins,* as he called his daughters, and his sister, an old maiden lady, if they went to town this winter, should visit me, and be improved by me; that was his word. Mr. B—— accompanied him some miles on his journey; and the two ladies, and Lord Davers and I, took an airing in the coach.

Mr. B—— was so kind as to tell me, when he came home, with a whisper, that Miss Goodwin presented her duty to me.

I have got a multitude of fine things for the dear little creature; and Mr. B—— promises to give me a dairy-house breakfast when our guests are gone.

I enclose the history of this little charmer,* by Mr. B——'s consent, since you are to do us the honour, as he (as well as I) pleases himself, to be one of our family—but keep it to yourself, whatever you do. I am guarantee that you will; and have put it in a separate paper, that you may burn it as soon as you have read it.—For I shall want your advice, it may be, on this subject, having a great

* See vol. ii. p. 131, et seq.

desire to get this child into my possession; and yet Lady Davers has given me a hint* that dwells a little with me. When I have the pleasure I hope for, I will lay all before you, and be determined and proceed, as far as I have power, by you. You, my good father and mother, have seen the story in my former papers.

—o—

Tuesday.

You must know I pass over the days thus swiftly; not that I could not fill them up with writing, as ample as I have done the former: but intending only to give you a general idea of our way of life and conversation, and having gone through a whole week and more, you will be able, from what I have recited, to form a judgment how it is with us, one day with another.—As, for example, now and then neighbourly visits received and paid. Needle-work between whiles. Music. Cards sometimes, though I don't love them.—One more benevolent round.—Improving conversations with my dear Mr. B—— and my two good ladies.—A lesson from him, when alone, either in French or Latin: a new pauper case or two.—A visit from the good dean.—Mr. Williams's departure, in order to put the new-projected alteration in force, which is to deprive me of my chaplain—(by the way, the dean is highly pleased with this affair, and the motives to it, Mr. Adams being a favourite of his, and a distant relation of his lady).—Mr. H——'s and Polly's mutual endeavour to avoid one another.—My lesson, to the poor girl, and cautions, as if she were my sister.

These, my dear Miss Darnford; these, my honoured father and mother, are the pleasant employments of our time, so far as we females are concerned: for the gentlemen hunt, ride out, and divert themselves in their way, and bring us home the news and occurrences they meet with

* See vol. ii. p. 246.

abroad, and now and then a straggling gentleman they pick up in their diversions.—And so I shall not enlarge upon these articles, after the tedious specimens I have already given. Yet the particulars of one conversation, possibly, I may give you another time, when I have least to do, because three young ladies, relations of Lady Towers and Mrs. Arthur, were brought to visit me, for the benefit of my instructions; for that was the kind compliment of those ladies to me.

—o—

Wednesday, Thursday.

COULD you ever have thought, my dear, that husbands have a dispensing power over their wives, which kings are not allowed over the laws? I have this day had a smart debate with Mr. B——, and I fear it will not be the only one upon this subject. Can you believe, that if a wife thinks a thing her duty to do, and her husband does not approve of her doing it, he can dispense with her performing it, and no sin shall lie at her door? Mr. B—— maintains this point. I have great doubts about it; particularly one: That, if a matter be my duty, and he dispenses with my performance of it, whether, even although that were to clear *me* of the sin, it will not fall upon *himself?* And to be sure, miss, a good wife would be as much concerned at this as if it was to remain upon *her.* Yet he seems set upon it. What can one do?—Did you ever hear of such a notion before, miss? Of such a prerogative in a husband? Would you care to subscribe to it?

This is one of Mr. B——'s particularities. He has several of them; the effects, as I take it, of his former free life. Polygamy, as I have mentioned heretofore, is another. That is a bad one indeed. Yet he is not so determined on this as he seems to be on the other, in a certain case, that is too *nice* for me, at present, to explain to you; and so I might as well have taken no notice of it as yet—

only the argument was so present to my mind; held within this hour; and I write a journal, you know, of what passes.

But I will, some time hence, submit it, at least to *your* judgments, my father and mother. You are well read in the Scriptures, and have gone through the occasion often; and both Mr. B—— and I build our arguments on Scripture, though we are so different in our opinions. He says the ladies are of his opinion. I'm afraid they are, and so will not ask them. But perhaps I mayn't live, and other things may happen; and so I'll say no more of it at present.*

—o—

Friday.

Mr. H——, and my Lord and Lady Davers, and the excellent Countess of C——, having left us this day, a good deal to my regret, and, as it seemed, to their own, the former put the following letter into my hands, with an air of respect, and even reverence. You will observe in it that he says he spells most lamentably; and this obliges me to give it you *literally*.

'Deare good Madam,—I cannott contente myselfe with 'common thankes, on leaving youres and Mr. B——'s 'hospitabel house, because of *thatt there* affaire, which I 'neede not mention; and truly am *ashamed* to mention, as 'I *have been* to looke you in the face, ever since it happen'd. 'I don't knowe *how itt came aboute*, butt I thought butt 'att first of *joking* a littel, *or soe;* and seeing Polley heard 'me with more attentiveness then I expected, I was en-'couraged to proceede; and *soe*, now I recollecte, itt *came* 'aboute.

'But shee is innosent for me: And I don't know how 'thatt came aboute neither; for we were oute one moone

For the sequel of this matter, see page 48.

'lighte nighte together in the gardin, walking aboute, and 'afterwardes took a *napp* of two houres, as I beliefe, in 'the summer-house in the littel gardin, being over-powered 'with sleepe; for I woulde make her lay her head uppon 'my breste, till, before we were awar, wee felle asleepe 'together. Butt before thatt, we hadd agreed on whatt 'you discovered.

'Thiss is the whole truthe, and all the intimasies wee 'ever hadd, *to speake off*. But I beleefe we shoulde have 'been better acquainted, hadd you nott, luckily *for mee!* 'prevented itt, by being att home when we thought you 'abroad. For I was to come to her when shee hemm'd '*two or three times;* for having made a contract, you 'knowe, madam, it was naturall enough to take the first 'occasion to putt itt in force.

'She coulde not keepe her owne secritt, and may have 'told you more perhapps then is true. So what I write 'is to *cleare myselfe;* and to tell you how sorry I am, in 'such a good house as youres, and where there is so much 'true godliness, that I shoulde ever be *drawne away* to 'have a thoughte to dishonour itt. But I will take care 'of being over-famillier for the future with *underlings;* for 'see how a man may be *taken in!*—If shee hadd resented 'itt att first, when I begun to kisse her, *or soe* (for, you 'knowe, we younge fellows will take libertis sometimes 'where they don't become us, to our owne disparagements 'chiefly, *that's true*), I shoulde have hadd an *awe* uppon 'me; or iff shee had *told you,* or butt *said* shee woulde, 'I shoulde have *flowne,* as soon as had any thoughtes 'further aboute *the matter.*—But what had one of oure 'sexe to do, *you knowe,* madam, when they finde *littel* 'resistence, and that shee woulde *stande quietly* and *telle* '*no tales,* and make no *great struggell,* and not keepe out of '*one's way* neither, butt to *dilly-dally* on, till one broughte 'itt to more then one at first intended?

'Poor Polley! I pity her too. Don't think the worse 'of her, deare madam, so as too turn her away, because it 'may bee her ruin. I don't desire too see her. I mought

'have been *drawne in* to do strange foolish things, and been 'ruin'd at the long run; for who knows where this thing 'mought have ended? My *unkell* woulde have never seene 'me. My *father* too (his lordshipp, you have hearde, 'madam, is a very *crosse man*, and never loved *mee much*) 'mought have cutt off the intaile. My *aunte* would have 'dispis'd mee, and scorn'd mee. I should have been her 'foolishe fellowe in *earneste*, nott in *jeste*, as now. *You* 'woulde have resented itt, and Mr. B——, who knowes? 'mought have called me to account (for he is *bloody* '*passionate*, I saw thatt att the Hall, and has foughte two 'or three duells, as I have hearde) for abusing the *freedome* '*of his house*, and breaking the lawes of hospitality, as 'you tolde mee; and so, it is nott unlikely, I mighte have 'dy'd *like a dogge in a ditche;* and there would have been 'an ende of a noble family, that have been peeres of the 'realme time out of minde. What a sadd thing would 'this have been! A *publicke* as well as *private* losse: For 'you knowe, madam, whatt my lady countess said, and 'nobody says better thinges, or knowes more of the matter, 'then her ladyshipp, that every peere of the realme is a 'jewel in the crowne. A fine saying! God grante I may 'keepe itt in minde, when my *time comes*, and my father 'shall *happen to die!*

'Well, butt, good madam, cann you forgive mee? You 'see how happy I am in my disapointment. But I must 'take another sheete of paper.—I did nott think to write 'so much;—for I don't love itt: Butt on this occasion, 'know not how too leave off.—I hope you cann reade my 'letter. I knowe I write a *clumsy* hand, and *spelle moste* '*lamentabelly;* for I never had a tallent for these thinges. 'I was readier by halfe to admire the *orcherd robbing* '*picture* in Lilie's Grammer, then any other parte of the 'book: Excuse my nonsense, madam: butt many a time 'have I help'd to fill a *sachil;* and always supposed that 'picture was putt there on purpose to tell boyes whatt 'diversions are *alowed* them, and are *propper* for them. 'Several of my schoole-fellows tooke it for granted, as

'well as I, and wee coulde never reconcile itt to oure 'reason, why wee shoulde bee punished for *practissing* a 'lesson *taughte* us by our Grammers.

'Butt, hey, whether am I running! I never writt to 'you before, and never may againe, unlesse you or Mr. 'B—— commande itt, for youre servise. So pray excuse 'me, madam.

'I knowe I neede give no advise to Polley, to take care 'of *first* encouragements. Poore girl! shee mought have 'suffer'd sadly, as welle as I.—For iff my father, and my 'unkell and aunte, had requir'd mee to turne her off, you 'knowe itt woulde have been undutifull too have refus'd 'them, notwithstanding our bargaine. And want of duty 'to them woulde have been to have added faulte too faulte: 'As you once observed, I remember, that one faulte never 'comes alone, but drawes after itt generally five or six, to 'hide or vindicate itt, and *they* every one perhapps as many 'more *eache.*

'I shall never forgett severall of youre wise sayinges. I 'have been vex'd, may I be *hang'd* if I have not, many 'a time, thatt I coulde not make such observations as 'you make; who am so much *older* too, and a man besides, 'and a *peere's son*, and a *peere's nephew!* But my tallents 'lie *another way;* and by that time my father dies, I hope 'to improve myselfe, in order to *cutt* such a figgure as may 'make me be no disgrase to my *name* or *countrey;* for I 'shall have one benefitt over many younge lordes; thatt I 'shall be more fond of makeing *observasions* than *speeches,* 'and so shall improve of course, you knowe.

'Well, butt whatt is all this to the purpose?—I will 'keepe close to my texte; and thatt is, to thank you, 'good madam, for all the favours I have received in your 'house; to thank you for disappointing mee, and for con-'vinsing mee, in so *kinde,* yet so *shameing* a manner, how 'wrong I was in the matter of *that there* Polly; and for 'not exposing my folly to anyboddy but *myselfe* (for I 'should have been ready to *hang* myselfe, if you hadd); 'and to begg youre pardon for itt, and to assuer you, that

'I will never offerr the like as long as I breathe. I am, 'madam, with the greatest respecte,

'Youre most obliged, moste faithful, and

'Moste obedient humbell servante,

'J. H——.'

'Pray excuse blotts and blurrs.'

Well, Miss Darnford, what shall we say to this fine letter?—You'll allow it to be an original, I hope. Yet, may be not. For how does one know, but it may be as well written, and as sensible a letter, as this class of people generally write?—But what then shall we be able to say for such poor creatures of our sex as are *taken in*, as Mr. H—— calls it, by such pretty fellows as this: who, if they may happen to *write* better, hardly *think* better, or design to *act* better, and are not so soon brought to repentance and promises of amendment?

Mr. H—— dresses well, is not a contemptible figure of a man, laughs, talks, where he can be heard, and his aunt is not present; and *cuts*, to use his own words, a considerable figure in a country town.—But see—yet I will not say what I might—he is Lord Davers's nephew; and if he makes his *observations*, and *forbears* his *speeches* (I mean, can be silent, and only laugh when he seęs somebody of more sense laugh, and never *approve* or *condemn* but in *leading-strings*), he may possibly pass in a crowd of gentlemen.—But poor, poor Polly Barlow! What *can* I say for Polly Barlow?

I have a time in view, when possibly my papers may fall under the inspection of a dear gentleman to whom, next to God, I am accountable for all my actions and correspondencies; so I will either write an account of the matter, and seal it up sėparately, for Mr. B——, or, at a proper opportunity, will break it to him, and let him know (under secrecy, if I can engage him to promise it) the steps I took in it; for fear something should arise hereafter, when I cannot answer for myself, to render anything dark or questionable in it. A method, I believe, very proper to be taken by

every married lady; and I presume the rather to say so, having had a good example for it. For I have often thought of a little sealed-up parcel of papers my lady made me burn in her presence about a month before she died.—They are, Pamela, said she, such as I have no reason to be concerned about, let who will see them, could they know the springs and causes of them: but for want of a clue, my son might be at a loss what to think of several of those letters, were he to find them, in looking over my other papers when I am no more.

Let me add, that nothing could be more endearing than our parting with our noble guests. My lady repeated her commands for what she often engaged me to promise, that is to say, to renew the correspondence begun between us, so much (as she was pleased to say) to her satisfaction.

I could not help showing her ladyship, who was always inquiring after my writing employment, most of what passed between you and me; and she admires you much, and wished Mr. H—— had more wit, that was her word: She should, in that case, she said, be very glad to set on foot a treaty between you and him.

But that, I fancy, can never be tolerable to you; and I only mention it *en passant*—There's a French woman for you!

The countess was full of her kind wishes for my happiness; and my Lady Davers told me, that if I could give her timely notice, she would be present on a *certain* occasion.

But, my dear miss, what could I say?—I know nothing of the matter!—Only, that I am a sad coward, and have a thousand anxieties which I cannot mention to anybody.

But, if I have such in the honourable estate of matrimony, what must those poor souls have, who have been seduced, and have all manner of reason to apprehend, that the crime shall be followed by a punishment so *natural* to it! A punishment, *in kind*, as I may say; which, if it only ends in forfeiture of life, following the forfeiture of fame, must be thought merciful and happy beyond expectation; for how shall they lay claim to the hope that is given to persons

in their circumstances, that *they shall be saved in child-bearing*, since the condition is, *if they* CONTINUE *in faith and charity, and* HOLINESS *with* SOBRIETY?

Now, my honoured mother, and my dear Miss Darnford, since I am upon this affecting subject, does not this text seem to give a comfortable hope to a good woman, who shall die in this circumstance, that she shall be happy in the divine mercies? For the apostle, in the context, says, That *he suffers not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.*—And what is the reason he gives? Why, a reason that is a natural consequence of the curse on the first disobedience, that she shall be in subjection to her husband.—For, says he, *Adam was* NOT *deceived; but the woman, being deceived, was in the transgression.* As much as to say, 'had it not been for the 'woman, Adam had kept his integrity, and therefore her 'punishment shall be, as it is said, *I will greatly multiply 'thy sorrow in thy conception: in sorrow shalt thou bring 'forth children,—and thy husband shall rule over thee.* But, 'nevertheless, if thou shalt not survive the sharpness of thy 'sorrow, thy death shall be deemed to be such an alleviation 'of thy part of the entailed transgression, that thou shalt '*be saved*, if thou hast CONTINUED in faith, and charity, 'and HOLINESS with SOBRIETY.'

This, my honoured parents, and my dear friend, is *my* paraphrase; and I reap no small comfort from it, when I meditate upon it.

But I shall make you as serious as myself; and, my dear friend, perhaps frighten you from entering into a state, in which our poor sex suffer so much from the bridal morning, let it rise as gayly as it will upon a thoughtful mind, to that affecting circumstance (throughout its whole progression), for which nothing but a tender, a generous, and a worthy husband can make them any part of amends.—And when one *is* so blessed, one has so many fears added to one's sorrows; and so much apprehension, through human frailty, of being separated from so beloved a partner, that one had need of the greatest fortitude to support one's self. But it

may be I am the weakest and most apprehensive of my sex. —It may be I am!—And when one sees how common the case is, and yet how few die in it; how uneasy many women are, *not* to be in this circumstance (my good Lady Davers particularly, at times), and Rachel and Hannah in holy writ; and then how a childless estate might lessen one in the esteem of one's husband; one ought to bring these considerations in balance, and to banish needless fears. And so I will, if I can.

But a word or two more as to the parting with our honoured company. I was a little indisposed, and they all would excuse me, against my will, from attending them in the coach some miles, which their dear brother did. Both ladies most tenderly saluted me, twice or thrice a piece, folding their kind arms about me, and wishing my safety and health; and charging me to *think* little, and *hope* much; for they saw me thoughtful at times, though I endeavoured to hide it from them.

My Lord Davers was pleased to say, with a goodness of temper that is peculiar to him, My dearest, dear sister—may God preserve you, and multiply your comforts! I shall pray for you more than ever I did for myself, though I have so much more need of it!—I *must* leave you—but I leave one whom I love and honour next to Lady Davers, and ever shall.

Mr. H—— looked consciously silly.—I can say nothing, madam—but (saluting me) that I shall never forget your goodness to me—adding, in his frothy way, and with as foppish an air, Now can I say, I have saluted an angel, if ever there was an angel on earth.

I had before, in Mrs. Jervis's parlour, taken leave of Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley, my ladies' women: they each stole, as it were, at the same time, a hand of mine, and kissed it, begging pardon, as they said, for the freedom. But I answered, taking each by her hand, and kissing her, I shall always think of you with pleasure, my good friends; for you have encouraged me constantly by your presence in my private duties; and may God bless you, and the

worthy families you so laudably serve, as well for your sakes, as their own!

They turned away with tears; and Mrs. Worden would have said something to me, but could not.—Only both taking Mrs. Jervis by the hand, Happy, happy Mrs. Jervis! said they, almost in a breath.—And happy, happy I too, repeated I, in my Mrs. Jervis, and in such kind and worthy wellwishers as Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley! Wear this, Mrs. Worden; wear this, Mrs. Lesley; for my sake: —And I gave each of them a ring, with a crystal and brilliants set about it, which Mr. B—— had bought a week before, for this very purpose; for he has a great opinion of both the good folks, and often praised their prudence, and their quiet and respectful behaviour to everybody, so different from the impertinence, that was his word, of most ladies' women, who are favourites.

Mrs. Jervis said, I have enjoyed many happy hours in your conversation, Mrs. Worden, and Mrs. Lesley: I shall miss you very much.

I must endeavour, said I, taking her hand, to make it up to you, my good friend, as well as I can. And of late we have not had so many opportunities together as I should have wished, had I not been so agreeably engaged as you know.—So we must each try to comfort the other, when we have lost, I such noble, and you such worthy companions.

Mrs. Jervis's honest heart, before touched by the parting, showed itself at her eyes.—Wonder not, my good friends, said I to the two gentlewomen, wiping with my handkerchief her venerable cheeks, that I always endeavour thus to dry up all my good Mrs. Jervis's tears; and then I kissed her, thinking of *you*, my dear mother; and I was forced to withdraw a little abruptly, lest I should be too much moved myself, because I was going up to our departing company, who, had they inquired into the occasion, would perhaps have thought it derogatory (though I should not) to my present station, and too much retrospecting to my former.

I could not, in conversation between Mr. B—— and myself, when I was gratefully expatiating upon the amiable characters of our noble guests, and of their behaviour and kindness to me, help observing that I had little expected, from some hints * which formerly dropt from Mr. B——, to find my good Lord Davers so polite and so sensible a man.

He is a very good-natured man, replied Mr. B——. I believe I might once or twice drop some disrespectful words of him: but it was the effect of passion, at the time, and with a view to two or three points of his conduct in public life; for which I took the liberty to find fault with him, and received very unsatisfactory excuses. One of these, I remember particularly, was in a conference between a committee of each house of parliament, in which he behaved in a way I could not wish from a man so nearly allied to me by marriage; for all he could talk of, was the dignity of their house, when the reason of the thing was strong with the other; and it fell to my lot to answer what he said; which I did with some asperity; and this occasioned a coolness between us for some time.

But no man makes a better figure in private life than Lord Davers; especially now that my sister's good sense has got the better of her passions, and she can behave with tolerable decency towards him. For, formerly, Pamela, it was not so; the violence of her spirit making him appear in a light too little advantageous either to his quality or merit. But now his lordship improves upon me every time I see him.

You know not, my dear, continued Mr. B——, what a disgrace a haughty and passionate woman brings upon her husband, and upon herself too, in the eye of her own sex, as well as ours. Nay, even those ladies, who would be as glad of dominion as she, if they might be permitted to exercise it, despise others who do, and the man *most* who suffers it.

And let me tell you, my Pamela, said the dear man,

* See vol. i. p. 376.

with an air that showed he was satisfied with his own conduct in this particular, that you cannot imagine how much a woman owes to her husband, as well with regard to *her own* peace of mind, as to *both* their reputations (however it may go against the grain with her sometimes), if he be a man who has discretion to keep her encroaching passions under a genteel and reasonable control!

How do you like this doctrine, miss?—I'll warrant you believe that I could do no less than drop Mr. B—— one of my best courtesies, in acknowledgment of my obligation to him, for so considerately preserving to me *my* peace of mind, and *my* reputation, as well as *his own,* in this case.

But after all, when one duly weighs the matter, I can't tell but what he says may be right in the main; for I have not been able to contradict him, partial as I am to my sex, when he has pointed out to me instances in the behaviour of certain ladies, who, like children, the more they have been humoured, the more humorsome they have grown; which must have occasioned as great uneasiness to themselves, as to their husbands. Will you excuse me, my dear?—This is between ourselves; for I did not own so much to Mr. B——. For one should not give up one's sex, you know, if one can help it; for the men will be as apt to impose, as the women to encroach, I doubt.

Well, but here, my honoured father and mother, and my dear Miss Darnford, at last I end my journal-wise letters, as I may call them; our noble guests being gone, and our time and employments rolling on in much the same manner, as in past days, of which I have given an account.

If anything new or uncommon, or more particularly affecting to me than usual, occurs, I shall not fail to trouble you with it, as I have opportunity. But I have now my correspondence with Lady Davers to resume; and how shall I do about that?—Oh! I can easily tell: It is but trespassing a little on your indulgent allowance for me, my ever-honoured parents.—And you, my dear miss, will find it a

relief, instead of an occasion for regret, to be eased of a great many impertinencies which I write to you in my heart's confidence, and in the familiarity of friendship.—Besides, I shall have the happiness of changing our paper-correspondence into personal conversation with you, when at London. —And what a sweet change for me will that be!—I will end with the joyful thought; and with the assurance that I am,

My dearest father and mother,

And best beloved Miss Darnford,

Your dutiful and affectionate

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER XXXIX.

Mrs. B—— to Miss Darnford.

My dear Miss Darnford,—I hear that Mrs. Jewkes is in no good state of health. I am very sorry for it. I pray for her life, that she may be a credit (if it please God) to the penitence she has so lately assumed.—For if she die, it will look discouraging to some thoughtless minds who penetrate not far into the methods Providence takes with its poor creatures, that as soon as she had changed her manner of living, and was in a reformed state, she was taken away: Though 'tis certain, that a person is fittest to die when worthiest to live. And what a mercy will it be to her, if she should *not* live long, that she saw her errors and repented before 'twas too late!

Do, my dear *good* Miss Darnford, vouchsafe to the poor soul the honour of a visit: She may be low-spirited—she may be too much sunk with the recollection of past things. —Comfort, with that sweetness which is so natural to Miss Darnford, her drooping heart; and let her know that I have a true concern for her, and give it her in charge to take care

of herself, and spare nothing that will administer either to her health, or peace of mind.

You'll pardon me, my dear, that I put you upon such an office; an office indeed unsuitable to a lady in your station, to a person in hers; but not to your piety and charity, where a duty so eminent as that of visiting the sick, and cheering the doubting mind, is in the question.

I know your condescension will give her great comfort: and if she should be hastening to her account, what a pleasure will it give such a lady as you, to have illuminated a benighted mind, when it was tottering on the verge of death!

But I hope she will get the better of her indisposition, and live many years a thankful monument of God's mercies, and to do more good by her example in the latter part of her life, than she may possibly have done evil in the former.

I know she will want no spiritual help from good Mr. Peters: but then the kind notice of so generally esteemed a young lady, will raise her more than can be imagined; for there is a tenderness, a sympathy, in the good persons of our sex to one another, that (while the best of the other seem but to act as in office, saying to one those things which, though edifying and convincing, one is not certain proceeds not rather from the fortitude of their minds than the tenderness of their natures) mingles from one woman to another with one's very spirits, thins the animal mass, and runs through one's heart, in the same lifey current (I cannot clothe my thought suitably to express what I would express), giving assurance, as well as pleasure, in the most arduous cases, and brightening our misty prospects till we see the Sun of Righteousness rising on the hills of comfort, and dispelling the heavy fogs of doubt and diffidence.

This it is makes me wish and long as I do, for the company of my dear Miss Darnford. Oh, when shall I see you? When shall I?—To speak to my present case, it is *all* I *long for;* and pardon my freedom of expression, as well as thought, when I let you know in this instance, how

early I experience the *ardent longings* of one in the way I am in.

But I ought not to set my heart upon anything that is not in my own power, and which may be subject to accidents and the control of others. But let whatever interventions happen, so I have your will to come, I must be rejoiced in your kind intention, although your power should not prove answerable.

And now, my dearest honoured mother, let me tell you, that I build no small consolation in the hope, that I shall, on a certain occasion, have your presence, and be strengthened by your advice and comfortings. For this was a proposal of the best and most considerate of men, who is every day, if he sees but the least thoughtful cloud upon my brow, studying to say or to do something to dispel it. But I believe it is the grateful sense I have of his goodness to me, that makes me thus over-anxious: For the apprehensions of a separation from such an excellent husband, from hopes so cheering, prospects so delightful, must, at times, affect one, let one's affiance and desires be ever so strong where they ought to be preferably placed.—Then one would live to do a little more good, if one *might!*

I am a sad weak, apprehensive creature; to be sure I am! How much better fitted for the contingencies of life, are the gay, frolic minds, that think not of anything before it comes upon them, than such thoughtful *futurity pokers* as I am!

But why should I trouble you, my honoured and dear friends, with my idle fears and follies—just as if nobody was ever in my case before!—Yet weak and apprehensive spirits will be gloomily affected sometimes; and how can one help it?—And if I may not hope for the indulgent soothings of the best of parents, and of my Miss Darnford, in whose bosom besides can one disburden one's heart, when oppressed by too great a weight of thought?

You *will* come, and be in the house with me, my dear mother, for some time, when my best friend sends to you: Won't you?—And you will *spare* my dear mother, my

best of fathers: Won't you?—Yes, yes, I am sure you will. —And I am sure my Miss Darnford will be with me, if she can; and these are my comforts. But how I run on!—For I am so much a novice, that——

But I will say no more, than that I am, my honoured father and mother, your ever dutiful daughter; and, my dear Miss Darnford,

Your affectionate and obliged

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER XL.

Miss Darnford to Mrs. B——.

My dear Mrs. B——,—We are greatly obliged to you for every particular article in your entertaining Journal, which you have brought, sooner than we wished, to a conclusion. We cannot express how much we admire you for your judicious charities, so easy to be practised, yet so uncommon in the manner; and for your inimitable conduct in the affair of your frail Polly and the silly Mr. H——.

Your account of the visit of the four rakes, of your parting with your noble guests; your verses, and Mr. H——'s letter (an original indeed!) have all greatly entertained us, as your prerogative hints* have amused us: But we defer our opinion of those hints till we have the case more fully explained.

But, my dear friend, are you not in danger of falling into a too thoughtful and gloomy way? By the latter part of your last letter, we are afraid you are; and my mamma, and Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Peters enjoin me to write to caution you on that head. But there is the less need of it, because your prudence will always suggest to you reasons, as it does in that very letter, that must outbalance our fears. *Think* little, and *hope* much, is a good lesson in your

* See pages 5 and 6.

case, and to a lady of your temper; and I hope Lady Davers will not in vain have given you that caution. After all, I daresay, your thoughtfulness is but symptomatical, and will go off in proper time.

Meantime, permit me to choose you a subject that will certainly divert you. You must know, that I have been a diligent observer of the conduct of people in the married life to each other; and have often pronounced, that there cannot be any tolerable happiness in it, unless the one or the other makes such sacrifices of their inclinations and humours as renders it a state very little desirable to free and generous minds. Of this I see an instance in our own family; for though my papa and mamma live very happily, it is all owing to one side; I need not say which. And this, I am sure, must be the case between Mr. B—— and you: For you must, even through fire, if required, sacrifice to Moloch. I know your prudence will oblige you to make the best of it: and like a contented good wife, you will say you have your own will in everything: A good reason why, because you make your own will his. This, long ago, we all agreed, any lady must do, be her quality ever so great, who would be happy with Mr. B——. Yet my sister once hoped (*entre nous*) to be the person. Fine work would there have been between two such spirits, you may believe!

But to wave this; let me ask you, Mrs. B——, is your monarch's conduct to you as *respectful*, I do not mean fond, when you are alone together, as when in company? —Forgive me, madam.—But you have hinted two or three times, in your letters, that he always is most complaisant to you in company; and you observe, that *wisely* does he act in this, because he thereby does credit with everybody to his own choice. I make no doubt that the many charming scenes which your genius and fine behaviour furnish out to him, must, as often as they happen, inspire him with joy, and even rapture; and must make him love you more for your mind than for your person:—But these rapturous scenes last very little longer than the present

moment. What I want to know is, whether in the *steadier* parts of life, when you are both nearer the level of us common folks, he gives up anything of his own will in compliment to yours? Whether he acts the part of a respectful, polite gentleman in his behaviour to you; and breaks not into your retirements, in the dress and with the brutal roughness of a fox-hunter?—Making no difference perhaps between the field or his stud, I will not say kennel, and your chamber or closet?—Policy, for his own credit sake, as I mentioned, accounts to me well for his complaisance to you in public. But his regular and uniform behaviour to you in your retirements, when the conversation between you turns upon usual and common subjects, and you have not obliged him to rise to admiration of you, by such scenes as those of your two parsons, Sir Jacob Swynford, and the like; are what would satisfy my curiosity, if you please to give me an instance or two of it.

Now, my dearest Mrs. B——, if you can give me a case, partly or nearly thus circumstanced, you will highly oblige me.

First; where he has borne with any infirmity of your own; and I know of none where you can give him such an opportunity, except you get into a vapourish habit, by giving way to a temper too thoughtful and apprehensive:

Next; that, in complaisance to *your* will, he recedes from his *own* in any one instance:

Next; whether he breaks not into your retirements unceremoniously, and without apology or concern; as I hinted above.

You know, my dear Mrs. B——, all I mean by what I have said; and if you have any pretty conversation in memory, by the recital of which this my bold curiosity may be answered, pray oblige me with it; and we shall be able to judge by it, not only of the inborn generosity which all that know Mr. B—— have been willing to attribute to him, but of the likelihood of the continuance of both your felicities, upon terms suitable to the characters of a fine

lady and fine gentleman; and, of consequence, worthy of the imitation of the most delicate of our own sex.

This is the task your Polly Darnford presumes to set her beloved Mrs. B——. And why? For your own diversion, in the *first* place. For my edification, in the *next*. And that when I have the pleasure I hope for, of attending you in London, I may see what there is in the conduct of you both to admire, or to remonstrate against in the *third*. For where there is so little wanting to perfection between you, I shall be very free with you both, in my censures, if he imposes, through prerogative, or you permit, through an undue compliance, what I shall imagine ought not to be in either case. I know you will excuse me for what I have said; and well you may, since I am sure I shall have nothing to do, when I am with you, but to admire and to imitate *you;* and to wish, if ever I marry, I may have just such a husband (though not quite so haughty, perhaps) as Mr. B——. But pray let not the lordly man see this letter, nor your answer, nor the copy of it, till you may conclude I have the latter, if then; that you may not be under any undue influences.

Your obliging *longings*, my beloved dear lady, for my company, I hope, will be soon, very soon, answered. My papa was so pleased with your sweet earnestness on this occasion, that he joined with my mamma; and both, with equal cheerfulness, said, you should not be many days in London before me. Murray and his mistress go on swimmingly, and have not yet had one quarrel. The only person, he, of either sex, that ever knew Nancy so intimately, and so long, without one!

This is all I have to say at present, when I have assured you, my dear Mrs. B——, how much I am

Your obliged and affectionate

POLLY DARNFORD.

I must add, however, that I expect from you almost as many letters as there are post days, between this and

the time I see you; for I will not part with my correspondent for anybody; no, not for Lady Davers.

But I must insist upon your giving me the conversation with the young ladies related to Lady Towers and Mrs. Arthur.

I will observe everything you say in relation to Mrs. Jewkes; who is much as she was; but not better.

—o—

LETTER XLI.

Mrs. B—— to Miss Darnford.

My dear Miss Darnford,—I was afraid I ended my last letter in a gloomy way; and I am obliged to you for the kind and friendly notice you take of it. It was owing to a train of thinking which sometimes I get into of late; I hope, only symptomatically, as you say, and that the cause and effect will soon vanish together.

But what a task, my dear friend, I'll warrant you think you have set me! I thought, in the progress of my Journal, and in my letters, I had given so many instances of Mr. B——'s polite tenderness to me, that no new ones would be required at my hands; and when I said he was always *most* complaisant before company, I little expected that such an inference would be drawn from my words, as would tend to question the uniformity of his behaviour to me when there were no witnesses to it. But I am glad you give me an opportunity to clear up all your doubts on this subject. To begin then:

You first desire an instance, where Mr. B——has borne with some infirmity of mine:

Next; that, in complaisance to my will, he has receded from his own:

And, lastly, whether he breaks not into my retirements unceremoniously, and without apology or concern, making

no difference between the field or the stud, and my chamber or closet?

I know not, my dear, what the distance is, at which the polite ladies, and those of rank, think it proper to endeavour to keep their husbands: but I will give you, by and by, the subject of one conversation only, which will answer all you mean, as I apprehend, and at the same time acquaint you with the notions and behaviour of us both, with respect to this distance and my retirements; and then leave you to judge as you think fit.

As to the first, his bearing with my infirmities, he is daily giving instances of his goodness to me on this head; and I am ashamed to say that of late I give him so much occasion for them as I do: But he sees my apprehensiveness, at times, though I endeavour to conceal it; and no husband was ever so soothing and so indulgent as Mr. B——. He gives me the best advice, as to my malady, if I may call it one; treats me with redoubled tenderness; talks to me upon the subjects I most delight to dwell upon; as of my worthy parents; what they are doing at this time, and at that; of our intended journey to London; of the diversions of the town; of Miss Darnford's company; and when he goes abroad, sends up my good Mrs. Jervis to me, because I should not be alone: At other times takes me abroad with him; brings this neighbour and that neighbour to visit me; and carries me to visit them: talks of our journey to Kent, and into Lincolnshire, and to my Lady Davers's, to Bath, to Tunbridge, and I cannot tell whither, when the apprehended time shall be over.—In fine, my dear Miss Darnford, you cannot imagine one half of his tender goodness and politeness to me! Indeed you cannot!—Then as to what you call *respectful*, he watches every motion of my eye, every turn of my countenance; seldom gives his opinion upon subjects that he kindly imagines within my capacity, till he has heard mine; and I have the less fear of falling into mean compliances, because his generosity is my guardian, and never fails to exalt me more than I can debase myself, or than it

is possible I can deserve. Then he hardly ever goes out to any distance, but he brings me some pretty present that he thinks will be grateful to me: when at home, he is seldom out of my company; delights to teach me French and Italian, and reads me pieces of manuscript poetry, in several of the modern tongues (for he speaks them all); explains to me everything I understand not; delights to answer all my questions, and to encourage my inquisitiveness and curiosity; tries to give me a notion of pictures and medals, and reads me lectures upon them, for he has a fine collection of both; and every now and then will have it, that he has been improved by my questions and observations.

What say you to these things, my dear? Do they come up to your first question? or do they not? Or is not what I have said a full answer, were I to say no more, to *all* your inquiries? Can there be any such thing as *undue compliances* to such a husband, on my side, think you? And when I have charmed to sleep, by my grateful duty, that watchful dragon, *prerogative,* as Lady Davers in one of her letters calls it;* and am resolved not to awake it, if I can help it, by the least disobliging or wilful perverse act, what have I to apprehend from it?

Oh, my dear, I am thoroughly convinced that half the misunderstandings among married people are owing to trifles, to petty distinctions, to mere words, and little captious follies, to overweenings, or unguarded petulances: And who would forego the solid satisfactions of life for the sake of triumphing in such poor contentions, if one could triumph?

Are such foibles as these to be dignified by the name of *inclinations* and *humours,* which, to be given up, would be making such a *sacrifice as shall render the married life little desirable to free and generous minds?*

But say not, my dear, to *free* and *generous minds:* for every high spirit deserves not these epithets: Nor think what I say a partiality in behalf of my own conduct, and

* See vol. ii. p. 249.

an argument for tameness of spirit, and such a one as would lick the dust; for, let me tell you, my dear friend, that dearly as I love and honour my Mr. B——, if he were to require of me anything that I thought it was my duty not to comply with, I should be the unhappiest creature in the world; because I am sure I should withstand his will, and desire him to excuse my non-compliance.

But then I would reserve my strength for these *greater* points, and would never dispute with him the *smaller*, although they were not entirely to my liking: And this would give both force and merit to the opposition, when I found it necessary: But to contest every little point, where nothing but one's stubborn will was in the question, what an inexcusable perverseness would that be! How ready to enter the lists against a husband, would it make one appear to him! And where, besides, is the merit of obliging, were we only to yield to what will oblige ourselves?

But you next require of me an instance, where, in complaisance to *my* will, he has receded from *his own?* I do not know what to say to this. When Mr. B—— is all tenderness and indulgence, as I have said, and requires of me nothing that I can have a material objection to, ought I *not* to oblige him? *Can* I have a will that is not his? Or would it be excusable if I *had?* All little matters, as I have said, I cheerfully give up: Great ones have not yet occurred between us, and I hope never will. One point indeed I have some apprehension *may* happen; and that, to be plain with you, is, we have had a debate or two on the subject (which I maintain) of a mother's duty to nurse her own child: and I am sorry to say it, he seems more determined than I wish he were, against it.

I hope it will not proceed so far as to awaken the sleeping dragon I mentioned, *prerogative,* by name; but I doubt I cannot give up this point very contentedly. But as to lesser points, had I been a duchess born, I think I would not have contested them with my husband.

Upon the whole of this question, then, I have really had no will of my own to contend for, so generous is Mr. B——, and so observant and so grateful have I thought it my duty to be: yet I could give you many respectful instances, too, of his receding, when he has desired to see what I have been writing, and I have told him to whom, and begged to be excused. One such instance I can give since I began this letter. This is it.

I put it in my bosom when he came up: He saw me do so.

Are you writing, my dear, what I must not see?

I am writing to Miss Darnford, sir; and she begged you might not, at present.

This augments my curiosity, Pamela. What can two such ladies write that I may not see?

If you will not be displeased, sir, I had rather you would not, because she desires you may not see her letter, nor this my answer, till the latter is in her hands.

Then I will not, returned Mr. B——.

Will this instance, my dear, come up to your demand for one, where he recedes from his own will, in complaisance to mine?

But now, as to what both our notions and our practice are on the article of my retirements, and whether he breaks in upon them unceremoniously, and without apology, let the conversation I promised inform you, which began on the following occasion:

Mr. B—— rode out early one morning, within a few days past, and did not return till the afternoon; an absence I had not been used to of late; and breakfasting and dining without him being also a new thing with me, I had such an impatience to see him, having expected him at dinner, that I was forced to retire to my closet, to try to divert it by writing; and the gloomy conclusion of my last, was then the subject. He returned about four o'clock, and indeed did *not* tarry to change his riding-dress, as your politeness, my dear friend, would perhaps have expected; but came directly up to me, with an ir[illegible] me, equal to

my own, when he was told, upon inquiry, that I was in my closet.

I heard his welcome step, as he came up stairs; which generally, after a longer absence than I expect, has such an effect upon my fond heart, that it gives a responsive throb for every step he takes towards me, and beats quicker and faster, as he comes nearer and nearer, till tapping my breast, I say to it sometimes, Lie still, busy fool as thou art! Canst thou not forbear letting thy discerning lord see thy nonsensical emotions? I love to indulge thee in them, myself, it is true, but then let nobody else observe them; for, generous as thy master is, thou may'st not perhaps meet with such favourable interpretations as thou deservest, when thou art always fluttering thus as he approaches, and playest off all thy little joyful frolics into the glowing cheek and brightened eye of thy mistress; which makes her look as if she were conscious of some misdemeanour; when, all the time, it is nothing in the world but grateful joy, and a love so innocent that the purest mind might own it.

This little flutter and chiding of the busy simpleton made me meet him but at the closet door, instead of the entrance of my chamber, as sometimes I do.—So, my dear love, how do you? folding his kind arms about me, and saluting me with ardour. Whenever I have been but a few hours from you, my impatience to see my beloved will not permit me to stand upon the formality of a message to know how you are engaged; but I break in upon you, even in my riding-dress, as you see.

Dear sir, you are very obliging. But I have no notion of *mere* formalities of this kind (how unpolite this, my dear, in your friend!) in a married state, since 'tis impossible a virtuous wife can be employed about anything that her husband may not know: and so need not fear surprises.

I am glad to hear you say this, my Pamela; for I have always thought the extraordinary civilities and distances of this kind, which I have observed among several persons of rank, altogether unaccountable. For, if they are exacted

by the lady, I should suspect she had reserves, which she herself believed I could not approve of. If not exacted, but practised of choice by the gentleman, it carries with it, in my opinion, a false air of politeness, little less than affrontive to the lady, and dishonourable to himself; for does it not look as if he supposed, and *allowed*, that probably she might be so employed that it was necessary to apprise her of his visit, lest he should make discoveries not to her credit, or his own?

One would not, sir (for I thought his conclusion too severe), make such a harsh supposition as this neither: for there are little delicacies and moments of retirement, no doubt, in which a modest lady would be glad to be indulged by the tenderest husband.

It may be so, in an *early* matrimony, before the lady's confidence in the honour and discretion of the man she has chosen, has disengaged her from her bridal reserves.

Bridal reserves! dear sir; permit me to give it, as my humble opinion, that a wife's behaviour ought to be as pure and circumspect, in degree, as that of a bride, or even of a maiden lady, be her confidence in her husband's honour and discretion ever so great. For indeed I think a gross or a careless demeanour little becomes that modesty which is the peculiar excellency and distinction of our sex.

You account very well, my dear, by what you now say, for your own over-nice behaviour, as I have sometimes thought it. But are we not all apt to argue for a practice we make our own, because we *do* make it our own, rather than from the reason of the thing?

I hope, sir, that is not the present case with me; for, permit me to say, that an over-free or negligent behaviour of a lady in the married state, must be a mark of disrespect to her consort; and would show, as if she was very little solicitous about what appearance she made in his eye. And must not this beget in him a slight opinion of her, and her sex too, as if, supposing the gentleman had been a free liver, she would convince him there was no other

difference in the sex, but as they were within or without the pale; licensed by the law, or acting in defiance of it?

I understand the force of your argument, Pamela. But you were going to say something more.

Only, sir, permit me to add, that when, in my particular case, you enjoin me to appear before you always dressed,* even in the early part of the day, it would be wrong if I was less regardful of my behaviour and actions than of my appearance.

I believe you are right, my dear, if a precise or unnecessary scrupulousness be avoided, and where all is unaffected, easy, and natural, as in my Pamela: for I have seen married ladies, both in England and France, who have kept a husband at greater distance than they have exacted from some of his sex, who have been more entitled to his resentment than to his wife's intimacies.

But to wave a subject, in which, as I can with pleasure say, neither of us have much concern, tell me, my dearest, how you were employed before I came up? Here are pen and ink: here too is paper; but it is as spotless as your mind. To whom were you directing your favours now? May I not know your subject?

Mr. H——'s letter was a part of it; and so I had put it by at his approach; and not choosing he should see that, I am writing, replied I, to Miss Darnford: but I think you must not ask me to see what I have written *this* time. I put it aside, that you should not, when I heard your welcome step. The subject is our parting with our noble guests; and a little of my apprehensiveness on an occasion upon which our sex may write to one another; but, for some of the reasons we have been mentioning, gentlemen should not desire to see.

Then I will not, my dearest love—(So here, my dear, is another instance—I could give you an hundred such—of his receding from his own will, in complaisance to mine) —only, continued he, let me warn you against too much apprehensiveness, for your own sake, as well as mine; for

* See vol. ii. pp. 2 and 7.

such a mind as my Pamela's I cannot permit to be habitually overclouded. And yet there now hangs upon your brow an over-thoughtfulness which you must not indulge.

Indeed, sir, I was a little too thoughtful, from my subject, before you came; but your presence, like the sun, has dissipated the mists that hung upon my mind. See you not, and I pressed his hand with my lips, they are all gone already? smiling upon him, with a delight unfeigned.

Not quite, my dearest Pamela; and therefore, if you have no objection, I will change my dress, and attend you in the chariot for an hour or two, whither you please, that not one shadow may remain visible in this dear face; tenderly saluting me.

Whithersoever you please, sir. A little airing with you will be highly agreeable to me.

The dear obliger went and changed his dress in an instant; and he led me to the chariot, with his usual tender politeness, and we had a charming airing of several miles; returning quite happy, cheerful, and delighted, with each other's conversation: without calling in upon any of our good neighbours: for what need of that, my dear, when we could be the best company in the world to each other?

Do these instances come up to your questions, my dear? or, do they not?—If you think not, I could give you our conversation in the chariot; for I wrote it down, at my first leisure, so highly was I delighted with it: for the subject was my dearest parents; a subject started by himself, because he knew it would oblige me. But being tired with writing, I may reserve it till I have the pleasure of seeing you, if you think it worth asking for. And so I will hasten to a conclusion of this long letter.

You will perceive, my dear, by what I have written, in what sense it may be *justly* said, that Mr. B—— is *most* complaisant to me before company; perhaps politically, as you say, to do credit to his own generous choice:—But that he is more tender, yea, *respectfully* tender (for that

is the word with you), and not less polite to me, in our retired hours, you will have no doubt, from what I have related; and could further relate, if it were necessary: for every day produces instances equal to what I have given you.

Then, my dear, let me say to you, what I could not so freely say to any other young lady; that I never could have hoped I should be so happy as I am, in other particulars, from a gentleman who has given himself the liberties Mr. B—— has done: for I never hear from him, in company, or when alone, the least shocking expression, or such frothy jests as tend to convey impure ideas to the most apprehensive mind. There is indeed the less wonder in this, and that we can glory in a true conjugal chastity, as I have the vanity to think his love, as well as my own, is the love of the mind, rather than that of person; and our tenderest and most affecting moments are those which lift us up above sense, and all that sense can imagine. But this is a subject too delicate to be dwelt upon, even to you: and you will better comprehend all I mean, when your pure mind meets with a gentleman of exalted sense, like Mr. B——, whom, if you *find* him not so good as you wish, your example will *make* so.

Permit me to add, for the sake of you, my dear parents, as well as for the sakes of my much respected friends, who have joined in the kind caution you so obligingly give me, against getting into too thoughtful and gloomy a way, that there is no great fear I should continue long in it, when I have so kind and so generous a comforter as Mr. B——. For, at his presence, all my fearful apprehensions are dissipated, and vanish like a morning dream. And, depend upon it, that so sure as the day succeeds to the night, so sure will my mind, while capable of the least sense of gratitude, be illuminated the moment he shines out upon me, let it be ever so overcast in his absence, through imaginary doubts, and apprehended evils.

I have only farther to add, for my comfort, that next Thursday se'nnight, if nothing hinders, we are to set out

for London. And why do you think I say *for my comfort?* Only that I shall then soon have the opportunity to assure you personally, as you give me hope, how much I am, my dear Miss Darnford,

Your truly affectionate

P. B——.

I will show you, when I see you, the conversation you require about the young ladies.

LETTER XLII.

Mrs. B—— to Miss Darnford.

My dear Miss Darnford,—One more letter, and I have done for a great while; because I hope your presence will put an end to the occasion. I shall now tell you of my second visit to the dairy-house, where we went to breakfast, in the chariot and four, because of the distance, which is ten pretty long miles.

I transcribed for you, from letters written formerly to my dear parents, an account * of my former dairy-house visit, and what the people were, and whom I saw there; and although I besought you to keep that affair to yourself, as too much affecting the reputation of my Mr. B—— to be known any farther, and even to destroy that account when you had perused it; yet, I make no doubt, you remember the story, and so I need not repeat any part of it.

When we arrived there, we found at the door, expecting us (for they heard the chariot wheels at a distance), my pretty Miss Goodwin, and two other misses, who had earned their ride, attended by the governess's daughter, a discreet young gentlewoman. As soon as I stepped out,

* See vol. ii. p. 131.

the child ran into my arms with great eagerness, and I as tenderly embraced her, and leading her into the parlour, asked her abundance of questions about her work and her lessons; and among the rest, if she had merited this distinction of the chaise and dairy-house breakfast, or if it was owing to her uncle's favour, and to that of her governess? The young gentlewoman assured me it was to both, and showed me her needle-works and penmanship; and the child was highly pleased with my commendations.

I took a good deal of notice of the other two misses, for their school-fellow's sake, and made each of them a present of some little toys; and my miss, of a number of pretty trinkets, with which she was highly delighted; and I told her that I would wait upon her governess, when I came from London into the country again, and see in what order she kept her little matters; for, above all things, I loved pretty housewifely misses; and then I would bring her more.

Mr. B—— observed, with no small satisfaction, the child's behaviour, which is very pretty; and appeared as fond of her, as if he had been *more* than her *uncle*, and yet seemed under some restraint, lest it should be taken that he *was* more. Such power has secret guilt, poor gentleman! to lessen and restrain a pleasure that would, in a happier light, have been so laudable to have manifested! But how commendable is this his love to the dear child, compared to that of most wicked libertines, who have no delight but in destroying innocence; and care not what becomes of the unhappy infants, or of the still more unhappy mothers!

I am going to let you into a charming scene, resulting from this perplexity of the dear gentleman. A scene that has afforded me high delight ever since; and always will, when I think of it: but I will lead to it as gradually as it happened.

The child was very fond of her uncle, and told him, she loved him dearly, and always would love and honour him, for giving her such a good aunt.—You talked, madam, said

she, when I saw you before, that I should come and live with you—will you let me, madam? Indeed I will be very good, and do everything you bid me, and mind my book and my needle; indeed I will.

Ask your uncle, my dear, said I; I should like your pretty company of all things.

She went to Mr. B——, and said, Shall I, sir, go and live with my aunt? Pray let me, when you come from London again.

You have a very good governess, child, said he; and she cannot part with you.

Yes, but she can, sir; she has a great many misses, and can spare me well enough: and if you please to let me ride in your coach sometimes, I can go and visit my governess, and beg a holiday for the misses, now and then, when I am almost a woman, and then all the misses will love me.

Don't the misses love you now, Miss Goodwin? said he. Yes, they love me well enough, for matter of that; but they will love me better when I can beg them a holiday. Do, dear sir, let me go home to my new aunt, next time you come into the country.

I was much pleased with the dear child's earnestness; and permitted her to have her full argument with her beloved uncle, but was much moved; and he himself was under some concern, when she said—But you should, in pity, let me live with you, sir; for I have no papa, nor mamma, neither: they are so far off!—But I will love you both as if you were my own papa and mamma: so, dear now, my good uncle, promise the poor girl that has never a papa nor mamma!——

I withdrew to the door: It will rain, I believe, said I, and looked up. And indeed I had almost a shower in my eye; and had I kept my place, could not have refrained showing how much I was affected.

Mr. B——, as I said, was a little moved; but for fear the young gentlewoman should take notice of it, How, my dear, said he, no papa nor mamma!—Did they not send you a

pretty black boy to wait upon you, a while ago? Have you forgot that?—That is true, replied she: but what is the black boy, to living with my new aunt?—That is better a great deal than a black boy!

Well, your aunt and I will consider of it, when we come from London. Be a good girl, meantime, and do as your governess would have you, and then you don't know what we may do for you. Well then, Miss Bett, said she to her young governess, let me be set two tasks instead of one, and I will learn all I can to deserve to go to my aunt.

In this manner the little prattler diverted herself. And as we returned from them, the scene I hinted at, opened as follows:

Mr. B—— was pleased to say, What a poor figure does the proudest man make, my dear Pamela, under the sense of a concealed guilt, in company of the innocent who know it, and even of those who do not!—Since the casual expression of a baby shall overwhelm him with shame, and make him unable to look up without confusion. I blushed for myself, continued he, to see how you were affected for me, and yet withdrew, to avoid reproaching me so much as with a look. Surely, Pamela, I must then make a most contemptible appearance in your eye! Did you not disdain me at that moment?

Dearest sir! how can you speak such a word? A word I cannot repeat after you! For, at that very time, I beheld you with the more reverence, for seeing your noble heart touched with a sense of your error; and it was such an earnest to me of the happiest change I could ever wish for, and in so young a gentleman, that it was one half joy for that, and the other half concern at the little charmer's accidental plea, to her best and nearest friend, for coming home to her new aunt, that affected me so sensibly as you saw.

You must not talk to me of the child's coming home, after this visit, Pamela; for how, at this rate, shall I stand the reproaches of my own mind, when I see the little prater every day before me, and think of what her poor mamma

has suffered on my account! It is enough, that in *you*, my dear, I have an hourly reproach before me, for my attempts on your virtue; and I have nothing to boast of, but that I gave way to the triumphs of your innocence: And what then is my boast?

What is your boast, dearest sir? You have everything to boast, that is worthy of being boasted of:—Brought up to an affluent fortune, uncontrolled in your will, your passions uncurbed; you have, nevertheless, permitted the divine grace to operate upon your truly noble heart, and have seen your error at a time of life when others are rushing into vices; in the midst of which perhaps they are cut off.

You act generously, and with a laudable affection, to a deserving baby, which some would have left friendless to the wide world, and have made more miserable perhaps than they had made the very miserable mother: and you have the comfort to think, that, through God's goodness, this mother is not unhappy; and that there is not a lost *soul*, any more than a lost *body*, to lay to your charge.

You have inspirited, by your generous example, and enabled, by your splendid fortune, another person, whom you have made the happiest creature in the world, to do good to the poor and destitute all around her; besides making every one who approaches you, easy and happy, with the bounty of your own hands.

You are the best of husbands, the best of landlords, the best of masters, the best of friends; and with all these excellences, and a mind, as I hope, continually improving, and more and more affected with the sense of its past mistakes, will you ask, dear sir, what is your boast?

Oh, my dearest, dear Mr. B——! and then I pressed his hand with my lips, whatever you are to yourself, when you give way to reflections so hopeful, you are the glory and the boast of your grateful Pamela! And permit me to add, tears standing in my eyes, and holding his hand between mine, that I never beheld you in my life in a more amiable light, than when I saw that noble consciousness, which you

speak of, manifest itself in your eyes, and your countenance. —Oh, sir! this was a sight of joy, of true joy! to one who loves you for your dear soul's sake, as well as for that of your person; and who looks forward to a companionship with you, beyond the term of this transitory life!

The dear gentleman looked down sometimes, and sometimes upon me, without offering to interrupt me; and when I had done speaking, I began to fear, by his silence, that I had offended him, remembering just then one of his former cautions to me,* not to throw a gloom upon his mind by my over-seriousness; and I said, putting my arms round his arm, as I sat, my fearful eye watching his, I fear, sir, I have been too serious! I have perhaps broken one of your injunctions! Have cast a gloominess over your mind! And if I have, dear sir, forgive me!

He clasped his arms around me: Oh, my beloved Pamela! said he; thou dear confirmer of all my better purposes! how shall I acknowledge your inexpressible goodness to me? I see every day more and more, my dear love, what confidence I may repose in your generosity and discretion! You want no forgiveness: and my silence was owing to much better motives than to those you were apprehensive of.

Judge ye, my honoured parents, what pleasure must overspread my heart, encouraged in a manner so agreeable to all my wishes, and at the hopeful prospect of a thorough reformation, which I had so often prayed for, and which so happily began to open to my delighted mind on this occasion.

Indeed I could not find words to express my joy, and so was obliged to silence in my turn, being only able to raise my swimming eyes to his encouraging ones, and to press his hand between both mine to my lips, which, by their quivering motion, showed their readiness to perform their part of speech, could my backwarder tongue have given utterance to my meanings.

He saw my grateful transport, and kindly said, Struggle not, my beloved Pamela, for words to express sentiments

* See vol. i. p. 377.

which your eyes and your countenance much more significantly express than any words *can* do. Every day produces new instances of your affectionate concern for my *future* as well as *present* happiness: and I will endeavour to confirm to you all the hopes which the present occasion has given you of me, and which I see, by these transporting effects, are so desirable to you.

If, my dear Miss Darnford, you are not at present able to account for this speechless rapture, as I may call it, I am confident you will, if it should be your lot to marry such a gentleman as Mr. B——; one who is capable of generous and noble sentiments, and yet has not been so good as you could wish; whenever it shall happen, that the divine grace, and your unaffected piety, shall touch his heart, and he shall give hopes like those I have the pleasure to rejoice in—hopes so charming, that they must, if confirmed, irradiate many a gloomy appearance, which, at times, will cast a shadow over the brightest and happiest prospects.

The chariot brought us home sooner than I wished, and Mr. B—— handed me into the parlour. Here, Mrs. Jervis, said he, meeting her in the passage, receive your angelic lady. I must take a little tour without you, Pamela, for I have had *too much* of your dear company; and must leave you, to descend again into myself; for you have raised me to such a height, that it is with pain I look down from it.

He kissed my hand, and went into his chariot again; for it was but half an hour after twelve; and said, he would be back by two at dinner. He left Mrs. Jervis wondering at his words, and at the solemn air with which he uttered them. But when I told that good friend the occasion, I had a new joy in the pleasure and gratulations of the dear good woman, on what had passed.

Were I, my dear friends, to recount to you every conversation that gives me delight, when we are *alone* (my Miss Darnford), as well as when we are in company, I should do nothing but write. Imagine the rest from what

I have (but as so many specimens of my felicity) informed you of; and then think, if there can possibly be a happier creature on earth than I am at present.

My next letter will be from London, and to you, my honoured parents; for to you, my dear, I shall not write again, expecting to see you soon. But I must now write seldomer, because I am to renew my correspondence with Lady Davers; with whom I cannot be so free, as I have been with Miss Darnford; and so I doubt, my dear father and mother, you cannot have the particulars of that correspondence; for I shall never find time to transcribe.

But every opportunity that offers, you may assure yourselves, shall be laid hold of by your ever dutiful daughter.

And now, my dear Miss Darnford, as I inscribed this letter to you, let me conclude it with the assurance, that I am, and ever will be,

Your most affectionate friend and servant,

P. B——.

LETTER XLIII.

Mrs. B—— to her Parents.

My dear Father and Mother,—I know you will be pleased to hear that we arrived safely in town last night. We found a stately, well-furnished, and convenient house; and I had my closet or library, and my withdrawing-room, all in complete order, which Mr. B—— gave me possession of, in a manner the most obliging that can be imagined.

I am in a new world, as I may say, and see such vast piles of building everywhere, and such a concourse of people, and hear such a rattling of coaches in the day, that I hardly know what to make of it, as yet. Then the nightly watch, going their hourly rounds, disturbed me last night. But I shall soon be used to that, and sleep the sounder perhaps for the security it assures to us.

Mr. B—— is impatient to show me what is curious in and about this vast city; and to hear, as he is pleased to say, my observations upon what I shall see; and he has carried me through several of the fine streets this day, in his chariot: But at present I have too confused a notion of things to give any account of them; nor shall I trouble you with descriptions of that kind; for you being within a day's journey of London, I hope for the pleasure of seeing you oftener than I could expect before; and shall therefore leave these matters to your own observations, and what you'll hear from others.

I am impatient for the arrival of my dear Miss Darnford; whose company and conversation will reconcile me, in a great measure, to this new world.

Our family at present are, Colbrand, Jonathan, and six men-servants, including the coachman. The four maids are also with us.

But my good Mrs. Jervis was indisposed, so came not up with us; but we expect her and Mr. Longman in a day or two: for Mr. B—— has given her to my wishes: And as Mr. Longman's business will require him to be up and down frequently, Mrs. Jervis's care will be the better dispensed with; and I long to see the dear good woman, and shall be more in my element when I do.

Then I have, besides, my penitent Polly Barlow: but the poor girl has never held up her head since that deplorable instance of her weakness, which I mentioned to you and to Miss Darnford; yet am I as kind to her as if nothing had happened. I wish, however, some good husband would offer for her.

Mr. Adams, our worthy chaplain, is at present with Mr. Williams. He purposes to give us his company here till Christmas, when, probably, matters will be so adjusted, as that he may take possession of his living. Meantime, that we may not let fall a good custom, when perhaps we shall have most occasion for it, I make Jonathan, who is reverend by his years and silver hairs, supply his place, appointing him the prayers he is to read.

God preserve you both in health; and continue to me, I beseech you, your prayers and blessings, concludes me,

Your ever dutiful daughter,

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER XLIV.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My dearest Lady,—I must beg pardon, for having been in this great town more than a week, and not having found an opportunity to tender my devoirs to your ladyship. You know, dear madam, what hurries and fatigues must attend such a journey, to one in my way, and in an entire new settlement, in which a hundred things must be done, and attended to, with a preference to other occasions, however delightful. Yet, I must own, we found a stately, a well-ordered, and a convenient house: but although it is not far from the fields, and has an airy opening to its back part, and its front to a square, as it is called, yet I am not reconciled to it so entirely as to the beloved mansion we left.

My dear Mr. B—— has been, and is, busily employed in ordering some few alterations, to make things still more commodious. He has furnished me out a little pretty library; and has allotted me very convenient apartments besides: And the furniture of every place is rich, as befits the mind and fortune of the generous owner. But I shall not offer at particulars, because we hope to have the honour of a visit from my good lord, and your ladyship, before the winter weather sets in, to make the roads too dirty and deep; but it is proper to mention, that the house is so large that we can make a great number of beds, the more conveniently to receive the honours your ladyship, and my lord, and Mr. B——'s other friends, will do us.

I have not yet been at any of the public diversions. Mr. B—— has carried me, by gentle turns, out of his workmen's way, ten miles round this overgrown capital, and through the principal of its numerous streets. The villages that lie spangled about this vast circumference, as well on the other side the noble Thames (which I had before a notion of, from Sir John Denham's celebrated 'Cooper's Hill'), as on the Middlesex side, are beautiful, both by buildings and situation, beyond what I had imagined; and several of them seem larger than many of our country towns of note. But it would be impertinent to trouble your ladyship with these matters, who are no stranger to what is worthy of notice in London. But I was surprised when Mr. B—— observed to me, that this whole county, and the two cities of London and Westminster, are represented by no more than eight members of parliament, when so many borough towns in England are inferior to the meanest villages about London.

I am in daily expectation of the arrival of Miss Darnford, and then I shall wish (accompanied by a young lady of so polite a taste) to see a good play. Mr. B—— has already shown me the opera-house, and the two play-houses, though silent, as I may say; that, as he was pleased to observe, they should not be new to me, and that the sight might not take off my attention to the performance, when I went to the play: so that I can conceive a tolerable notion of everything, from the disposition of the seats, the boxes, the galleries, the pit, the music, the scenes, and the stage; and so shall have no occasion to gaze about me like a country novice, whereby I might attract a notice that I should not wish, either for my own credit, or your dear brother's honour.

I have had a pleasure which I had not in Bedfordshire; and that is, that on Sunday I was at church, without gaping crowds to attend us, and blessings too loud for my wishes. Yet I was more gazed at (and so was Mr. B——) than I expected, considering there were so many well-dressed gentry, and some nobility there; and *they* stared

as much as anybody; but will not do so, I hope, when we cease to be a novelty.

We have already had several visitors to welcome Mr. B—— to town, and to congratulate him on his marriage; —but some, no doubt, to see and to find fault with his rustic; for it is impossible, you know, madam, that a gentleman, so distinguished by his merit and fortune, should have taken a step of such consequence to himself and family, and not be known by everybody so to have done.

Sir Thomas Atkyns is in town, and has taken apartments in the new-built stately pile of edifices, called Hanover Square; and he brought with him a younger brother of Mr. Arthur's, who, it seems, is a merchant.

Lord F—— has been to pay his respects to Mr. B—— likewise, whose school-fellow he was at Eton the little time Mr. B—— was there. His lordship promises that his lady shall make me a visit, and accompany me to the opera as soon as we are fully settled.

A gentleman of the Temple, Mr. Turner by name, and Mr. Fanshaw of Gray's Inn, both lawyers, and of Mr. B——'s former acquaintance, very sprightly and modish gentlemen, have also welcomed us to town, and made Mr. B—— abundance of gay compliments on my account, to my face, all in the common frothy run.

They may be polite gentlemen, but I can't say I overmuch like them. There is something so forward, so opinionated, so seemingly insensible of rebuke, either from *within* or *without*, and yet not promising to avoid deserving one occasionally, that I could as *lieve* wish Mr. B—— and they would not renew their former acquaintance.

I am very bold, your ladyship will say—but you command me to write freely: yet I would not be thought to be uneasy with regard to your dear brother's morals, from these gentlemen; for, oh! madam, I am a blessed creature, and am hourly happier and happier in the confidence I have as to that particular: but I imagine they will force themselves upon him, more than he himself may wish, or

would permit, were the acquaintance now to begin; for they are not of his turn of mind, as it seems to me; being, by a sentence or two that dropt from them, very free and very frothy in their conversation; and by their laughing at what they say themselves, taking that for wit, which will not stand the test, if I may be allowed to say so.

But they have heard, no doubt, what a person Mr. B——'s goodness to me has lifted into notice; and they think themselves warranted to say anything before his country girl.

He was pleased to ask me, when they were gone, how I liked his two lawyers? And said, they were persons of family and fortune.

I am glad of it, sir, said I, for their own sakes.

Then you don't approve of them, Pamela?——

They are *your* friends, sir; and I cannot have any dislike to them.

They say good things *sometimes*, returned he.

I don't doubt it, sir: but you say good things *always*.

'Tis happy for me, my dear, you think so. But tell me, what think you of 'em?

I shall be better able, sir, to answer your question, if I see them a second time.

But we form notions of persons at first sight, sometimes, my dear; and you are seldom mistaken in yours.

I only think, sir, that they have neither of them any diffidence: but their profession, perhaps, may set them above that.

They don't *practise*, my dear; their fortunes enable them to live without it; and they are too studious of their pleasures, to give themselves any trouble they are not obliged to take.

They seem to me, sir, to be *qualified* for practice: they would make great figures at the bar, I fancy.

Why so?

Only because they seem prepared to think *well* of what they shall say *themselves;* and *lightly* of what *other people* say, or may think of *them*.

That, indeed, my dear, is the necessary qualification of a public speaker, be he lawyer or what he will. The man who cannot doubt *himself*, and can think meanly of his *auditors*, never fails to speak with *self-applause* at least.

But you'll pardon me, good sir, for speaking my mind so freely, and so early, of these *your friends*.

I never, my love, ask you a question I wish you not to answer; and always expect your answer should be without reserve; for many times I may ask your opinion, as a corrective, or a confirmation of my own judgment.

How kind, how indulgent was this, my good lady! But you know how generously your dear brother treats me on all occasions; and this makes me so bold as I often am.

It may be necessary, my dear lady, to give you an account of our visitors, in order to make the future parts of my writing the more intelligible; because what I may have to write may turn sometimes upon the company we see: for which reason I shall also just mention Sir George Stuart, a Scottish gentleman, with whom Mr. B—— came acquainted in his travels, who seems to be a polite, and (Mr. B—— says, is) a learned man, and a virtuoso: He, and a nephew of his, of the same name, a bashful gentleman, and who, for that reason, I imagine, has a merit that lies deeper than a first observation can reach, are just gone from us, and were received with so much civility by Mr. B——, as entitles them to my respectful regard.

Thus, madam, do I run on, in a manner, without materials; and only to show you the pleasure I take in obeying you. I hope my good Lord Davers enjoys his health, and continues me in his favour; which I value extremely, as well as your ladyship's. Mr. H——, I hope, likewise enjoys his health. But let me not forget my particular and thankful respects to the countess, for her ladyship's favour and goodness to me, which I shall ever place next, in my grateful esteem, to the honours I have received from

your ladyship on so many occasions; and which bind me to be, with the greatest respect, my dear lady,

Your faithful and obliged servant,

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER XLV.

Mrs. B—— to her Parents.

My dear Father and Mother,—I write to you both, at this time, for your advice in a particular dispute, which is the only one I have had, or I hope ever shall have, with my dear benefactor; and as he is pleased to insist upon his way, and it is a point of conscience with me, I must resolve to be determined by your joint advice; for, if my father and mother, and husband, are of one opinion, I must, I think, yield up my own.

This is the subject:—I think a mother ought, if she can, to be the nurse to her own children.

Mr. B—— says, he will not permit it.

It is the first *will not* I have heard from him, or given occasion for: and I tell him, that as it is a point of conscience with me, I hope he will indulge me: But the dear gentleman has an odd way of arguing, that sometimes puzzles me. He pretends to answer me from scripture; but I have some doubts of *his* exposition; and he gives me leave to write to you, though yet he won't promise to be determined by your opinions, if they are not the same with his own; and I say to him, Is this fair, my dearest Mr. B——? Is it?

He has got the dean's opinion with him; for our debate began before we came to town: but then he would not let me state the case; but did it himself; and yet 'tis but an half opinion, as I may say, neither. For it is, that if the husband is set upon it, it is a wife's duty to obey.

But I can't see how that is; for if it be the *natural* duty

of a mother, it is a *divine* duty; and how can a husband have power to discharge a divine duty?—As great as a wife's obligation is to obey her husband, which is, I own, one indispensable of the marriage contract, it ought not to interfere with what one takes to be a superior duty: and must not one be one's own judge of actions, by which we must stand or fall?

I'll tell you my plea:

I say, that where a mother is unhealthy; subject to communicative distempers, as scrofulous, or scorbutic, or consumptive disorders, which have infected the blood or lungs; or where they have not plenty of nourishment for the child, as I have heard is the case of some; that in these cases, a dispensation lies of course.

But where there is good health, free spirits, and plentiful nourishment, I think it an indispensable duty.

For this was the custom, of old, of all the good wives we read of in Scripture.

Then the nourishment of the mother must be most natural to the child.

Then a nurse may have a bad husband, may have distempers, may have private vices, as to liquors, &c., may be careless, and a self-lover; while a mother prefers the health of her child to her own private satisfactions, or appetites.

A nurse may be of a sordid nature; and when I have heard Mr. B—— so satirical on lords and gentlemen on coach-boxes, why may not charity make one think, that the lady of the family was innocent of sordid and unpardonable crimes, imputed by severe judges; and that the child, when grown up, owes its taste to the coach-box, to its nurse's being the coachman's wife, or the wife of one of like degree, who may not have a mind or qualities above that degree? For, as the blood and spirits are augmented with the child's growth, by the food it takes in, a sordid nature may as well be communicated from a sound woman, as bad health by an unsound, as I should imagine.

Then the child, by the designation of nature, generally brings its nourishment into the world with it: and art must be used, as I presume, to dry up the fountains of such its nourishment: And is not this quite unnatural? And is not what is unnatural, sinful?

Then I have lately read, my circumstances having made me curious on this subject, that a new-born child has, in its little bowels, a pitchy substance that wants to be purged off; and when it is not, occasions those gripings and convulsions which destroy so many miserable infants (even as one finds by the weekly bills here in town), more than half of those who die in infancy: whereas nature has designed, it seems, a cure for this, in the purgative quality, and fine thin blueness given to the first milk, which in three weeks or a month, or may be less, carries off that pitchy substance, and gives freedom and ease to the bowels of babies; which quality not being in staler milk, the poor child often falls a sacrifice to this negligence or inattention; and the mother's pains and hazards are all cast away; and her griefs at losing the dear infant, are much greater than her joys at its birth, when all the danger was over.

Then, dear sir, said I, there is another point respecting the health of our sex.—Great hurts to one's constitution may arise from too frequently being in this way; and, for my own part, you have made me so happy, that I cannot help being *covetous* of life, if I may so say.—But the sin, dear sir, the sin of committing that task to others, which is so right to be performed by one's self, if one has health and strength to perform it, is the chief thing with me; and you know, sir, that even a husband's will is not sufficient to excuse one from a natural or divine obligation.

These were my pleas, among others: and this is his answer; for he was so good as to give it me in writing:

'As to what you allege, my dear, of old customs; times

'and fashions are much changed. If you tell me of Sarah's, 'or Rachel's, or Rebekah's, or Leah's nursing their own 'children, I can answer, that the one drew water at a well 'for her father's flocks; another kneaded cakes, and baked 'them on the hearth for her guests; another personally 'dressed savoury meat for her husband; and all of them 'performed the common offices of the household: and when 'our modern ladies are willing to follow such examples in '*everything*, their plea ought to be allowed in this.

'As to the matter of sordid natures—We read, that there 'were among Jacob's twelve sons, bad as well as good 'natures, though born of and nursed by the same mother; 'Reuben, particularly, committed an unpardonable crime: 'You are too well read in scripture history to need being 'told what it was. Two others were murderers, treacherous 'murderers, in cold blood; and how did all their hearts burn 'with sordid and unbrotherly envy against their father's 'favourite son!

'Then it requires but the more care in finding out a 'wholesome woman, who has an honest and good-natured 'husband: and let me tell you, Pamela, that the best 'natures, and the best constitutions (though your case is 'an exception), are not always to be met with in high-life; 'and the less, perhaps, because they don't exercise them-'selves as the patriarchal nurses you hinted at, used to do. 'Indeed I have seen spirits in some of the high-born of 'your sex, that one would not wish to be propagated; 'but, contrarily (if there be so much in the nature of the 'nourishment), I should think it matter of prudence, that 'the child should have any other nurse than its mother.

'As to the nurse's private vices, with regard to liquors, 'distempers, &c., this will be answered by what I have 'hinted, of the greater care to be taken in the choice of 'the nurse. And I am so well pleased with your appre-'hensions of this nature, that it is a moral security to me, 'that you will make a proper choice; and I shall be entirely 'easy, in committing this province to so prudent and dis-'creet a wife.

'I allow that there is a great deal in what you say, as 'to the pitchy substance in new-born children; and I think 'it very proper that the child should have the first milk: 'But cannot such a nurse be found, as may answer this 'intention?—If she cannot, I will, provided you deal by 'me with your usual sincerity, and not make scruples 'against a recommendation, on purpose to carry your own 'point, permit you to be your own nurse for one month, 'or so, if, by the opinion of proper judges, it be found 'necessary. But then, as I know the pretty wire-drawing 'ways of your sex, you must not so much as ask to go 'farther; for I shall not care to have my rest disturbed; 'and it may not be quite so well, perhaps, to lay us under 'the necessity of separate beds.

'Besides, my fondness for your personal graces, and the 'laudable, and, I will say, honest pleasure, I take in that 'easy, genteel form, which everybody admires in you at 'first sight, oblige me to declare that I can by no means 'consent to sacrifice these to the carelessness into which 'I have seen very nice ladies sink when they became 'nurses. Moreover, my chief delight in you is for the 'beauties of your mind; and unequalled as they are, in 'my opinion, you have still a genius capable of great im-'provement; and I shan't care, when I want to hear my 'Pamela read her French and Latin lessons, which I take 'so much delight to teach her (and to endeavour to improve 'myself from her virtue and piety, at the same time), to 'seek my beloved in the nursery; or to permit her to be 'engrossed by those baby offices which will better befit 'weaker minds.

'No, my dear, you must allow me to look upon you as 'my scholar, in one sense; as my companion, in another; 'and as my instructress, in a third. You know I am not 'governed by the worst motives: I am half overcome by 'your virtue; and you must take care that you leave not 'your work half done. But I cannot help looking upon 'the nurse's office, as an office beneath my Pamela. Let 'it have your inspection, your direction, and your sole

'attention, if you please, when I am abroad: But when I 'am at home, even a son and heir, so jealous am I of your 'affections, shall not be my rival in them: Nor will I have 'my rest broken in upon by your servants bringing to you, 'as you once proposed, your dear little one, at times per-'haps as unsuitable to my repose and your own, as to the 'child's necessities; for I have no notion of stifling even a 'cry, by cramming its little stomach, when that very cry 'shall perhaps be necessary for exercise to its lungs, and 'to open its little organs.

'You have been often somewhat uneasy when I have 'talked, for argument's sake, in favour of polygamy. But 'when you mention the designations of nature, and form 'from thence your notions of duty on this subject, what 'will you say, if I could, from your very arguments of 'this kind, plead for that practice, and bring all your 'good patriarchal folks on my side, on whom you lay such 'stress, in one instance?—For example, my dear: Suppose 'I put you in mind that while Rachel was giving her 'little one all her attention, as a good nurse, the worthy 'patriarch had several other wives.—Don't be shocked, my 'dearest love!—The laws of one's own country are a suffi-'cient objection to me against polygamy: at least, I will 'not think of any more wives till you convince me, by your 'adherence to the example given you by the patriarch wives, 'that I ought to follow those of the patriarch husbands.'

So here is that vile word *polygamy* again! Mr. B—— knows I had rather he should mention anything than that. —But be so good as to mind his next argument: he is pleased to entertain very high notions (though he puts them not in practice; and indeed I think it my duty to avoid giving him occasion for it) of the prerogative of a husband. Upon my word, he sometimes, for argument's sake, makes a body think a wife should not have the least will of her own. He sets up a dispensing power, in short, although he knows that that doctrine once cost a prince his crown. And thus, proceeding with his answer to my plea, he argues:

'The chief thing that sticks with you, my dear Pamela, 'is, that you think it unnatural in a mother not to be a 'nurse to her own child, if she can; and what is unnatural, 'you say, is sin. Now, my dear, although your *practice* 'be so unexceptionable, you seem not to have a right 'notion of the obedience which a wife naturally *owes*, as 'well as voluntarily *vows*, to a husband's will.

'In all *lawful* things, you'll say—But suppose, my dear, 'you were to make a solemn vow, either as a single 'woman or as a wife, to do anything that you had a 'natural power to do. No doubt you would think yourself 'under an obligation to perform it, let the consequence 'be what it would. But to show *you*, who are so learned 'in the old law, of how little force even the *vows* of your 'sex are, and how much you are under the control of 'ours, read the following verses in Numbers xxx. *If a* 'MAN *vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind* 'his soul with a bond, he shall not break his word; he 'shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his 'mouth. The reason of this is, he is sole and independent, 'and master of his own will and actions.—But what 'follows? *If a* WOMAN *also vow a vow unto the Lord,* 'and bind herself by a bond, being in her father's house, 'in her youth; and her father hear her vow, and her 'bond, wherewith she hath bound her soul, and her father 'shall hold his peace at her: Then all her vows shall 'stand; and every bond, wherewith she hath bound her 'soul, shall stand. But if her father disallow her in the 'day that he heareth; not any of her vows, or of her 'bonds, wherewith she hath bound her soul, shall stand: 'And the Lord shall forgive her, because her father dis-'allowed her.

'The very same thing is, with equal strength, expressed 'in the verses immediately following, in relation to a 'HUSBAND'S allowing or disallowing his WIFE'S vows; 'nor is it distinguished at all, whether the vow be just or 'unjust: And it is worthy of observation too, that the 'laws of England, in consideration of the obedience a wife

'owes to a husband, will acquit a WOMAN of certain crimes,
'for which they will punish a MAN with death.

'What I have mentioned, therefore, shows how much
'the *daughter* is under the absolute control of her *father*,
'and the *wife* of her *husband*: So that, you see, my dear,
'even in such a strong point as a *solemn vow to the Lord*,
'the wife may be absolved by the husband from the per-
'formance of it.

'And, by the way, this is no bad piece of information to
'young ladies, who are urged by their designing lovers to
'enter into vows and contracts in their favour: Not one
'of which, you see, is of force, unless the father, and, by
'the same rule, those who have authority over her, and
'stand in the father's place, approve and confirm it.

'If this, therefore, be the case in so solemn a point,
'surely a husband may take upon himself to dispense with
'such a supposed obligation, as that which you seem so
'loath to give up, even although you had made a vow
'that you would nurse your own child.—And the rather,
'if the principle a husband acts upon is laudable, a desire
'to continue his affectionate and faithful regards to his
'wife, to preserve in her, as long as may be preserved,
'those graces, and those delicacies of person, which he
'admires in her, and which it is impossible a thorough
'nurse should keep up; and as moreover in your case,
'her time may be employed to so much greater improve-
'ment to her own mind and her husband's morals, while
'he can look upon her in a light above that of an insipid,
'prattling nurse, who must become a fool and a baby her-
'self, before she can be complete in the character into
'which you, my dear, want to dwindle.

'Some men may be fond of having their wives under-
'take this province, and very good reasons may be assigned
'for such their fondness; but it suits not me at all. And
'yet no man would be thought to have a greater affection
'for children than myself, or be more desirous to do them
'justice; for I think every one should look forward to
'posterity with a preference: But if my Pamela can be

'*better* employed: if the office can be equally well per-
'formed: if your direction and superintendence will be
'sufficient; and if I cannot look upon you in that way
'with equal delight, as if it was otherwise; I insist upon
'it, my Pamela, that you acquiesce with my *dispensation*,
'and don't think to let me lose my beloved wife, and have
'an indelicate nurse put upon me instead of her.

'As to that hint (the nearest to me of all) of dangers to
'your constitution; there is as much reason to hope it
'may not be so, as to fear that it *may*. For children
'sometimes bring health with them as well as infirmity;
'and it is not a little likely that the *nurse's* office may
'affect the health of one I hold most dear, who has no
'very robust constitution, and thinks it so much her duty
'to attend it, that she will abridge herself of half the plea-
'sures of life, and on that account confine herself within
'doors, or, in the other case, must take with her her infant
'and her nursery-maid wherever she goes; and I shall either
'have very fine company (shall I not?), or be obliged to
'deny myself yours.

'Then, as I propose to give you a smattering of the
'French and Italian, I know not but I may take you with
'me on a little tour into France and Italy; at least to
'Bath, to Tunbridge, to Oxford, to York, and the principal
'places of England. Wherefore, as I love to look upon
'you as the companion of my pleasures, I advise you, my
'dearest love, not to weaken, or, to speak in a phrase
'proper to the present subject, *wean* me from that love
'*to* you, and admiration *of* you, which hitherto has been
'rather increasing than otherwise, as your merit and regard
'for me have increased.'

These, my dear parents, are charming allurements, almost irresistible temptations! And that makes me mistrust myself the more, and be the more diffident.—For we are but too apt to be persuaded into anything, when the motives are so tempting as these last.—But do you take it *indeed*, that a husband has such a vast prerogative? Can it be, now under the *gospel*, that this setting themselves,

as it were, in God's place, and *dispensing* with our wills as pleases theirs, is still in force?—Yet it is said, that our Saviour came not to *break the law, but to fulfil it.*

I take it for granted, that many wives will not choose to dispute this point so earnestly as I have done; for we have had several little debates about it; and it is the only point I have ever yet debated with him: but one would not be altogether implicit neither. It is no compliment to him to be quite passive, and to have no will at all of one's own: Yet would I not dispute one point, but in supposition of a superior obligation: and this, he says, he can *dispense* with:—But, alas! my dear Mr. B—— was never yet thought so entirely fit to fill up the character of a casuistical divine, as that one may absolutely rely upon his decisions in these serious points: And you know we must all stand or fall by our own judgments.

Upon condition, therefore, that he requires not to see this my letter, nor your answer to it, unless I please, I write for your advice; for you both have always made a conscience of your duties, and taught me to do so too, or perhaps I had not been what I am; and I know, moreover, that nobody is more conversant with the Scriptures than you are: and somehow or other, he has got the dean against me; and I care not to be so free with the worthy minister of our parish here, and still less with the younger clergymen I am acquainted with.

But this I see plainly enough, that he will have his own way; and if I cannot get over my scruples, what shall I do? For if I think it a *sin* to submit to the dispensation he insists upon as in his power to grant, and do submit to it, what will become of my peace of mind? For it is not in our power to believe as one will. Then weak minds will have their doubts, and the law allows a toleration for scrupulous and tender consciences: But my beloved husband, my lawgiver, and my prince, I doubt will allow none to poor me!

As to the liberty he gives me for a month, I should be loath to take it; for one does not know the inconveniencies

that may attend a change of nourishment; or if I did, I should rather—But I know not what I would say; for I am but a young creature to be in this way, and very unequal to it in every respect! So I commit myself to God's direction, and your advice, as becomes

Your ever dutiful daughter,

P. B——.

LETTER XLVI.

To Mrs. B—— from her Parents.

My dearest Child,—Your mother and I have as well considered the case you put as we are able: And we think your own reasons very good; and it is a thousand pities your honoured husband will not allow them, as you, my dear, make it such a point with you. Very few ladies would give their spouses, we believe, the trouble of this debate; and few gentlemen are so very nice as yours in this respect; for I (but what signifies what such a mean soul as I think, compared to so learned and brave a gentleman; yet I) always thought your dear mother, and she has been a pretty woman too, in her time, never looked so lovely, as when I saw the dear creature, like the pelican in the wilderness, feeding her young ones from her kind breast:—And had I had ever so noble an estate, I am as sure I should have had the same thoughts.

But since the good 'squire cannot take this pleasure; since he so much values your person; since he gives you warning that it may estrange his affections; since he is impatient of denial, and thinks so highly of his prerogative; since he may, if disobliged, resume some bad habits, and so you may have all your prayers and hopes in his perfect reformation frustrated, and find your own power to do good more narrowed, as I may say; we think, besides the obedience you have vowed to him, and is the duty of every

good wife, you ought to give up the point, and acquiesce; for this seemeth to us to be the lesser evil; and God Almighty, if it should be your duty, will not be less merciful than men; who, as his honour says, by the laws of the realm, excuse a wife when she is faulty by the command of the husband; and we hope the fault he is pleased to make you commit (if a fault, for he really gives very praiseworthy motives for his dispensation), will not be laid at his own door. So e'en resolve, my dearest child, to submit to it, and with cheerfulness too.

God send you a happy hour! But who knows, when the time comes, whether it may not be proper to dispense with this duty, as you deem it, on other accounts? For every young person is not enabled to perform it. So, to show his honour that you will cheerfully acquiesce, your dear mother advises that you would look out for a wholesome, good-humoured, honest body, as near your complexion, and temper, and constitution, as may be; and it may not be the worse, she thinks, if she is twenty, or one or two-and-twenty; for she will have more strength and perfection, as one may say, than even you can have at your tender age: And, above all, for the wise reason you give from your reading, that she may be brought to bed much about your time, if it be possible.—We will look out, if you please, about us for such an one: And as Mr. B—— is not averse to have the dear child in the house with you, you will have as much delight, and the dear baby may fare as well, under your prudent and careful eye, as if you were to be obliged in the way you would choose.

So God direct you, my dearest child, in all your ways, and make you acquiesce in this point with cheerfulness (although, as you say, one cannot believe as one pleases; for we verily are of opinion you safely may, as matters stand), and continue to you, and your beloved and honoured husband, health, and all manner of happiness, are the prayers of

Your most affectionate father and mother,

JOHN AND ELIZ. ANDREWS.

I have privately showed our worthy minister your letter: You know, my dear, he is learned and judicious: And he is of our opinion, that it is best for you, on all accounts, to acquiesce. Besides, it may disoblige the 'squire and it will signify nothing, after all; for he will have his way, that's sure enough.

—o—

LETTER XLVII.

Mrs. B—— to her Parents.

I THANK you, my dearest parents, for your kind letter; it was given to Mr. B——, and he brought it to me himself, and was angry with me: indeed he was, as you shall hear.

'Tis from the good couple, my dear, I see. I hope they are of my opinion. But whether they be or not—but I will leave you; and do you, Pamela, step down to my closet when you have perused it.

He was pleased to withdraw; and I read it, and sat down, and considered it well; but as you know I made it always my maxim to do what I could not avoid to do, with as good a grace as possible, I waited on the dear gentleman.

Well, Pamela, said he, a little seriously, what say the worthy pair?

Oh, sir! they declare for you. They say, it is best for me to yield up this point.

They are certainly in the right.—But were you not a dear perverse creature, to give me all this trouble about your saucy scruples?

Nay, sir, don't call them so, said I; little thinking he was displeased with me—I still am somewhat wavering; though they advise me to acquiesce: And as it is your

will, and you have determined how it shall be, it is my duty to yield up the point.

But do you yield it up cheerfully, my dear?

I do, sir; and will never more dispute it, let what will happen.—And I beg pardon for having so often entered into this subject with you.—But you know, sir, if one's weakness of mind gives one scruples, one should not yield implicitly, till they are satisfied: for that would look as if one gave you not the obedience of a free mind.

You are very obliging, *just now*, my dear: but I can tell you, you had made me half serious; yet I would not show it, in compliment to your present condition; for I did not expect that you would have thought *any* appeal necessary, though to your father and mother, in a point that I was determined upon, as you must see, every time we talked of it.

This struck me all in a heap. I looked down to the ground; having no courage to look up to his face, for fear I should behold his aspect as mortifying to me as his words. But he took both my hands, and drew me kindly to him, and saluted me.—Excuse me, my dearest love; I am not angry with you.—Speak to me, child.—Why starts this precious pearl? and kissed my cheek—speak to me, Pamela!—

I will, sir—I will—as soon as I can—for this being my first check, so seriously given, my heart was full. But as I knew he would be angry, and think me obstinate, if I did not speak; I said, full of concern—I wish, sir—I wish —you had been pleased to spare me longer, a little longer, for the same kind, very kind consideration.

But is it not better, my dear, to tell you I *was* a little out of humour with you, than that I *am?*—But you had been very earnest with me on this point more than once; and you put me upon a hated, because ungenerous, necessity of pleading my prerogative, as I call it: And yet this would not do, but you would appeal against me in the point I was determined upon, for reasons altogether in your favour! and if this was not like my Pamela, excuse me, that I could not help being a little unlike myself.

Ah! thought I, this is not so very unlike your dear self, if I were to give the least shadow of an occasion; for it is of a piece with your lessons formerly.*

I am sure, said I, I was not in the least aware that I had offended.—But I was too little circumspect. I had been used to your goodness for so long a time, that I expected it, it seems; and thought I was sure of your favourable construction.

Why so you may be, my dear, in everything *almost.* But I don't love to speak twice † my mind on the same subject; you know I don't; and you have really disputed this point with me five or six times: insomuch, that I wondered what was come to my dearest.

I thought, sir, you would have distinguished between a command where my *conscience* was concerned,. and a *common* point: You know, sir, I never had any will but yours in *common* points.—But indeed you make me fearful, because my task is rendered too difficult for my own weak judgment. But then, sir,—but I shall offend again——

And then what? Say all you would say, Pamela.—And then what?

Why, sir, if I must speak—you threaten me so at every turn with that cruel word *polygamy,* that it shows me it is too much in your mind.—But I shall make you angry again.

Was not the patriarch husbands' practice, Pamela, a fit thing to be opposed to that of the patriarch wives? But do you say, I *threaten* you with that word? Take care, my love: you have been a *faultless angel* hitherto. Don't let me find you ready to make such harsh constructions as a *mere woman* is accustomed to make, when she is disposed to be captious; although a better construction lies before her.

I was silent, but by my tears.

Now I doubt, Pamela, your spirit is high. You won't speak, because you are out of humour at what I say. I will have no sullen reserves, my dearest. What means that

* See vol. ii. p. 90, &c. † Ibid. p. 95.

heaving sob? I know, my dear love, that this is a time with your sex, when saddened with your apprehensions, and indulged because of them, by the fond husband, it is needful, for both their sakes, to watch over the changes of their temper. For ladies in your way are often like encroaching subjects: They are apt to extend what they call their privileges, on the indulgence showed them; and the husband never again recovers the ascendant he had before.

You know these things better than I, Mr. B——. But I had no intention to invade your province, or to go out of my own. Yet I thought I had a right to a little free-will, a very little; especially on some greater occasions.

Why, so you have, my dear. But you must not plead one text of scripture in behalf of your own will: and refuse to another its due weight, when it makes for mine.

Well, sir, I must needs say I have one advantage above others of my sex: For if wives, in my circumstances, are apt to grow upon indulgence, I am very happy that your kind and watchful care will hinder me from falling into that error.

He gave me a gentle tap on the neck: Let me beat my beloved saucebox, said he: is it thus you rally my watchful care over you for your own good? But tell me truly, Pamela, are you not a little sullen? Look up to me, my dear—are you not?

I believe I am; but 'tis but very little, sir—it will soon go off—please to let me withdraw, that I may take myself to task about it;—for at present I know not what to do, because I did not expect the displeasure I have incurred.

Is it not the same thing, replied he, if this our first quarrel end here, without your withdrawing?—I forgive you heartily, my Pamela; and give me one kiss, and I will think of your saucy appeal against me no more.

I will comply with your condition, sir; but I have a great mind to be saucy. I wish you would let me for this once.

What would you say, my dearest? Be saucy then, as you call it; as saucy as you can.

Why then I *am* a little sullen at present, that I am;—And I am not fully convinced, whether it must be I that forgive you, or you me.—For, indeed, till I can recollect, I cannot think my fault so great in this point, that was a point of conscience to me, as (pardon me, sir) to stand in need of your forgiveness.

Well then, my dearest, said he, we will forgive one another: but take this with you, that it is my love to you that makes me more delicate than otherwise I should be; and you have inured me so much to a faultless conduct, that I can hardly bear with natural infirmities from you. —But, giving me another tap, get you gone; I leave you to your recollection; and let me know what fruits it produces: for I must not be put off with a half-compliance; I must have your whole will with me, if possible.

So I went up, and recollecting everything, *sacrificed to my sex*, as Mr. B—— calls it, when he talks of a wife's reluctance to give up a favourite point; for I shed a good many tears, because my heart was set upon it; and this patriarchal retort hung heavy upon my mind.

And so, my dear father and mother, twenty charming ideas and pleasures, which I had formed to myself, had I obtained this permission, are vanished from me, and my measures are quite broken. But after my heart was relieved by my eye, I was lighter and easier. And the result is, we have heard of a good sort of woman, that is to be my poor *baby's mother*, when it comes; and so your kindly offered inquiries are needless, I believe.

I can't tell but this sort of rebuff might be a little necessary, after all; for I had forgotten, through Mr. B——'s past indulgence for so long a time, his injunctions and lessons: and this awfully enforced remembrance shows me, that the rules he formerly prescribed, were not words of course, but that he intended to keep me up to the letter of them.—So I must be a little more circumspect, I find that, than of late I thought I had occasion to be.

But he is the best and tenderest of husbands, for all this; and yet I was forced to accept of *his* forgiveness, and he did not think himself obliged to me for *mine;* and has carried his point all to nothing, as the racing gentlemen say. But I can see one thing, nevertheless, on this occasion, that the words *command* and *obey* are not quite blotted out of his vocabulary, as he said they should be.*

But, truly, I did not imagine before, that the husband had so very extensive a prerogative neither.—Nor do I believe that many ladies would sit down so satisfied with it, as I am forced to do.—Yet he vows that it must have been so, had he married a princess;—and that it is not because of the former inequality of condition between us.

I can't tell what to say to that; but I fancy there would then have been some *princely* struggles between them.—It may be, if he could not have conquered, he would not have lived with her; or perhaps would have run into his wicked polygamy notions.

Mr. B——, to my further great comfort, has just been telling me, how little a wife of his must expect from her tears; and has most nicely been distinguishing between tears of *sullenness* and tears of *penitence:* The one, he declares, shall always meet with his indulgence and kindness, and never pass unrewarded: but the other, being the last resources of the sex, after they are disarmed of all others, and by which they too often, as he says, carry all their purposes, he will never suffer to have any force at all upon him.

Very heroic, truly!—One stands a poor chance in a contest with such a husband. It must be all pure unmixed obedience and submission. And I find half the tears a poor wife might shed in matrimonial bickerings so frequent with some, even of those not unhappily married (as the world thinks), would be of no effect, were all men of his mind.

'Tis well for our sex in general, that there are not many

* See vol. ii. p. 95.

husbands who distinguish thus nicely. For I doubt there are but very few so well entitled to their ladies' observances as Mr. B—— is to mine; and who would act so generously and so tenderly by a wife as he does, in every material instance on which the happiness of life depends.

But we are quite reconciled; although, as I said, upon his own terms: and so I can still style myself,

My dear honoured parents,

Your happy, as well as dutiful daughter,

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER XLVIII.

Lady Davers to Mrs. B——.

My dear Pamela,—I have sent you a present, the completest I could procure, of everything that may suit your approaching happy circumstance; as I hope it will be to you, and to us all: but it is with a hope annexed, that although both sexes are thought of in it, yet that you will not put us off with a girl: no, child, we will not permit, may we have our wills, that you shall *think* of giving us a girl, till you have presented us with half a dozen fine boys. For our line is gone so low, that we expect that human security from you in your first seven years, or we shall be disappointed, I can tell you that.

And now, Pamela, I will give you their names, if my brother and you approve of them: Your first shall be Billy; my Lord Davers and the Earl of C—— shall be godfathers; and it must be doubly god-mothered too, or I am afraid the countess and I shall fall out about it. Your second shall be Davers—be sure remember that; your third shall be Charley; your fourth, Jemmy; your fifth, Harry; your sixth, Dudley—if you will—and your girl, if you had not rather call it Pamela, shall be Barbara—

the rest you must name as you please.—And so, my dear, I wish all seven happily over with you.

I am glad you got safe to town; and long to hear of Miss Darnford's arrival, because I know you'll be out of your bias in your new settlement till then. She is a fine lady, and writes the most to my taste of any one of her sex, that I know, next to you. I wished she'd been so kind as to correspond with me. But be sure don't omit to give me the sequel of her sister's and Murray's affair, and what you think will please me in relation to her. You do well to save yourself the trouble of describing the town and the public places. We are no strangers to them; and they are too much our table-talk, when any country lady has for the first time been carried to town, and returned: Besides, what London affords is nothing that deserves mention, compared to what we have seen at Paris and at Versailles, and other of the French palaces. You exactly, therefore, hit our tastes, and answer our expectations, when you give us, in your peculiar manner, sentiments on what we may call the *soul of things*, and such characters as you draw with a pencil borrowed from the hand of Nature, intermingled with those fine lights and shades of reflections and observations, that make your pictures glow, and instruct as well as delight.

There, Pamela, is encouragement for you to proceed in obliging us. We are all of one mind in this respect; and more than ever, since we have seen your actions so well answer to your writings; and that theory and practice, with regard to every excellence that can adorn a lady, is the same thing with you.

We are pleased with your lawyers' characters. There are life and nature in them; but never avoid giving all the characters that occur to you, for that seems to be one of your talents: and in the ugliest you can draw, there will be matter of instruction; especially as you seem naturally to fall upon such as are so general, that no one who converses but must see in them the picture of one or other he is acquainted with.

By this time, perhaps, Miss Darnford will be with you —our respects to her, if so—and you will have been at some of the theatrical entertainments: so will not want subjects to oblige us.—'Twas a good thought of your dear man's to carry you to see the several houses, and to make you a judge, by that means, of the disposition and fashion of everything in them. Tell him, I love him better and better. I am proud of my brother, and do nothing but talk of what a charming husband he makes. But then, he gives an example to all who know him and his uncontrollable temper (which makes against many of us), that it is possible for a good wife to make even a bad man a worthy husband; and this affords an instruction, which may stand all our sex in good stead.—But then they must have been cautious first, that they have chosen a man of natural good sense and good manners, and not a brutal or abandoned debauchee.

But hark ye me, my sweet girl, what have I done to you, that you won't write yourself *sister* to me? I could find in my heart to be angry with you on this account. Before my last visit, indeed, I was scrupulous to subscribe myself so to *you*. But since I have seen myself so much surpassed in all manner of excellence, that I would take pleasure in the name, you assume a pride in your turn, and think it an undervaluing of yourself, I suppose, to call *me* so—ay, that's the thing, I doubt—although, I can tell you, I have endeavoured, by several regulations since my return (and the countess, too, keeps your example in distant view, as well as I), to be more worthy of the appellation. If, therefore, you would avoid the reproaches of secret pride, under the shadow of so remarkable a humility, for the future never omit subscribing, as I do, with great pleasure,

Your truly affectionate sister and friend,

B. DAVERS.

I always take it for granted, that my worthy brother sends his respects to us; as you must, that Lord Davers, the

Countess of C——, and Jackey (who, as well as his uncle, talks of nothing else but you), send theirs; and so unnecessary compliment will be always excluded our correspondence.

—o—

LETTER XLIX.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

[In answer to the preceding.]

How you overwhelm me with your goodness, my dearest lady, in every word of your last welcome letter, is beyond my power to express! How nobly has your ladyship contrived, in your ever-valued present, to encourage a doubting and apprehensive mind! And how does it contribute to my joy and my glory that I am deemed, by the noble sister of my best-beloved, not wholly unworthy of being the humble means to continue, and perhaps to perpetuate, a family so ancient and so honourable!

This, madam, when I contemplate, and look upon what I was—what can I say—how shall I express the sense of the honour done me!—And when skipping over, for a few moments, the other engaging particulars in your ladyship's letter, I come to the last charming paragraph, I am doubly affected to see myself seemingly upbraided, but so politely emboldened to assume an appellation, that otherwise I hardly dared to assume.

I—*humble* I—who never had a sister before—to find one now in Lady Davers! Oh, madam, you, and *only* you, can teach me words fit to express the joy and the gratitude that filled my delighted heart!—But thus much I am taught, and thus much I can say, though at a loss for other words, that there is something more than the low-born can imagine in birth and education. This is so evident in your ladyship's actions, words, and manner, that it strikes

one with a becoming reverence; and we look up with awe to a condition we emulate in vain, when raised by partial favour, like what I have found; and are confounded when we see grandeur of soul joined with grandeur of birth and condition; and a noble lady acting thus nobly, as Lady Davers acts.

My best wishes, and a thousand blessings, attend your ladyship in all you undertake! And I am persuaded the latter will, and a peace and satisfaction of mind incomparably to be preferred to whatever else this world can afford, in the new regulations which you, and my dear lady countess, have set on foot in your families: And when I can have the happiness to know what they are, I shall, I am confident, greatly improve my own methods by them.

Were we to live for ever in this life, we might be careless and indifferent about these matters; but when such an uncertainty as to the time, and such a certainty as to the event, is before us, a prudent mind will be always preparing, till prepared; and what can be a better preparative than charitable actions to our fellow-creatures, in the eye of that Majesty which wants nothing of us Himself, but to do just and merciful things to one another?

Pardon me, my dearest lady, for this my free style. Methinks I am out of myself; I know not how to descend all at once from the height to which you have raised me: And you must forgive the reflections to which you yourself, and your own noble actions, have given birth.

Here, having taken respite a little, I find I naturally enough sink into *body* again.—And will not your ladyship confine your expectations from me within narrower limits? —I hope you will.—For, oh, my excellent lady! I cannot even with my wishes so swiftly follow your expectations, if such they are! But, however, leaving futurity to HIM who only governs futurity, and who conducts us all, and our affairs, as shall best answer His own divine purposes, I will proceed, as well as I can, to obey your ladyship in those articles which are, at present, more within my own power.

My dear Miss Darnford, then, let me acquaint your ladyship, arrived here on Thursday last. She had given us notice, by a line, of the day she set out; and Sir Simon and Lady Darnford saw her ten miles on the way to the stage-coach in Sir Simon's coach, Mr. Murray attending her on horseback. They parted with her, as was easy to guess from her merit, with great tenderness; and we are to look upon the visit (as we do) as a high favour from her papa and mamma; who, however, charge her not to exceed a month in and out, which I regret much. Mr. B—— kindly proposed to me, as she came in the stage-coach, attended with one maid-servant, to meet her part of the way in his coach and six, if, as he was pleased to say, it would not be too fatiguing to me; and we would go so early, as to dine at St. Alban's. I gladly consented, and we got thither about one o'clock; and while dinner was preparing, he was pleased to show me the great church there, and the curious vault of the good Duke of Gloucester, and also the monument of the great Lord Chancellor Bacon, in St. Michael's Church; all which, no doubt, your ladyship has seen.

There happened to be six passengers in the stage-coach, including Miss Darnford and her maid; and the dear young lady was exceedingly glad to be relieved from them, though the weather was cold enough, two of the passengers being not very agreeable company; one, a rough military man; the other, a positive, humoursome old gentlewoman; and the other two, not such as she had reason to be loath to part with; two sisters, who jangled now and then, said she, as much as *my* sister, and my sister's *sister*.

Your ladyship will judge how joyful this meeting was to us both. Mr. B—— was no less delighted, and said, he was infinitely obliged to Sir Simon for this precious trust.

I come with double pleasure, said she, to see the greatest curiosity in England, a husband and a wife, who have not, in so many months that you have been married, if I may believe report, and your letters, Mrs. B——, once repented.

You are severe, Miss Darnford, replied Mr. B——, upon

people in the married state: I hope there are many such instances.

There might, returned she, if there were more such husbands as Mr. B—— makes. I hated you once, and I thought you very wicked; but I revere you now.

If you will *revere* anybody, my dear Miss Darnford, said he, let it be this good girl; for it is all owing to her conduct and discretion that I make a tolerable husband. Were there more such wives, I am persuaded there would be more such husbands than there are.

You see, my dear, said I, what it is to be wedded to a generous man. Mr. B——, by his noble treatment of me, creates a merit in me, and disclaims the natural effects of his own goodness.

Well, you're a charming couple—person and mind, I know not any equal either of you have.—But, Mr. B——, I will not compliment you too highly.—I may make *you* proud, for men are saucy creatures; but I cannot make your lady so: And in this doubt of the one, and confidence in the other, I must join with you, that *her* merit is the greatest —since, excuse me, sir, her example has reformed her rake; and you have only confirmed in her the virtues you found ready formed to your hand.

That distinction, said Mr. B——, is worthy of Miss Darnford's judgment.

My dearest Miss Darnford, my dearest Mr. B——, said I, laying my hand upon the hand of each, how can you go on thus!—As I look upon every kind thing two such dear friends say of me, as incentives for me to endeavour to deserve it, you must not task me too high; for then, instead of encouraging, you'll make me despair.

Mr. B—— clasped us both in his arms, and saluted each —and called us his two nonpareils.

He led us into the coach; and in a free, easy, joyful manner, not in the least tired or fatigued, did we reach the town and Mr. B——'s house; with which, and its furniture, and the apartments allotted for her, my dear friend is highly pleased.

But the dear lady put me into some little confusion, when she saw me first, taking notice of my *improvements*, as she called them, before Mr. B——. I looked at him, and looked at her with a downcast eye. He smiled at her, and said, Would *you*, my good Miss Darnford, look so silly, after such a length of time, with a husband you had no occasion to be ashamed of?

No, indeed, sir, not I, I'll assure you: nor will I forgive those maiden airs in a wife so happy as you are.

I said nothing. But I wished myself, in mind and behaviour, to be just what Miss Darnford is.

But, my dear lady, Miss Darnford has had those early advantages from conversation which I had not; and so must never expect to know how to deport myself with that modest freedom and ease, which I know I want, and shall always want, although some of my partial favourers think I do not. For I am every day more and more sensible of the great difference there is between being used to the politest conversation as an inferior, and being born to bear a part in it: In the one, all is set, stiff, awkward, and the person just such an ape of imitation as poor I. In the other, all is natural ease and sweetness—like Miss Darnford.

Knowing this, I don't indeed aim at what I am sensible I cannot attain; and so, I hope, am less exposed to censure than I should be if I did. For I have heard Mr. B—— observe, with regard to gentlemen who build fine houses, and make fine gardens, and open fine prospects, that art should never take place of, but be subservient to, nature; and a gentleman, if he is confined to a situation, had better conform his designs to that, than to do as at Chatsworth was done; that is to say, level a mountain at a monstrous expense; which, had it been suffered to remain, in so wild and romantic a scene as Chatsworth affords, might have been made one of the greatest beauties of the place.

So I, madam, think I had better endeavour to make the best of those natural defects I cannot master, than, by assuming airs and dignities in appearance, to which I was not born, act neither part tolerably. By this means,

instead of being thought neither gentlewoman nor rustic, as Sir Jacob hinted (*linsey-wolsey*, I think, was his term too), I may be looked upon as an original in my way; and all originals pass muster well enough, you know, madam, even with judges.

Now I am upon this subject, I can form to myself, if your ladyship will excuse me, two such polite gentlemen as my lawyers, mentioned in my former, who, with a true London magnanimity and penetration (for, madam, I fancy your London critics will be the severest upon the country girl), will put on mighty significant looks, forgetting, it may be, that they have any faults themselves, and apprehending that they have nothing to do but to sit in judgment upon others, one of them expressing himself after this manner: 'Why, truly, Jack, the girl is well enough—'*considering*—I can't say'—(then a pinch of snuff perhaps adds importance to his air)—'but a man might love her 'for a month or two.' (These sparks talked in this manner of other ladies before me.)—'She behaves better than 'I expected from her—*considering*'—again will follow.—'So I think,' cries the other; and tosses his tie behind him, with an air partly of contempt and partly of rakery. —'As you say, Jemmy, I expected to find an awkward 'country girl; but she tops her part, I'll assure you! '—Nay, for that matter, behaves very tolerably for *what* '*she was*—And is right, not to seem desirous to drown the 'remembrance of her original in her elevation—and, I 'can't but say' (for something like it they did say), 'is 'mighty pretty, and passably genteel.' And thus, with their poor praise of Mr. B——'s girl, they think they have made a fine compliment to his judgment.

But for *his* sake (for, as to my own, I am not solicitous about *such* gentlemen's good opinions), I owe them a spite; and believe I shall find an opportunity to come out of their debt. For I have the vanity to think, now your ladyship has made me proud, by your kind encouragements and approbation, that the country girl will make them look about them, with all their *genteel contempts*, which they miscall *praise*.

But how I run on! Your ladyship expects that I should write as freely to you as I used to do to my parents. I have the merit of obeying you, that I have; but I doubt too much to the exercise of your patience.

This (like all mine) is a long letter; and I will only add to it Miss Darnford's humble respects and thanks for your ladyship's kind mention of her, which she receives as no small honour.

And now, madam, with a greater pleasure than I can express, will I make use of the liberty your ladyship so kindly allows me to take, of subscribing myself, with that profound respect which becomes me,

Your ladyship's most obliged sister,

And obedient servant,

P. B——.

Mr. Adams, Mr. Longman, and Mrs. Jervis are just arrived; and our household is now complete.

—o—

LETTER L.

Lady Davers to Mrs. B——.

My dear Pamela,—After I have thanked you for your last agreeable letter, which has added the earl and Lady Jenny to the number of your admirers (you know Lady Betty, her sister, was so before), I shall tell you, that I now write, at all their requests, as well as at those of my Lord Davers, the countess you so dearly love, and Lady Betty, for your decision of an odd dispute, that, on reading your letter, and talking of your domestic excellences, happened among us.

Lady Betty would have it, that notwithstanding any awkwardness which you attribute to yourself, she cannot but decide, by all she has seen of your writings, and has

heard us say, that yours is the perfectest character she ever heard or read of, in the sex.

The countess said, that you wrong yourself, in supposing that you are not everything that is polite and genteel, as well in your behaviour as in your person; and that she knows not any lady in England who better becomes her station than you do.

Why then, said Lady Jenny, Mrs. B—— must be quite perfect; that's certain. So said the earl; so said they all. And Lord Davers confirmed that you were. And Jackey *swore* to it.

Yet, as we are sure there cannot be such a character in this life as has not one fault, although we could not tell where to fix it, the countess made a whimsical motion: —Lady Davers, said she, pray do you write to Mrs. B——, and acquaint her with our subject; and as it is impossible, that one who can act as she does should not know herself better than anybody else can do, desire her to acquaint us with some of those secret foibles that leave room for her to be still more perfect.

A good thought! said I: A good thought! said they all. —And this is the present occasion of my writing; and pray see that you accuse yourself of no more than you know yourself guilty: for over-modesty borders nearly on pride; and too liberal self-accusations are generally but so many traps for acquittal with applause; so that (whatever other ladies might) you will not be forgiven if you deal with us in a way so poorly artful: Let your faults, therefore, be such as you think we can subscribe to, from what we have *seen* of *you,* and what we have *read* of *yours;* and you must try to extenuate them too, as you give them, lest we should think you above that nature, which, in the *best* cases, is your undoubted talent.

I congratulate you and Miss Darnford on her arrival: she is a charming young lady; but tell her, that we shall not allow her to take you at your word, and to think that she excels you in any one thing: only indeed we think you nicer in some points than you need to be, as to your

present agreeable circumstance. And yet, let me tell you, that the easy and unaffected conjugal purity, in word and behaviour, between your good man and you, is worthy of imitation, and what the countess and I have with pleasure contemplated since we left you, an hundred times, and admire in you both: And 'tis good policy too, child, as well as high decorum; for it is what will make you ever new and respectful to one another.

But *you* have the honour of it all, whose sweet, natural, and easy modesty, in person, behaviour, and conversation, forbid indecency, even in thought, much more in word, to approach you; insomuch that no rakes can be rakes in your presence, and yet they hardly know to what they owe their restraint.

However, as people who see you at this time, will take it for granted that you and Mr. B—— have been very intimate together, I should think you need not be ashamed of your appearance: because, as he rightly observes, you have no reason to be ashamed of your husband.

Excuse my pleasantry, my dear: and answer our demand upon you, as soon as you can, which will oblige us all; particularly

Your affectionate sister,

B. DAVERS.

—o—

LETTER LI.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

MY DEAREST LADY,—What a task have you imposed upon me! And according to the terms you annex to it, how shall I acquit myself of it, without incurring the censure of affectation, if I freely accuse myself as I may deserve; or of vanity, if I do not? Indeed, madam, I have a great many failings; and you don't know the pain it costs me to keep them under; not so much for fear the

world should see them, for, I bless GOD, I can hope they are not capital, as for fear they should become capital, if I were to let them grow upon me.

And this, surely, I need not have told your ladyship and the Countess of C——, who have read my papers, and seen my behaviour in the kind visit you made to your dear brother, and had from *both* but too much reason to censure me, did not your generous and partial favour make you overlook my greater failings, and pass under a kinder name many of my lesser: For, surely, my good ladies, you must both of you have observed, in what you have read and seen, that I am naturally of a saucy temper; and with all my appearing meekness and humility, can resent, and sting too, when I think myself provoked.

I have also discovered in myself, on many occasions (of some of which I will by and by remind your ladyship), a malignancy of heart that, it is true, lasts but a little while —nor had it need—but for which I have often called myself to account—to very little purpose hitherto.

And indeed, madam (now for a little extenuation, as you expect from me), I have some difficulty, whether I ought to take much pains to subdue myself in some instances, in the station to which I am raised, that otherwise it would have become me to attempt to do: For it is no easy task, for a person in my circumstances to distinguish between the *ought* and the *ought not;* to be humble without meanness, and decent without arrogance. And let me add, that if all persons thought as justly, as I flatter myself I do, of the inconveniences, as well as conveniences, which attend their being raised to a condition above them, they would not imagine all the world was their own, when they came to be distinguished as I have been: For, what with the contempts of superior relations on one side (which all such must undergo at first), the envy of the world, and low reflections arising from that envy, on the other, from which no one must hope to be totally exempted; and the awkwardness, besides, with which they support their elevated condition, if they have

sense to judge of their own imperfections; and if the gentleman be not such a one as mine (and where will such another be found?)—on all these accounts, I say, they will be made sensible that, whatever they might once think, happiness and a high estate are two very different things.

But I shall be too grave, when your ladyship and all my kind and noble friends expect, perhaps, I should give the uncommon subject a pleasanter air: Yet what must that mind be, that is not serious, when it is obliged to recollect, and give account of its defects?

But I must not only accuse myself, it seems, I must give *proofs*, such as your ladyship can subscribe to, of my imperfections. There is so much *real kindness* in this *seeming hardship*, that I will obey you, madam, and produce proofs in a moment, which cannot be controverted.

As to my *sauciness*, those papers will give a hundred instances against me—as well to your dear brother, as to others.—Indeed, to extenuate, as you command me, as I go along, these were mostly when I was apprehensive for my honour; that they were.

And then, my dear lady, I have a little tincture of *jealousy*, which sometimes has made me more uneasy than I ought to be, as the papers you have not seen would have demonstrated, particularly in Miss Godfrey's case,* and in my conversation with your ladyships, in which I have frequently betrayed my apprehensions of what might happen when we came to London: yet, to extenuate again, I have examined myself very strictly on this head; and I really think, that I can ascribe a great part of this jealousy to laudable motives; no less than to the concern I have for your dear brother's future happiness, in the hope that I may be a humble means, in the hands of Providence, to induce him to abhor those crimes of which young gentlemen too often are guilty, and to bring him over to the practice of those virtues in which he will for ever have cause to rejoice.—Yet, my lady, some other parts of the

* See vol. ii. p. 102, &c.

charge must stand against me; for, as, to be sure, I love his person as well as his mind, I have pride in my jealousy, that would not permit me, I verily think, to support myself as I ought, under the trial of a competition, in this tender, very tender point.

And this obliges me to own that I have a little spark—not a little one perhaps—of *secret pride* and *vanity*, that will arise now and then, on the honours done me; but which I keep under as much as I can: And to this pride, let me tell your ladyship, I know no one contributes, or can contribute, more largely than yourself.

So you see, my dear lady, what a naughty heart I have, and how far I am from being a faultless creature—I hope I shall be better and better, however, as I live longer, and have more grace, and more wit: For here, to recapitulate my faults, is, in the first place, *vindictiveness;* I will not call it downright revenge; that I will not—For, as the poet says—

> Revenge is but a frailty, incident
> To crazed and sickly minds; the poor content
> Of little souls, unable to surmount
> An injury, too weak to bear affront.

And I would not be thought to have a *little mind,* because I know I would not do a *little thing. Vindictiveness*, then, let it stand, though that's a harsh word to accuse one's self of—*jealousy—secret pride—vanity*—which I cannot, for my life, keep totally under—oh, dear madam! are not here faults enow, without naming any more?—And how much room do all these leave for amendment and greater perfection!

Had your lordship, and my lady countess, favoured us longer, in your late kind visit, it had been impossible but I must have so improved, by your charming conversations, and by that natural ease and dignity which accompany everything your ladyships do and say, as to have got over such of these foibles as are not rooted in nature: till in time I had been able to do more than emulate those per-

fections which, at present, I can only at an awful distance revere; as becomes,

My dear ladies,

Your most humble admirer, and obliged servant,

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER LII.

Miss Darnford to her Father and Mother.

My ever-honoured Papa and Mamma,—I arrived safely in London on Thursday, after a tolerable journey, considering Deb and I made six in the coach (two having been taken up on the way, after you left me), and none of the six highly agreeable. Mr. B—— and his lady, who looks very stately upon us (from the circumstance of *person*, rather than of *mind*, however), were so good as to meet me at St. Alban's, in their coach and six. They have a fine house here, richly furnished in every part, and have allotted me the best apartment in it.

We are happy beyond expression! Mr. B—— is a charming husband; so easy, so pleased with, and so tender of, his lady; and she so much all that we saw her in the country, as to humility and affability, and improved in everything else, which we hardly thought possible she could be—that I never knew so happy a matrimony.—All that *prerogative sauciness*, which we apprehended would so eminently display itself in his behaviour to his wife, had she been ever so distinguished by birth and fortune, is vanished, and no traces of it seem to be left. I did not think it was in the power of an angel, if our sex could have produced one, to have made so tender and so fond a husband of Mr. B——, as he makes. And should I have the sense to follow Mrs. B——'s example, if ever I marry, I should not despair of making myself happy, let it be to whom it would, provided he was not a brute, nor sordid in his temper; which two

characters are too obvious to be concealed, if persons take due care, and make proper inquiries, and if they are not led by blind passion. May Mr. Murray and Miss Nancy make just such a happy pair!

You commanded me, my honoured mamma, to write to you an account of everything that pleased me—I said I would: But what a task should I then have!—I did not think I had undertaken to write volumes.—You must therefore allow me to be more brief than I had intended.

In the first place, it would take up five or six long letters to do justice to the economy observed in this happy family. You know that Mrs. B—— has not changed one of the servants of the family, and only added her Polly to the number. This is an unexampled thing, especially as they were all her *fellow servants,* as we may say: But since they have the sense to admire so good an example, and are proud to follow it, each to his and her power, I think it one of her peculiar felicities to have continued them, and to choose to reform such as were exceptionable, rather than dismiss them.

Their mouths, Deb tells me, are continually full of their lady's praises, and prayers, and blessings, uttered with such delight and fervour, for the happy pair, that it makes her eyes, she says, ready to run over to hear them.

Moreover, I think it an extraordinary piece of policy (whether designed or not) to keep them, as they were honest and worthy folks; for, had she turned them all off, what had she done but made as many enemies as she had discarded servants, and as many more as those had friends and acquaintance? And we all know how much the reputation of families lies at the mercy of servants; and 'tis easy to guess to what cause each would have imputed his or her dismission. And so she has escaped, as she ought to escape, the censure of pride; and has made every one, instead of reproaching her with her descent, find those graces in her, which turn that very disadvantage to her glory.

She is exceeding affable to every one of them; always

speaks to them with a smile; but yet has such a dignity in her manner, that it secures her their respect and reverence; and they are ready to fly at a look, and seem proud to have any commands of hers to execute: insomuch, that the words, *My lady commands so or so,* from one servant to another, are sure to meet with an indisputable obedience, be the duty required what it will.

If any of them are the least indisposed, her care and tenderness for them engage the veneration and gratitude of all the rest, who see in that instance how kindly they will be treated, should they ail anything themselves. And in all this I must needs say, she is very happy in Mrs. Jervis, who is an excellent second to her admirable lady; and is treated by her with as much respect and affection as if she were her mother.

You may remember, madam, that in the account she gave us of her *benevolent round,* as Lady Davers calls it, she says, that, as she was going to London, she should leave directions with Mrs. Jervis about some of her *clients,* as I find she calls her poor, to avoid a word which her delicacy accounts harsh with regard to them, and ostentatious with respect to herself. I asked her, how (since, contrary to her then expectation, Mrs. Jervis was permitted to be in town with her) she had provided to answer her intention as to those her clients, whom she had referred to the care of that good woman?

She said, that Mr. Barlow, her apothecary, was a very worthy man, and she had given him a plenary power in that particular, and likewise desired him to recommend any new and worthy case to her, that no deserving person among the destitute sick poor might be unrelieved by reason of her absence.

And here in London she has applied herself to Dr. —— (her parish-minister, a fine preacher, and sound divine, who promises on all opportunities to pay his respects to Mrs. B——), to recommend to her any poor housekeepers, who would be glad to accept of some private benefactions, and yet, having lived creditably, till reduced by misfortunes, are

ashamed to apply for public relief; and she has several of these already on her *benevolent list,* to some of whom she sends coals now at the entrance on the wintry season, to some a piece of Irish or Scotch linen, or so many yards of Norwich stuff, for gowns and coats for the girls, or Yorkshire cloth for the boys; and money to some, of whose prudence she is most assured in laying it out in the way they best can judge of. And she has moreover *mortified,* as the Scots call it, one hundred and fifty pounds, as a fund for loans, without interest, of five, ten, or fifteen, but not exceeding twenty pounds, to answer some present exigence in some honest families, who find the best security they can, to repay it in a given time; and this fund she purposes, as she grows richer, she says, to increase; and prides herself every now and then for having saved so much money already; and estimates pleasantly her worth by this sum, saying sometimes, Who would ever have thought I should have been worth one hundred and fifty pounds so soon? I shall be a rich body in time. But in all these things she enjoins secrecy, which the doctor has promised.

She told the doctor what Mr. Adams's office is in her family; and hoped, she said, he would give her his sanction to it; assuring him, that she thought it her duty to ask it, as she was one of his flock, and he, on that account, her principal shepherd, which made a spiritual relation between them, the requisites of which, on her part, were not to be dispensed with. You may be sure the good gentleman very cheerfully and applaudingly gave her his consent; and when she told him how well Mr. Adams was provided for, and that she should apply to him to supply her with a town-chaplain, when she was deprived of him, he wished that the other duties of his function (for he has a large parish) would permit him to be the happy person himself; saying, that till she was supplied to her mind, either he or his curate would take care that so laudable a method should be kept up.

You will do me the justice, madam, to believe, that I very cheerfully join in my dear friend's Sunday duties; and

I am not a little edified with the good example, and with the harmony and goodwill that this excellent method contributes to keep up in the family.

I must own I never saw such a family of love in my life: For here, under the eye of the best and most respected of mistresses, they twice every Sunday see one another all together (as they used to do in the country), superior as well as inferior servants; and Deb tells me, after Mrs. B—— and I are withdrawn, there are such friendly salutations among them, that she never heard the like—Your servant, good Master Longman; your servant, Master Colbrand, cries one and another: How do you, John? I'm glad to see you, Abraham!—All blessedly met once more! cries Jonathan, the venerable butler, with his silver hairs, as Mrs. B—— always distinguishes him: Good madam Jervis, cries another, you look purely this blessed day, thank GOD!—And they return to their several vocations, so light, so easy, so pleased, so even-tempered in their minds, as their cheerful countenances, as well as expressions, testify, that it is a heaven of a house: and being wound up thus constantly once a week, at least, like a good eight-day clock, no piece of machinery that ever was made is so regular and uniform as this family is.

What an example does this dear lady set to all who see her, to all who know her, and to all who hear of her! and how happy are they who have the grace to follow it!—What a public blessing would such a mind as hers be, could it be vested with the robes of royalty, and adorn the sovereign dignity! But what are the princes of the earth, look at them, in every nation, and what have they been for ages past, compared to this lady! who acts from the impulses of her own heart, unaided, in most cases, by any human example. In short, when I contemplate her innumerable excellences, and that sweetness of temper, and universal benevolence, which shine in everything she says and does, I cannot sometimes help looking upon her in the light of an angel dropped down from heaven, and received into bodily organs, to live among men and women, in

order to show what the first of the species was designed to be.

This reminds me of what my honoured papa said once at our own house to Mr. B——,* that there was but one such angel descended from heaven in a thousand years, and he had her.

And yet, here is the admiration, that one sees all these duties performed in such an easy and pleasant manner, as anybody may perform them; for they interfere not with any parts of the family management; take up no time from the necessary employments; but rather aid and inspirit every one in the discharge of all their domestic services; and, moreover, keep their minds in a state of preparation for the more solemn duties of the day; and all without the least intermixture of affectation, enthusiasm, or ostentation. Oh, my dear papa and mamma, permit me but to tarry here till I am perfect in all these good lessons, and how happy shall I be!

I am mindful, my dear mamma, of yours and our good neighbours' requests to Mrs. B——, to oblige you with the conversations she mentioned; the one with the young ladies related to Lady Towers and Mrs. Arthur; the other with Mr. B——, on her father and mother; a subject, which always, however humble, raises her pen, and of consequence our expectations; and I will prevail upon her to let me transcribe them for your entertainment. She writes down everything that passes, which she thinks may one day be of use to Miss Goodwin, and to her own children, if she shall live to have any, and to see them grown up. What a charming mamma, as well as wife and mistress, will this dear lady make!

As to the town, and the diversions of it, I shall not trouble you with any accounts of them, because you know the one, and from the time we passed here last winter, as well as your former thorough knowledge of both, you will want no information about the other; for, generally speaking, all who reside constantly in London allow, that there

* See vol. ii. p. 52.

is little other difference in the diversions of one winter and another, than such as are in clothes; a few variations of the fashions only, which are mostly owing to the ingenious contrivances of persons who are to get their bread by diversifying them.

Mrs. B—— has undertaken to give Lady Davers an account of matters as they pass, and her sentiments on what she sees. There must be something new in her observations, because she is a stranger to these diversions, and unbiassed entirely by favour or prejudice; and so will not play the partial critic, but give to a beauty its due praise, and to a fault its due censure, according to that truth and nature which are the unerring guides of her actions as well as sentiments. These I will procure for you, as she gives me leave to transcribe what she writes; and you'll be so good as to return them when perused, because I will lend them, as I used to do her letters, to her good parents; and so I shall give her a pleasure at the same time, in the accommodating them with the knowledge of all that passes, which she makes it a point of duty to do, because they take delight in her writings.

My papa's observation, that a woman never takes a journey that she don't forget something, is justified by me; for, with all my care, I have forgot my diamond buckle, which Miss Nancy will find in the inner till of my bureau, wrapt up in cotton; and I beg it may be sent me by the first opportunity. With my humble duty to you both, my dear indulgent papa and mamma, thanks for the favour I now rejoice in, and affectionate respects to Miss Nancy (I wish she would love me as well as I love her), and service to Mr. Murray, and all our good neighbours, conclude me,

Your dutiful and highly favoured daughter,

M. DARNFORD.

Mr. B—— and Mrs. B—— desire their compliments of congratulation to Mr. and Mrs. Peters, on the marriage of their worthy niece, which they knew nothing

of till I told them of it: Also to your honoured selves they desire their kind respects and thanks for the loan of your worthless daughter. I experience every hour some new token of their politeness and affection; and I make no scruple to think I am with just such a brother, and such a sister, as any happy creature may rejoice in, and be proud of.—Mr. B——, I cannot but repeat, is a charming husband, and a most polite gentleman. His lady is always accusing herself to me of awkwardness and insufficiency; but not a soul who sees her can find it out: She is all genteel ease; and the admiration of every one who beholds her.—Only I tell her, with such happiness in possession, she is a little of the gravest sometimes.

[The letter which contains the account of the conversation, requested by Miss Darnford, Letter XL., and mentioned by miss in the preceding letter, will be found the last letter but one of this volume. For Miss Darnford, having mislaid the first copy of it, requested another, two or three years after this, when married herself, for the sake of two young ladies in her neighbourhood, whose inconsiderate rashness had given great affliction to their parents. And Mrs. B——, with a view to their particular case, having made divers additions and improvements to it, it will come in more properly, as we conceive, in the course of these letters, at or near the time when those improvements were made to it.]

—o——

LETTER LIII.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My good Lady,—You command me to acquaint you with the proceedings between Mr. Murray and Miss Nancy Darnford: And Miss Polly makes it very easy for me to obey you in this particular, and in very few words; for she says everything was adjusted before she came away, and the ceremony, she believes, may be performed by this time. She rejoices that she was out of the way of it: For she says, Love is so awkward a thing to Mr. Murray, and good humour so uncommon a one to Miss Nancy, that she hopes she shall never see such another courtship.

Mr. B—— teases Miss Darnford that she is a little piqued (and that she showed it by a satirical fling or two in a former letter to me), that her humble servant took her at her word: And yet he acknowledges that he believes she despises him; and indeed Mr. Murray has shown that he deserves to be despised by her.

She says nothing has piqued her in the whole affair, but the triumph it gave to that *ill-natured girl*, as she justly calls her sister, who has insulted her unmercifully on that account; and yet with so low and mean a spite, that she has been vexed at herself to show the least concern on the occasion. But ungenerous teasing is an intolerable thing, as she says, and, often repeated, will vex a mind naturally above it. Had it, says she, come from anybody else, I should not have heeded it; but how can one despise a sister?

We have been at the playhouse several times; and give me leave to say, madam (for I have now read as well as seen several), that I think the stage, by proper regulations, might be made a profitable amusement. But nothing more convinces one of the truth of the common observation, that the best things, corrupted, prove the worst, than these repre-

sentations. The terror and compunction for evil deeds, the compassion for a just distress, and the general beneficence which those lively exhibitions are so capable of raising in the human mind, might be of great service, when directed to right ends, and induced by proper motives: Particularly where the actions which the catastrophe is designed to punish are not set in such advantageous lights as shall destroy the end of the moral, and make the vice that ought to be censured, imitable; where instruction is kept in view all the way; and where vice is punished, and virtue rewarded.

But give me leave to say, that I think there is hardly one play I have seen or read hitherto, but has too much of love in it, as that passion is generally treated. How unnatural in some, how inflaming in others, are the descriptions of it! —In most, rather rant and fury, like the loves of the fiercer brute animals, as Virgil, translated by Dryden, describes them, than the soft, sighing, fearfully hopeful murmurs, that swell the bosoms of our gentler sex; and the respectful, timorous, submissive complainings of the other, when the truth of the passion humanises, as one may say, their more rugged hearts.

In particular, what strange indelicates do these writers of tragedy often make of our sex! They don't enter into the passion at all, if I have any notion of it: But when the authors want to paint it strongly (at least in those plays I have seen and read), their aim seems to be to raise a whirlwind, as I may say, which sweeps down reason, religion, and decency; and carries every laudable duty away before it; so that all the example can serve to show, is, how a disappointed lover may rage and storm, resent and revenge.

The play I first saw was the tragedy of *The Distressed Mother*, and a great many beautiful things I think there are in it: But half of it is a tempestuous, cruel, ungoverned rant of passion, and ends in cruelty, bloodshed, and desolation, which the truth of story not warranting, as Mr. B—— tells me, makes it the more pity that the original

author (for it is a French play translated, you know, madam) had not conducted it, since it was in his choice, with less terror, and with greater propriety to the passions intended to be raised, and actually raised in many places.

I need not tell your ladyship what the story is; and yet it is necessary, as you demand my opinion, that I should give a little sketch of it. It is this, then: 'Pyrrhus, the 'son of Achilles, is betrothed to Hermione, the daughter 'of Menelaus; but Hector's widow, Andromache, with 'Astyanax, her son by Hector, in the division of the 'Trojan captives, falls to the lot of Pyrrhus, who slighting 'Hermione (actually sent to his court, and *in* his court, 'waiting his good pleasure to espouse her), falls in love 'with Andromache. Orestes, the son of Agamemnon, in 'love with Hermione, is sent ambassador from the other 'Greek princes, to demand the life of Astyanax, for fear 'the poor infant should become another Hector, and 'avenge his father's death; a most improbable, unprincely, 'and basehearted fear; as Pyrrhus himself represents it. 'Pyrrhus, in hopes to gain the mother's love, which he 'seeks on honourable terms, offers to break with all his 'allies, rather than give up the child; but finding her 'resolved on widowhood, determines to sacrifice the child, 'and to marry Hermione. This creates a fine distress in 'Andromache, between a laudable purpose to continue the 'widow of so great and so deserving a prince, and her 'desire to preserve the life of her son by that beloved hero; 'and at last, overcome by maternal tenderness, finding no 'other way, she resolves to marry Pyrrhus, and yet to 'destroy herself after the marriage ceremony had entitled 'her son to her new husband's protection: (A very strange, 'and not very *certain* expedient to answer her view!) and 'so to die the widow of Hector, though she gave her hand 'to Pyrrhus, and vowed herself his at the altar, and of 'consequence had a still less power over her own life than 'before.—Hermione, a high-spirited lady, raging in her 'love to Pyrrhus, and for the slight and disappointment she

'met with, obliges Orestes, on promise of giving her heart 'and hand to him, to murder Pyrrhus at the altar, while 'the ceremony of marriage with Andromache is perform-'ing. He causes this to be done. When done, he applies 'to Hermione, expecting her applause, who then violently 'upbraids him for having obeyed her; and flying towards 'the temple, meets the body of Pyrrhus, and stabs herself 'upon it.

'Upon this, Orestes runs mad, and it is said to be the 'finest mad scene in any English play.—Andromache 'remains queen; her son lives; and being diverted from 'her own bloody purpose, she has nothing to do, but to 'give orders for the funeral of Pyrrhus, and to bring her 'son in triumph from a prison to a palace.'

This is, in brief, the story. Now, madam, since you expect it from me, I will tell you, in my artless way, what I think not quite so pretty, and what is great and beautiful in this play; which upon the whole, however, I was much pleased with, and should have been more, had there been less terror in it, and more probability, as I presume to say, in some of its parts; and had not the softest passion in nature been treated as such a flaming thing, as cannot be a worthy example to female minds.

And first, I could not but observe, that the plea of the princes of Greece for the murder of Astyanax, a helpless infant, to procure which, and for nothing else, they send one of the chief princes of Greece ambassador to Pyrrhus, is a very poor one, and most easily answered.—For thus Orestes says, among other very pompous things:

> Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector?
> The Greeks remember his high-brandished sword,
> That filled their states with widows and with orphans,
> For which they call for vengeance on his son.
> Who knows what he may one day prove?——

And in another place:

> Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
> Rise in Astyanax.

And in another place:

> Sir, call to mind th' unrivalled strength of Troy,
> Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass,
> Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies.

What tragedy pomp is this! How poor the plea, from princes and heroes, when it is so easily answered by Pyrrhus, in this manner!

> I call them all to mind; and see them all
> Confused in dust; all mixed in one wide ruin;
> All but a child, and he in bondage held.
> What vengeance can we fear from such a Troy?

And a little before:

> Let dastard souls be timorously wise:
> But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
> Far-fancied ills, and dangers out of sight.

And still with greater contempt:

> ———I thought your kings were met
> On more important councils. When I heard
> The name of their ambassador, I hoped
> Some glorious enterprise was taking birth.
> Is Agamemnon's son despatched for this?
> And do the Grecian chiefs, renowned in war,
> A race of heroes, join in close debate,
> To plot an infant's death?——

But what if this very Pyrrhus, after twenty humane and generous things which the poet makes him say, shows that all this right thinking is only owing to his passion for the mother? And as soon as she gives him to understand she is resolved to remain Hector's widow, he determines to give way to the embassy and threats of the Grecian princes, which he had so justly despised, and to destroy the infant. But first tells her,

> 'Tis true, Hermione was sent to share
> My throne and bed——

A fine errand for a high-spirited lady! and to wait afterwards his good pleasure in his own court, through a series of slights and contempts, for the performance of his vows! And he generously, like a true insulting man, boasts,

> ———And would with transport hear
> The vows which you neglect.

To which Andromache nobly answers:

> ——She has no Troy,
> No Hector, to lament: She has not lost
> A husband by your conquests: Such a husband,
> Tormenting thought! whose death alone has made
> Your sire immortal!——

This enrages the hero; and what he should have admired her for, had his soul been half as noble as hers, he thus resents:

> I've been too tame; I will awake to vengeance!
> The son shall answer for his mother's scorn.
> The Greeks demand him: nor will I endanger
> My realms to pleasure an ungrateful woman.

Accordingly he resolves to sacrifice the child; to do justice to Hermione, out of spite to Andromache: And most ungenerously, knowing Orestes loves Hermione to distraction, tells him, he shall grace his nuptial rites, and he will receive Hermione from his hands.

But now again, see what succeeds to this: One look of favour from Andromache reverses all his new resolves, makes him throw new indignities on Hermione, new contempts upon the Greek princes, and show, that if he acts right in one point, the saving of the child, it is from wrong and unjustifiable motives; and yet the poet seems to design him an amiable character.

Now, madam, could not a distress have been formed in this story from more laudable and proper motives? Should this passion of unbridled love be represented in such a strong, such an irresistible light to an audience, who must

be taught that the highest ingratitude, the most rageful extreme of sensual passion, the most unjustifiable actions, and the sacrifice of all considerations of public good, and private right, had examples all in this piece to warrant them?

'Tis true, Pyrrhus is punished by a cruel assassination—Hermione falls by her own hand, for causing Orestes to procure him to be murdered, and the phrenzy of Orestes becomes his punishment: But what a scene of terror does all this raise! How unlikely to be an exemplar either to public or private life! And what a hard fate is that of Hermione, slighted, despised, insulted, by the man she loved, to whom she was betrothed, and whose resentment therefore was warranted, had it shown itself in almost any act short of the murder, which, in the violence of her passion, she commanded Orestes to perpetrate!

Then, madam, the love of Hermione for Pyrrhus is not, I think, of that delicate sort which ought to be set before our sex for an example.—'Tis rage, not love, that of a woman slighted; and, however just, supposing our sex to have such revengeful hearts, when slighted by the man they love, is not so exemplary as one would wish: And, besides, she is represented as sometimes *sighing and wishing for* Orestes; when a true love bears not the thought of any object but that one it sighs for, even should that one be ungrateful. Thus it is said of Orestes, by her confidante:

> Orestes, whose return you oft had wished,
> The man whose suff'rings you so oft lamented,
> And often praised his constancy and love.

Then Hermione repeats her woman's words:

> That love, that constancy, so ill requited——
> *Upbraids* me to myself: I blush to think
> How I have used him; and would shun his presence.

The motive for this, however, is neither justice nor generosity, but pride: Indeed, it must be owned, a pride

very natural to a female mind, in such circumstances as hers:

> What will be my confusion, when he sees me
> Neglected and forsaken like himself?
> 'Her insolence at last is well repaid!'
> I cannot bear the thought.

And then, the moment she sees him—this is her blunt question to him, notwithstanding all her shame to see him:

> How am I to interpret, sir, this visit?
> Is it a compliment of form, or love?

Does this, madam, show anything of the delicacy of sex or condition?—And would one think it right, after she had thus extorted from him a repeated confession of his love, or *weakness*, as he calls it, to upbraid him, that it ill becomes the ambassador of Greece *to talk of love or dying?*

In short, madam, I think none of the love in this piece is such a love, however suited to Hermione's character and circumstances, as is fit to be recommended to our example: 'Tis a love that shocks one, and is rather rage and tumult than love, and succeeds accordingly. So that of Pyrrhus is ungoverned, wild, unjust, ungenerous caprice. Hermione's is founded in confessed ingratitude to Orestes, and she perseveres in it to Pyrrhus, when the indignities put upon her should have made her sooner wish for death than for so perjured a man; and yet, I think, she shows an inconsistent tenderness for Orestes (as I have hinted), while her passion for Pyrrhus flames out with so much violence.

The motive of Andromache (for hers is the most perfect character in the piece, and designed to be so by the poet), to save her son, is the best a woman could have to excuse her for marrying the man who had slaughtered all her relations. But the inconsistency of securing that point, by the mere formality of joining hands with Pyrrhus, and her resolution to destroy herself in defiance of her vows just

plighted to be his, was a strange expedient to preserve her widowhood and her child; For was it very likely that a man so wildly in love with her, as to forego all other just and prudent considerations for her (and who had shown that he would have destroyed her son, but for the sake of *her* person), would, when disappointed by so great a rashness, have hazarded his realms in defence of her son?

But, of all things, commend me to the noble regard for *self*, in her woman and confidante Cephisa, to whom Andromache communicates her rash purpose, enjoining her a willing secrecy; the only way the poet had to let us know it, since it was not put in execution; for she shows that regard to her dear self, in this tragic performance, which in a comedy would have raised a laugh, no doubt, as a satire on ladies' women:

> Alas! I *fear*—I—never shall outlive you!

These things struck me, madam, when I saw the play; and when I came to read it, I was more confirmed in my sentiments. But now I will transcribe some passages, which pleased me much.

The storms, and doubts, and uncertainty of wild ungoverned love, are very naturally, I humbly think, painted in several scenes of this play, in the characters of Hermione and Pyrrhus; and nowhere more affectingly than in the upbraidings of Hermione to Orestes, after she had found her bloody purposes too well complied with. Thus:

> What if, transported by my boundless passion,
> I could not bear to see him wed another;
> Were you t' obey a jealous woman's phrenzy?
> You should have dived into my inmost thoughts:
> My heart, tho' full of rage, was free from malice;
> And all my anger was excess of love.
> Why did you take me at my word? You saw
> The struggles of my soul; you heard me rave.
> You should have questioned me a thousand times;
> Yet still have doubted, still have questioned on,
> Before you ventured on a life so precious.
> Why did you not return? Why not consult me

A second time? And, undetermined still,
Again return, and still find new delays?

The scene between Andromache and Hermione, when the former supposes the latter on the point of marrying Pyrrhus, and bespeaks her interest for her son's life, affected me much, and was nobly acted by Mrs. Oldfield; who after assuring her that her love to her slain lord was the only love she could ever indulge, as Hermione flies her, cries——

Ah! madam, whither, whither do you fly?
Where can your eyes behold a sight more pleasing,
Than Hector's widow suppliant and in tears?
I come not an alarmed, a jealous foe,
To envy you the heart your charms have won.——
But, oh! I have a son:—And you, one day,
Will be no stranger to a mother's fondness.

Was not this, madam, a moving and interesting plea? And is not what follows affectingly noble?

But Heaven forbid that you should ever know
A *mother's* sorrow for an *only* son!
Her joy! her bliss! her last surviving comfort!
When every hour she trembles for his life.
Your power o'er Pyrrhus may relieve my fears.
Alas! what danger is there in a child,
Saved from the wreck of a whole ruined empire?
Let me go hide him in a desert isle.
You may rely upon my tender care
To keep him far from perils of ambition:
All he can learn of me will be to weep.

This is sweetly moving, nobly pathetic. But I am angry at the poet, if he could have helped it, for drawing in Hermione such an ungenerous and unprincely insult upon the royal mourner, when in the height of her own prosperity, as she imagined, and her rival subjected beneath her feet—Fie upon him, thus to make her say, like a true woman, as our censurers will reflect!

Madam, if Pyrrhus must be wrought to pity,
No woman does it better than yourself:
If you gain him, I shall comply of course.

This from one woman to another, much more from one princess to another; from the elated to the captive, could not be said, surely.—Nor do I see there was any need of it: For had the poet made Hermione on this occasion (her own empire secured, as she thought) give a more generous and humane answer, would it not have heightened the distress, when such a character should sink, as she had been basely injured by the man she loved, and whose crime was owing to the rage of slighted love? Why should he choose to make Andromache's part thus nobly moving, at the expense of the other character, in a point where justice, generosity, and humanity were so much concerned? And would not a fine instruction have lain here for the audience, to have had compassion for the distresses of another; and so much the more, as that other was a rival sunk at the feet of the prosperous?—Indeed, Hermione, which, by the way, Mrs. Porter acted incomparably, is a character full of rage and violence; of jealousy, and great cause she had for it: But what then? Could she not, a princess as she was, when her own love was secured, for so she thought, have been made capable of feeling a distress so nobly pleaded, by motives so becoming a mother's lips. and a bridal virgin's prospects?—But I am upon the author's beauties.

Andromache's plea to Pyrrhus, when, thus insulted by Hermione, she sees no hope of any way to preserve her son, but by soothing the proud heart of the prince, whom her refusal had incensed, is very sweet in the mouth of captive royalty:

——Oh, sir, excuse
The pride of royal blood, that checks my soul,
And knows not how to be importunate.
You know, alas! I was not born to kneel,
To sue for pity, and to own a master.

And afterwards:

Behold how low you have reduced a queen!
These eyes have seen my country laid in ashes;

My kindred fall in war; my father slain;
My husband dragged in his own blood; my son
Condemned to bondage; and myself a slave.
Yet, in the midst of these unheard-of woes,
'Twas some relief to find myself *your* captive;
And that my son, derived from ancient kings,
Since he *must* serve, had Pyrrhus for his master.
When Priam kneeled, the great Achilles wept;
I hoped I should not find his son less noble;
I thought the brave were still the most compassionate.
Oh do not, sir, divide me from my child,
If he *must* die——

Then there is a fine scene recollected by Andromache to her woman, between Hector and herself, on the morning he set out for the action in which he was slain:

That morn, Cephisa! that ill-fated morn!
My husband bid thee bring Astyanax.
He took him in his arms; and, as I wept,
My wife, my dear Andromache, said he,
(Heaving with stifled sighs, to see me weep.)

Finely said, and the hero all preserved! He sighed, not for fear of the foe, but to see his beloved lady weep!— From that HUMANITY, which should always be inseparable, I think, whether in fiction or fact, from true heroism: and that other inseparable, PIETY; as follows:

What fortune may attend my arms, the gods
Alone can tell. To thee I give the boy;
Preserve him as the token of our loves.
If I should fall, let him not miss his sire,
While thou surviv'st, but, by thy tender care,
Let the son see that thou didst love his father.

And the advice, left by Andromache with Cephisa, for her son, when she resolves to kill herself, after the nuptial ceremony is performed, is very worthy; after a scene of passionate fondness well expressed:

——Let him know
I *died* to save him.—And would die again.——
Season his mind with early hints of glory:
Make him acquainted with his ancestors;

Trace out their shining story in his thoughts:
Dwell on the exploits of his immortal father,
And sometimes——

Very pretty:

——let him hear his mother's name:
Let him reflect upon his royal birth
With *modest* pride. Pyrrhus will prove a friend:
But let him know he has a conqueror's right.
He must be taught to stifle his resentments,
And sacrifice his vengeance to his safety.

And to his *gratitude* too, madam, should it not have been said, when he was so generously protected against the demand and menaces of confederate kings?

Should he prove headstrong, rash, or unadvised,
He then would frustrate all his mother's virtue,
Provoke his fate, and I shall die in vain!

Very nobly said! But I cannot forbear making one observation on occasion of self-murder, which, however the poets may be justified by the examples of the Greeks and Romans, when they draw their stories from them, yet, in such a gloomy, saturnine nation as ours, where self-murders are more frequent than in all the Christian world besides, methinks all those stories should be avoided for public entertainment: Or, where there is a necessity, as in the play of Cato, for instance, to introduce such a wicked practice, the bad example should be obviated, and the poison it may administer antidoted by more forcible lessons than what these few doubtful words express:

I fear I've been too hasty!——

So, in this tragedy I am speaking of, when Hermione destroys herself, and Andromache designs to do the like, should the English poet have left this practice unguarded or unaccompanied by proper lessons and censures in such a country as ours?

The staggering doubts and distress of Hermione, after

she had engaged Orestes in the murder of Pyrrhus, between her love and her resentment; her questions to her woman, whether, as he approached the temple to marry her rival, in breach of his vows of betrothment to her, his countenance showed not some tokens of remorse; are very natural to one in her amorous circumstances, I fancy:

> But, say, Cleone, didst thou mark him well?
> Was his brow smooth? Say, did there not appear
> Some shade of grief? Some little cloud of sorrow?
> Did he not stop? Did he not once look back?
> Didst *thou* approach him? Was he not confounded?
> Did he not—Oh! be quick and tell me all.

This, madam, I think is charmingly natural. And, on Cleone's answer, That he went to the temple all joy and transport, unguarded, and all his cares employed to gratify Andromache in her son's safety, it is the less to be wondered at that she should be quite exasperated, and forgetting all her love for the ungrateful prince, should say:

> Enough! he dies!—the traitor!—Where's Orestes?

There are several circumstances of horror in this play, that made me shudder; but I think none like the description the poet puts into the mouth of Pylades, the inseparable friend of Orestes, who, far from avoiding to shock the soul of his friend, by gently insinuating the fate of that Hermione, on whom he had fixed his happiness, thus terribly, with all the aggravations that could attend such a tragedy, points out the horrid action; taking care even to make her as impious in her reproaches of the Deity for her own rashness, as she was in the violence by which she dies; and so leaving a dreadful example (which I presume was net needful to be left) of final impenitence, especially in a suffering character, that had not merited the evils she met with.

Thus it is described; and I am affected with the transcription of a passage which the poet has laboured more

than he ought, I think, to show the force of his descriptive vein:

> Full of disorder, wildness in her looks,
> With hands expanded, and dishevelled hair,
> Breathless and pale, with shrieks she sought the temple.
> In the midway she met the corpse of Pyrrhus:
> She startled at the sight! then, stiff with horror,
> Gazed frightful! Wakened from the dire amaze,
> She raised her eyes to heaven with *such* a look
> As spoke her sorrows, and *reproached the gods!*
> Then plunged a poniard deep within her breast,
> And fell on Pyrrhus, grasping him in death!

This, from a friend, to a lover of the miserable Hermione, though the poet might think it the only way he had left to make Orestes run quite distracted, yet was not, I presume to say, very judiciously put into the mouth of a beloved friend, anxious for his safety, and to get him off, after the murder; and whose part, till now, had been rather that of soothing, like a true friend, the sorrows of his mind.

The moral of the whole only regards Andromache; nor is there, indeed, anything but violence and terror in the rest of the story and characters, as if the poet was determined to sink all into one, and make that great, at the expense of the rest. 'Tis, however, in my humble opinion, a good one, to show that persons in distress ought never to despond, be their afflictions what they *will:* and ought to have weighed with Andromache herself, to make her avoid the crime of suicide, which she had resolved upon, since this moral is put into her mouth; but so late, that it seems rather to make her good by an event she could not foresee, than by the prudence of her reflections, which would not, without that event, have prevented her from a rash action, that must have rendered the moral ineffectual:

> Though plunged in ills, and exercised in care,
> Yet never let the noble mind despair,
> Where pressed by dangers, and beset with foes,
> The gods their *timely* succour interpose;
> And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelmed with grief,
> By unforeseen expedients bring relief.

Now, madam, good as this moral is, I should rather, in generosity, have had it recommended from any mouth than that of Andromache: For what is the consolation she receives? What are the expedients she so much rejoices in? Why, in the first place, the murder of a prince who loved her more than his own glory, and to whom she had just given her faith, as a second husband, though forced to it, from a laudable motive: and next the self-murder of Hermione, the distraction of Orestes, and the prospect of succeeding with her son to the throne of the murdered prince; from which, however, she could not expect but to be driven, and her son at last to be destroyed, by those vengeful confederates who had joined by a solemn embassy to demand his life, and who now, by his elevation, had stronger reasons to apprehend danger from him, and less difficulty to effect his ruin, since Pyrrhus was no more.

But judge, my dear lady, what, after the play was over, I must think of the epilogue, and indeed of that part of the audience which called out for it.

An epilogue spoken by Mrs. Oldfield in the character of Andromache, that was more shocking to me than the most terrible parts of the play; as, by lewd and even senseless *double-entendre*, it could be calculated only to efface all the tender, all the virtuous sentiments, which the tragedy was designed to raise.

The pleasure this was received with by the men was equally barbarous and insulting; every one turning himself to the boxes, pit, and galleries, where ladies were, to see how they looked, and how they stood an emphatical and too well pronounced ridicule, not only upon the play in general, but upon the part of Andromache in particular, which had been so well sustained by an excellent actress; and I was extremely mortified to see my favourite (and the only perfect) character debased and despoiled, and the widow of Hector, prince of Troy, talking nastiness to an audience, and setting it out with all the wicked graces of action, and affected archness of look, attitude, and emphasis.

I stood up—Dear sir!—Dear miss!—said I.

What's the matter, my love? said Mr. B——, smiling, who expected, as he told me afterwards, to see me moved by this vile epilogue—for it is always called for, it seems.

Why have I wept the distresses of the injured Hermione? whispered I: Why have I been moved by the murder of the brave Pyrrhus, and shocked by the madness of Orestes? Is it for this? See you not Hector's widow, the noble Andromache, inverting the design of the whole play, satirising her own sex, but indeed most of all ridiculing and shaming, in *my* mind, that part of the audience who have called for this vile epilogue, and those who can be delighted with it, after such scenes of horror and distress?

He was pleased to say, smiling, I expected, my dear, that your delicacy and Miss Darnford's too, would be shocked on this preposterous occasion. I never saw this play, rake as I was, but the impropriety of the epilogue sent me away dissatisfied with it, and with human nature too: and you only see, by this one instance, what a character that of an actor or actress is, and how capable they are to personate anything for a sorry subsistence.

Well, but, sir, said I, are there not, think you, extravagant scenes and characters enough in most plays to justify the censures of the virtuous upon them, that the wicked friend of the author must crown the work in an epilogue, for fear the audience should go away improved by the representation? It is not, I see, always narrowness of spirit, as I have heard some say, that opens the mouths of good people against these diversions.

In this wild way talked I; for I was quite out of patience at this unnatural and unexpected piece of ridicule, tacked to so serious a play, and coming after such a moral.

Here is a specimen, my dear lady, of my observations on the first play I saw. How just, or how impertinent, I must leave to your better judgment. I very probably expose my own ignorance and folly in them; but I will not say, presumption, because you have put me upon the task, which otherwise I should hardly have attempted. I have very little reason, therefore, to blame myself on this

score; but, on the contrary (if I can escape your ladyship's censure), I have cause to pride myself in the opportunity you have thereby given me to show my readiness to obey you; and the rather, since I am sure of your kindest indulgence, now you have given me leave to style myself

Your ladyship's obliged sister,

And humble servant,

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER LIV.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My dear Lady,—I gave you, in my last, my bold remarks upon a tragedy—*The Distressed Mother.* I will now give you my shallow notions of a comedy—*The Tender Husband.*

I liked this part of the title; though I can't say I was pleased at all with the other, explanatory of it; or,—*The Accomplished Fools.* But when I was told it was written by Sir Richard Steele, and that Mr. Addison had given some hints towards it, if not some characters, Oh dear sir! said I, give us your company to this play; for the authors of the 'Spectators' cannot possibly produce a faulty scene.

Mr. B—— indeed smiled; for I had not then read the play: and the Earl of F——, his countess, Miss Darnford, Mr. B——, and myself, agreed to meet with a niece of my lord's in the stage box, which was taken on purpose.

There seems to me, my dear lady, to be a great deal of wit and satire in the play: But, upon my word, I was grievously disappointed as to the morality of it: nor, in some places, is *probability* preserved; and there are divers speeches so very free, that I could not have expected to meet with such, from the names I mentioned.

I should be afraid of being censured for my presumption,

were I to write to anybody less indulgent to me than your ladyship. But I will make no apologies to you, madam.—Let me see, then; can I give you the brief history of this Comedy, as I did of the Tragedy?—I profess I hardly know whether I can or not; at least, whether I should or not.—But I'll try.

The tender husband, Mr. Clerimont, has for his wife a lady who has travelled, and is far gone in all the French fashions: 'She brought me,' says he, 'a noble fortune; 'and I thought she had a right to share it; therefore 'carried her to see the world, forsooth, and make the 'tour of France and Italy, where she learned to lose her 'money gracefully, to admire every vanity in *our* sex, and 'contemn every virtue in *her own;* which, with ten thou-'sand other perfections, are the ordinary improvements of 'a travelled lady.'

Tender as the husband was to be supposed to the wife, which, by the way, is not extremely apparent, in *proper* or *right* instances of tenderness, I presume to think he shows no great politeness to the sex in general in this speech; and the poet will be the less excusable for it, if he has not drawn a general character of travelled ladies; and much less still, if it shall appear, that that of Mrs. Clerimont, on which this general reflection is founded, is carried beyond nature and probability too.

But what is the method the tender husband takes to reclaim the lady?—Why this: he sets a former mistress of his own to work, in man's clothes, to insnare her: and thus he declares himself:—'Now I can neither mortify her 'vanity, that I may live at ease with her, nor quite *discard* 'her, till I have catched her a little enlarging her innocent 'freedoms, as she calls them. For this end I am content 'to be a French husband, though, now and then, with the 'secret pangs of an Italian one; and therefore, sir, or 'madam' (to his mistress Lucy, under the name of Mr. Fainlove, in the dress of a young coxcomb), 'you are thus 'equipped to attend and accost her ladyship.' A speech unnecessary to Fainlove, who was dressed before for. that

purpose, and had actually won money, in that character, of Mrs. Clerimont. But the poet had no other way to let the audience know it, as it should seem—'It concerns you,' continues he, 'to be diligent: if we (*i.e.*, himself and his 'lady) wholly part—I need say *no more:* if we do *not*—I'll 'see thee *well provided for.*'

Here's a fine moral scene opened, my lady, with regard to Mr. Clerimont, his lady, and his kept mistress! 'Mr. Fainlove, alias Mrs. Lucy, undertakes the task, in hopes to live with Mr. Clerimont, in case of a divorce from his wife; or to be provided for, in case the plot does not succeed; which makes it apparent, that, to say nothing of his morality, poor Lucy had not met with a generous man in Mr. Clerimont; since, after the forfeiture of her honour, she was still to do a more infamous job, if possible, to procure for herself a provision from him.

Then Mr. Clerimont proceeds to instruct the new-made man how to behave like a coxcomb, in order to engage his lady's attention, and to join in all her foibles, till she can furnish him with an opportunity to detect them in such a way, as shall give a pretence for a divorce (a hint that has been scandalously improved, and made *more* fashionable, since this play was written); and this he does in such free language and action, as must disgust any modest person of either sex.

Then the poet causes this faithful mistress, in order to make her character shine above that of the wife, and indeed above his own likewise, to present her employer with bills for five hundred pounds, which she tells him she won of his wife the preceding night; and makes up two thousand pounds which, Mr. Clerimont says, this unprovided-for mistress of his has won from his lady, and honestly given him; or else he could not, he owns, have supplied her gaming losses. And Lucy declares, she will gain him for ever from his lady, if she can: Yet, you'll see by and by, that it is not love to his particular person, more than any other, that is Lucy's inducement: of course, then, it must be wickedness for wickedness' sake.

The next character is Captain Clerimont, brother to the other gentleman, a man of fashion and of the world, who, being a younger brother, has his fortune to make; and we shall see presently how he proposes to make it.

The next is Pounce, an infamous jobber or broker of stocks, marriages, or anything—whose character be pleased to take in his own words: 'Now 'tis my profession to 'assist a *free-hearted* young fellow against an *unnatural* 'long-lived father—to disencumber men of pleasure of the 'vexation of unwieldy estates; to support a feeble title 'to an inheritance!'—One that, Mr. Clerimont says, by way of *praise*, he has seen prompting a stammering witness in Westminster Hall, that wanted instruction; and could venture his ears with great bravery for his friend!

A worse character than this, can there be? Yet is it not produced to be punished, neither.

The next person introduced is Hezekiah Tipkin, a banker in Lombard Street, a man of an infamous and sordid character, and a vile usurer; who has a beautiful niece, Miss Bridget Tipkin, over-run with affectation and romance; with a great fortune in money, which so attracts the captain, that he supposes, in a sordid but witty manner enough, all imaginable perfections in her person, before he has a sight of it. This young lady, by a treaty between her uncle Tipkin and Sir Harry Gubbin, a tyrannical, positive, hot-headed country gentleman, is designed to be married to Humphrey, the son of Sir Harry, a creature so savage, so rough, and so stupid, that there cannot be drawn a stronger contrast than between his character and that of Miss Bridget.

Mr. Pounce, who is employed as a broker in *their* match, is, for a reward of one thousand pounds, to cheat them and poor Humphrey, and to procure this young lady for Captain Clerimont. Admirable justice and morality, all round! you'll say, my lady.—For this purpose, it was necessary that Mr. Pounce should find Mr. Humphrey so great a fool, that, though he never saw him before, he very easily sets him against his father, and against his cousin Bridget; and

all this on the wedding-day, in order to induce him to make court to a person he tells him of, but never saw: And who should this person be, as he tells him, but the sister of Fainlove, Clerimont's man-dressed mistress? Which sister, however, was to be Fainlove or Lucy herself, with a worthy intent to impose upon poor Humphrey, as a wife, this cast-off mistress of Clerimont. A just, a generous, an exemplary plot this!

The next character is an old maiden gentlewoman, aunt to Miss Bridget, an antiquated virgin, who, as Pounce says, has a mighty affectation for youth, and is a great lover of men and money—and she is set over her niece as a promoter of the match with Humphrey.—Over this lady Mr. Pounce has a great ascendant, half for sordid reasons, and half for amorous ones; and she makes a thorough ridiculous and improbable character. Pounce introduces Captain Clerimont into the company of the aunt and her niece; and entertains the former, while the captain engages the latter on the subject of her beloved romance. These, with Mrs. Clerimont's maid Jenny, are the principal characters.

I need not, my lady, take up much of your time or my own, to tell you how they proceed.

Mr. Clerimont, then, after bearing from his wife what hardly any gentleman could bear, surprises Fainlove, as a man (and a very wicked scene it is, in every part), taking shocking freedoms with her: and falling into a feigned rage, threatens to kill Fainlove. The lady at first menaces, and is haughty and arrogant; but finding by her husband's behaviour to Lucy, whom he then addresses with fondness before her face, that she is tricked by a woman in man's habit, in her turn would kill the impostor as Lucy, whom as Fainlove she tried to save; and a scene on this occasion occurs, to my thinking, very ridiculous. Mr. Clerimont then upbraids her with her guilt; and what was hardly ever known in nature, she reforms *instantly* on the spot, and expresses all the signs of contrition imaginable. He forgives and receives her, guilty as she is in her intention, her person only untainted, and an adulteress in her mind, as

she would have been in fact, had Fainlove been a man: and a moving scene, had it been from proper motives, follows. *Yet* (still more preposterous—excuse me, madam) afterwards she resumes all her travelled and nonsensical airs, all her improbable follies, to help to support the plot in favour of Captain Clerimont upon Miss Bridget, and the infamous one of Pounce's and Mr. Clerimont's against poor Humphrey, the only *innocent* character in the play, and the only *suffering* one: And this latter, as well as the former plot, being brought about, a laughing scene is produced, by Sir Harry's soundly cudgelling his stupid son, for permitting himself to be so foolishly drawn in.

Now, my good lady, can you see one character, and, I think, I have given them justly, fit to be set up for an example in this celebrated play of an author so celebrated? I must own, as I said before, I was greatly disappointed in my expectations of it. There is indeed a great deal of sprightly wit, and knowledge of the wicked part of the world, displayed in it, as it seems to me, by what I have heard Mr. B—— talk sometimes; but there is not one character in it but what is shockingly immoral, and at the same time, either *above* or *below* nature; so that the ridicule which is intended in it, on the bad characters, cannot, in my poor opinion, be just or efficacious.

For, first, there never, I believe, could be a gentleman so foolishly tender, yet so plottingly cruel, to his lady, as Mr. Clerimont.

There never could be such a very fantastical lady as Mrs. Clerimont.—And there is such an improbability in the intimate access, which Lucy in man's clothes has to her; in that creature's lewd views, yet faithful and generous conduct, in giving back to Clerimont, who had not provided for her, two thousand pounds, won of the fantastical lady; and yet in her being so little delicate in her *love* to Clerimont, which one would expect should be her motive, as to join to trick and marry one of the greatest fools in the world; that it was surprising to me, that it could pass either author or audience.

Then Tipkin's character is unnaturally, stupidly, yet knavishly bad.

Sir Harry Gubbin is a father who never could have his fellow; and after furiously beating his son, is reconciled to his marriage, as instantly as Mrs. Clerimont is converted; and that to an unknown person, who appears to *him* in man's clothes, for the sake of three thousand pounds fortune only, although he had been quarrelling with Tipkin about one thousand pounds, which he would not give up, out of ten thousand pounds which his son was to have had with Bridget.

Numps, his son, is a character, take it altogether, quite out of nature and probability. 'Tis hardly possible, that a savage, brought up in a wood, who never conversed with man or woman, could be so stupid; and easily might a poet form a plot for a play, if such a character could be admitted as Numps's.

The aunt is credulous, and affected beyond probability also.

Miss Bridget delicately indelicate in many places, and improbably fantastic in all.

Pounce shamelessly glorying, and *succeeding* in his villany, and deeming the imputation of the worst rogueries to him, as a panegyric: and such immoralities, mingled with obscenities, all through, that I was glad when the play was over.

But yet, to say truth, there are very pretty descriptions, and a great deal of wit and humour in it. The dialogue is lively; the painter's scene entertaining; and that between Sir Harry and Tipkin, diverting, though low; which, together with the fantastic airs of Mrs. Clerimont, and Miss Bridget, and the farcical humours of Numps, make it the less wonder, that such as did not attend to nature, probability, and morality, were struck with the life and spirit of the performance: and especially as Mr. Wilks, who acted Captain Clerimont, and Mrs. Oldfield, who acted Miss Bridget, so incomparably performed their parts, as must have saved a play even of a worse tendency than *The Accomplished Fools*.

The moral I will transcribe, although I doubt it is a very inapplicable one to the characters; and so is far from making amends for a long performance that in such a variety of characters has not *one* moral in it; nor indeed is there so much as one just or generous design pursued throughout the play.

> You've seen th' extremes of the domestic life,
> A son too much confined—too free a wife.
> By gen'rous bonds you either should restrain,
> And only on their inclinations gain.

This I call inapplicable, because it was needless advice to such husbands as Mr. Clerimont, for whom it seems designed; for he was generous to excess, carrying her abroad to Italy and France, and paying all her debts of honour implicitly: whence the name of the play, *The Tender Husband.*

> Wives, to obey, must love.——

Clerimont did everything to make a grateful woman love him, before his strange plot to reclaim her.

> —— Children revere,
> While only slaves are governed by their fear.

Mrs. Clerimont was not treated like a slave, yet is reclaimed only by *fear.* So that the moral seems to be calculated for the Numpses (the fools and idiots) and the Sir Harries; two characters that, as I humbly apprehend, never were in nature, any more, it is to be hoped, than are the rest.

It looks to me, in short, as if the author had forgot the moral all the way; and being put in mind of it by some kind friend (Mr. Addison, perhaps), was at a loss to draw one from such characters and plots as he had produced; and so put down what came uppermost, for the sake of custom, without much regard to propriety. And truly I should imagine likewise, that the play was begun with a design to draw more amiable characters, answerable to the

title of *The Tender Husband;* but that the author, being carried away by the luxuriancy of a genius which he had not the heart to prune, on a general survey of the whole, distrusting the propriety of that title, added the under one: with an—OR, *The Accomplished Fools,* in justice to his piece, and compliment to his audience. And, pardon me, madam, had he called it *The Accomplished Knaves,* I would not have been angry at him, because there would have been more propriety in the title.

I wish I could, for the sake of the authors, have praised every scene of this play: I hoped to have reason for it. Judge then, my dear lady, what a mortification it was to me, not to be able to say I liked above one, the *painter's scene,* which too was out of time, being on the wedding-day; and am forced to disapprove of every character in it, and the views of every one. I am, dearest madam,

Your most obliged sister and servant,

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER LV.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My dear Lady,—Although I cannot tell how you received my observations on the Tragedy of *The Distressed Mother,* and the Comedy of *The Tender Husband,* yet will I proceed to give your ladyship my opinion of the opera I was at last night.

But what can I say when I have mentioned what you so well know, the fine scenes, the genteel and splendid company, the charming voices, and delightful music!

If, madam, one were all ear, and lost to every sense but that of harmony, surely the Italian opera would be a transporting thing!—But when one finds good sense, and instruction, and propriety, sacrificed to the charms of sound, what an unedifying, what a mere temporary delight

does it afford! For what does one carry home, but the remembrance of having been pleased so many hours by the mere vibration of air, which being but sound, you cannot bring away with you: and must therefore enter the time passed in such a diversion, into the account of those blank hours from which one has not reaped so much as one improving lesson?

I speak this with regard to myself, who know nothing of the Italian language: But yet I may not be very unhappy that I do not, if I may form my opinion of the sentiments by the enervating softness of the sound, and the unmanly attitudes and gestures made use of to express the passions of the men performers, and from the amorous complainings of the women; as visible in the soft, the too-soft, action of each.

Then, though I cannot but say that the music is most melodious, yet to see a hero, as an Alexander, or a Julius Cæsar, warbling out his achievements in war, his military conquests, as well as his love, in a song, it seems to me to be making a jest of both.

And how much more absurd is it still, to hear some dying chieftain, some unfortunate hero, chanting forth his woes and his calamities, and taking his leave of the world, with less propriety than our English criminals at the fatal tree! What can this move, how can this *pierce*, be the story ever so dismal, anything but one's ears!

Every nation, Mr. B—— says, has its peculiar excellence: The French taste is comedy and harlequinery; the Italian, music and opera; the English, masculine and nervous sense, whether in tragedy or comedy—why can't one, methinks, keep to one's own particular national excellence, and let others retain theirs? For Mr. B—— observes, that when once sound is preferred to sense, we shall depart from all our own worthiness, and at best, be but the apes, yea, the dupes, of those whom we may *strive* to imitate; but never can reach, much less excel.

Mr. B—— says sometimes, that this taste is almost the only good fruit our young nobility gather, and bring home

from their foreign tours; and that he found the English nation much ridiculed on this score by those very people who are benefited by the depravity. And if this be the best, what must the other qualifications be which they bring home?—Yet every one does not return with so little improvement, it is to be hoped.

But what have I said, what can I say, of an Italian opera?—Only, little to the purpose as it is, I wonder how I have been able to say so much: for who can describe sound? Or what words shall be found to embody air?—And when we return, and are asked our opinion of what we have seen or heard, we are only able to answer, as I hinted above, the scenery is fine; the company splendid and genteel; the music charming for the time; the action not extraordinary; the language unintelligible; and for all these reasons—the instruction none at all.

This is all that the thing itself gives me room to say of the Italian opera; very probably for want of a polite taste, and a knowledge of the language.

In my next, I believe I shall give you, madam, my opinion of a diversion or amusement, which, I doubt, I shall like still less; and that is a *masquerade;* for I fear I shall not be excused going to one, although I have no manner of liking to it, especially in my present way. I am, madam,

Your ladyship's most obliged and faithful

P. B——.

I must add another half-sheet to this letter on the subject-matter of it, the opera: and am sure your ladyship will not be displeased with the addition.

Mr. B—— coming up, just as I had concluded my letter, asked me what was my subject? I told him, I was giving your ladyship my notions of the Italian opera. Let me see what they are, my dear: for this is a subject that very few of those who admire these performances, and fewer still of those who decry them, know anything of.

He read the above, and was pleased to commend it. Operas, said he, are very sad things in England, to what they are in Italy; and the translations given of them abominable: and indeed our language will not do them justice.

Every nation, as you take notice, has its excellences; and you say well, that ours should not quit the manly nervous sense, which is the distinction of the English drama. One play of our celebrated Shakespeare will give infinitely more pleasure to a sensible mind, than a dozen English-Italian operas. But, my dear, in Italy they are quite another thing: and the sense is not, as here, sacrificed so much to the sound, but that they are both very compatible.

Be pleased, sir, to give me your observation on this head in writing, and then I shall have something to send worthy of Lady Davers's acceptance. Do, sir, pray do.

I will, my dear; and he took a pen, and wrote the enclosed; which I beg your ladyship to return me; because I will keep it by me for my instruction, if I should be led to talk of this subject in company. You must let my sister know, said he, that I have given myself no time to reperuse what I have written. She will do well, therefore, to correct it, and return it to you.

'In Italy, judges of operas are so far from thinking the 'drama, or poetical part of their operas, nonsense, as the un-'skilled in Italian rashly conclude in England, that if the 'Libretto, as they call it, is not approved, the opera, not-'withstanding the excellence of the music, will be con-'demned. For the Italians justly determine, that the very 'music of an opera cannot be complete and pleasing, if the 'drama be incongruous, as I may call it, in its composition; 'because, in order to please, it must have the necessary con-'trast of the grave and the light; that is, the diverting, 'equally blended through the whole. If there be too much 'of the first, let the music be composed ever so masterly in 'that style, it will become heavy and tiresome; if the latter 'prevail, it will surfeit with its levity: Wherefore, it is the

'poet's business to adapt the words for this agreeable mix-
'ture: for the music is but secondary, and subservient to
'the words; and if there be an artful contrast in the drama,
'there will be the same in the music, supposing the composer
'to be a skilful master.

'Now, since in England the practice has been to muti-
'late, curtail and patch up a drama in Italian, in order to
'introduce favourite airs, selected from different authors, the
'contrast has always been broken thereby, and the opera
'damned, without every one's knowing the reason: And
'since ignorant, mercenary prompters, though Italians, have
'been employed in the hotch-potch, and in translating our
'dramas from Italian into English, how could such operas
'appear any other than incongruous nonsense?

RECITATIVOS.

'To avoid the natural dissonance and irregularity in
'common speech, recitativos in music and dramatical per-
'formances were invented; and although the time in pro-
'nouncing the words contained in them, is scarce longer
'than in common conversation; yet the harmony of the
'chords of the thorough-base, which then accompanies the
'voice, delights the ears of discerning judges: Wherefore
'recitative is a regular way of speaking musically, as I may
'say, in order to avoid and correct the irregularities of
'speech often found in nature, and to express the variety
'of the passions, without offence to the ear.'

Permit me, dear madam, to repeat my assurances that I am, and must ever be,

Your obliged sister and servant,

P. B——.

LETTER LVI.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

WELL, now, my dear lady, I will give you my poor opinion of the masquerade, to which Mr. B—— persuaded me to accompany Miss Darnford; for, as I hinted in my former, I had a great indifference, or rather dislike, to go; and miss therefore wanted so powerful a second, to get me with her; because I was afraid the freedoms which I had heard were used there, would not be very agreeable to my apprehensive temper, at *this* time especially.

But finding Mr. B—— chose to have me go, if, as he was pleased to say, I had no objection; I said, I *will* have none, sir, I *can* have none, when you tell me it is your choice; and so send for the habits you like, and that you would have me appear in, and I will cheerfully attend you.

The habit Mr. B—— pitched upon, was that of a Spanish Don, and it well befitted the majesty of his person and air; and Miss Darnford chose that of a young widow; and Mr. B—— recommended that of a quaker for me. We all admired one another in our dresses; and Mr. B—— promising to have me always in his eye, we went thither.

But I never desire to be present at another. Mr. B—— was singled out by a bold nun, who talked Italian to him with such free airs, that I did not much like it, though I knew not what she said; for I thought the dear gentleman no more kept to his Spanish gravity than she to the requisites of the habit she wore: When I had imagined, that all that was tolerable in a masquerade, was the acting up to the character each person assumed: and this gave me no objection to the quaker's dress; for I thought I was prim enough for that naturally.

I said softly, Dear Miss Darnford (for Mr. B—— and the nun were out of sight in a moment), what is become of that nun?—Rather, whispered she, what is become of the Spaniard?

A cardinal attacked me instantly in French: but I answered in English, not knowing what he said, Quakers are not fit company for red-hats.

They are, said he, in the same language; for a quaker and a jesuit is the same thing.

Miss Darnford was addressed by the name of the sprightly widow. Another asked how long she intended to wear those weeds? And a footman, in a rich livery, answered for her eyes, through her mask, that it would not be a month.

But I was startled when a presbyterian parson came up to me and bid me look after my *Musidorus*—So that I doubted not by this, it must be somebody who knew my name to be Pamela; and I presently thought of one of my lawyers, whose characters I gave in a former letter.

Indeed, he needed not to bid me; for I was sorry, on more accounts than that of my timorousness, to have lost sight of him. Out upon these nasty masquerades! thought I; I can't abide them already!

An egregious beauish appearance came up to miss, and said, You hang out a very pretty *sign*, widow——

Not, replied she, to invite such fops as you to my shop.

Any customer would be welcome, returned he, in my opinion.—I whisper this as a secret.

And I whisper another, said she, but not whisperingly, that no place warrants ill manners.

Are you angry, widow?

She affected a laugh: No, indeed: it isn't worth while.

He turned to me—and I was afraid of some such hit as he gave me—I hope, friend, thou art prepared with a father for the light within thee?—This was his free word.

Is this wit? said I, turning to Miss Darnford: I have enough of this diversion, where nothing but coarse jests appear *barefaced*.

At last Mr. B—— accosted us, as if he had not known us: So lovely a widow, and so sweet a friend! no wonder you do not separate; for I see not in this various assembly a third person of your sex fit to join with you.

Not *one*, sir!—said I—will not a penitent nun make a good third with a mournful widow and a prim quaker?

Not for more than ten minutes at most.

Instantly the nun, a fine person of a lady, with a noble air, though I did not like her, joined us, and spoke in Italian something very free, as it seemed by her manner, and Mr. B——'s smiling answer; but neither Miss Darnford nor I understood that language, and Mr. B—— would not explain it to us.

But she gave him a signal to follow her, seeming to be much taken with his person and air; for though there were three other Spanish habits there, he was called 'the stately Spaniard' by one, and 'the handsome Spaniard' by another, in our hearing, as he passed with us to the dessert, where we drank each of us a glass of champagne, and ate a few sweetmeats, with a crowd about us; but we appeared not to know one another: While several odd appearances, as one Indian prince, one Chinese mandarin, several dominos, of both sexes, a Dutch skipper, a Jewish rabbi, a Greek monk, a harlequin, a Turkish bashaw, and a Capuchin friar, glided by us, as we returned into company, signifying, that we were strangers to them, by squeaking out, *I know you!*—Which is half the wit of the place.

Mr. B—— had more attacks made upon him by ladies than we had by gentlemen; and his fine person, noble air, and a deportment so suited to his habit (only in the encounter of the nun, when he had more of the French freedom, as I thought, than the Spanish gravity), made him many admirers; and more, when the Spanish minister, who was there in a French dress, spoke to him in Spanish, and received a polite answer from him in the same; while there were several who personated foreign characters, and knew nothing of the language of the country whose habits they assumed.

There were divers antic figures, some with caps and bells, one dressed like a punch; several harlequins, and other ludicrous forms, that jumped and ran about like

mad; and seemed as if they would have it thought that all their wit lay in their heels.

Two ladies, one in a very fantastic party-coloured habit, with a plume of feathers; the other in a rustic one, with a garland of flowers round her head; were much taken notice of for their freedom, and having something to say to everybody. They were as seldom separated as Miss Darnford and I, and were followed by a crowd wherever they went.

The party-coloured one came up to me: Friend, said she, there is something in thy person that attracts every one's notice: but if a sack had not been a profane thing, it would have become thee almost as well.

I thank thee, friend, said I, for thy counsel; but if thou hadst been pleased to look at home, thou wouldst not have taken so much pains to join such advice, and such an appearance, together, as thou makest!

This made every one that heard it laugh.—One said, the butterfly had met with her match.

She returned, with an affected laugh—Smartly said!—But art thou come hither, friend, to make thy light shine before men or women?

Verily, friend, neither, replied I; but out of mere curiosity, to look into the *minds* of both sexes; which I read in their *dresses.*

A general satire on the assemblée, by the mass! said a fat monk.

The nun whisked to us: We're all concerned in my friend's remark——

And no disgrace to a fair nun, returned I, if her behaviour answer her dress—nor to a reverend friar, turning to the monk, if his mind be not a discredit to his appearance—nor yet to a country girl, turning to the party-coloured lady's companion, if she has not weeds in her heart to disgrace the flowers on her head.

An odd figure, representing a merry andrew, took my hand, and said, I had the most piquant wit he had met with that night: And, friend, said he, let us be better acquainted!

Forbear, said I, withdrawing my hand, not a companion for a jack-pudding neither!

A Roman senator just then accosted Miss Darnford; and Mr. B—— seeing me so much engaged, 'Twere hard, said he, if our nation, in spite of Cervantes, produced not one cavalier to protect a fair lady thus surrounded.

Though surrounded, not distressed, my good knight-errant, said the nun: the fair quaker will be too hard for half a dozen antagonists, and wants not your protection: —But your poor nun bespeaks it, whispered she, who has not a word to say for herself.

Mr. B—— answered her in Italian (I wish I understood Italian!)—And she had recourse to her beads.

You can't imagine, madam, how this nun haunted him! —Indeed, you can't imagine it!

I must needs say, I don't like these masquerades at all. Many ladies, on these occasions, are so very free, that the censorious will be apt to blame the whole sex for *their* conduct, and to say their hearts are as faulty as those of the most culpable men, since they scruple not to show as much, when they think they cannot be known by their faces. But it is my humble opinion, that could there be a standard fixed by which one could determine readily what *is*, and what is *not* wit, decency would not be so often wounded, by attempts to be witty, as it is. For here every one who can give himself the liberty to say things that shock a modester person, not meeting with due rebuke, but perhaps a smile (without considering whether it be of contempt or approbation), mistakes courage for wit; and everything sacred or civil becomes the subject of his frothy jest.

How else can one account for the liberties of expression and behaviour taken by some of those who personated bishops, cardinals, priests, nuns, &c.?—For the freest things I heard said were from persons in those habits; who behaved with so much levity and indecorum, as if they were resolved, as much as in them lay, to throw those venerable characters into ridicule, for no other reason than

because they are, by the generality of the world, deemed *venerable:* But if it was once determined that nothing should be called true wit, as nothing certainly ought, but what will stand the test of examination, but what is consistent with decency and good manners, and what will make an innocent heart brilliant and cheerful, and give its sanction to the happy expression, by trying to keep up and return the ball in like virtuous and lively raillery, then we should have our public entertainments such as the most scrupulous might join to countenance and applaud.

But what a moraliser am I! will your ladyship say: Indeed I can't help it:—And especially on such a subject as a masquerade, which I dislike more than anything I ever saw. I could say a great deal more on this occasion: but, upon my word, I am quite out of humour with it; for I liked my English Mr. B—— better than my Spaniard; and the nun I approved not by any means; though there were some who observed that she was one of the gracefullest figures in the place. And indeed, in spite of my own heart, I could not help thinking so too.

Your ladyship knows so well what masquerades are, that I may well be excused saying anything further on a subject I am so little pleased with: For you only desire my notions of those diversions because I am a novice in them; and this, I doubt not, will doubly serve to answer that purpose.

I shall only therefore add, that after a hundred other impertinences spoken to Miss Darnford and me, and retorted with spirit by her, and as well as I could myself, quite sick of the place, I feigned to be more indisposed than I was, and so got my beloved Spaniard to go off with us, and reached home by three in the morning. And so much for masquerades. I hope I shall never have occasion to mention them again to your ladyship. I am, my dearest madam,

Your ever obliged sister and servant,

P. B——.

LETTER LVII.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My dearest Lady,—My mind is so wholly engrossed by thoughts of a very different nature from those which the diversions of the town and theatres inspire, that I beg to be excused, if, for the present, I say nothing further of those lighter matters. But yet, since your ladyship does not disapprove of my remarks, I intend, if it please God to spare my life, to make a little book, which I will present to your ladyship, containing my poor observations on all the dramatic entertainments I have seen, and shall see, this winter; and, for this purpose, I have made brief notes in the margin of the printed plays I have bought, as I saw them, with a pencil; by referring to which, as helps to my memory, I shall be able to tell your ladyship what my thoughts were at the time of seeing them, pretty nearly with the same advantage as if I had written them at my return from each.

I have obtained of Sir Simon, and Lady Darnford, the very great pleasure of their permission for miss to stay with me till it shall be seen how it will please God to deal with me; and I owe this favour partly to a kind letter, written in my behalf to Sir Simon, by Mr. B——, and partly to the young lady's earnest request to her papa to oblige me; Sir Simon having made some difficulty to comply, as Mr. Murray and his bride have left them, saying, he could not live long, if he had not the company of his beloved daughter.

I cannot but say I have many more anxieties and apprehensions than perhaps I ought to have on the present occasion: but I was always a sad coward, and too thoughtful a good deal: But I have so *much* to lose; such a husband to part with, if I *must* part with him; such generous friends, and lovers, as I may say, of both sexes: and then the circumstance itself has so many terrors, to an

apprehensive mind, attending it, that I am out of breath sometimes at the thoughts of it, and want to run away from myself, if I could.—But it cannot be: and when I charge my mind with the reflections which religion inspires, and ask myself who it was that gave me all these blessings, and who it is that has a right to recall them, if He pleases, and *when*, and in *what way* He pleases? and that, if I leave them not *now*, I must be separated from them *another* day; I endeavour to bring my mind to a resignation to the divine will.

But what shall I say, madam, when I find my frailty is so much increased that I cannot, with the same intenseness of devotion that I used to be blest with, apply myself to the throne of grace, nor, of consequence, find my invocations answered by that delight, and inward satisfaction, with which I used to please myself when the present near prospect was more remote?

I hope I shall not be deserted in the hour of trial, and that this my weakness of mind will not be punished with a spiritual dereliction, for suffering myself to be too much attached to those worldly delights and pleasures which no mortal ever enjoyed in a more exalted degree than myself. And I beseech you, my dearest lady, let me be always remembered in your prayers—*Only* for a resignation to the divine will; a *cheerful* resignation, I presume not to prescribe to His gracious Providence; for if one has but *that*, one has everything that one need to have. Yet, my dear lady, there is such a natural repugnance between life and death, that nature will shrink when one comes to the trial, let one have never so much fortitude at a distance. Yet, I hope I may be forgiven, for now and then I comfort myself with the Divine Exemplar, who prayed, in bloody sweats, for the bitter cup to be removed; but gave us the example of resignation that I am wishing to be able to follow: *However, not mine, but Thy will be done!*

Forgive me, my dearest lady, for being so deeply serious. I have just now been contending with a severe

pang, that is, for the present, gone off: what effect its return may have, God only knows. And if this is the last line I shall ever write, it will be the more satisfactory to me, as (with my humble respects to my good Lord Davers, and my dear countess, and praying for the continuance of all your healths and happiness, both here and hereafter) I am permitted to subscribe myself

Your ladyship's obliged sister,

And humble servant,

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER LVIII.

Lady Davers to Mr. B——.

My dearest Brother,—Although I believe it is needless to put a man of your generous spirit in mind of doing a worthy action, yet as I do not know whether you have thought of what I am going to hint to you, I cannot forbear a line or two with regard to the good old couple in Kent.

I am sure, if, for our sins, God Almighty should take from us my incomparable sister (forgive me, my dear brother, but to intimate what *may* be, although I hourly pray, as her trying minute approaches, that it will not), you will, for her sake, take care that her honest parents have not the loss of your favour, to deepen the inconsolable one they will have, in such a case, of the best of daughters.

I say, I am sure you will do as generously by them as ever: and I daresay your sweet Pamela doubts it not: yet as you know how sensible she is of every favour done them, it is the countess's opinion and mine, and Lady Betty's too, that you give *her* this assurance in some *legal* way; for as she is naturally apprehensive, and thinks

more of her present circumstances than, for your sake, she chooses to express to you, it will be like a cordial to her dutiful and grateful heart; and I do not know if it will not contribute, more than any *one* thing, to make her go through her task with ease and safety.

I know how much your heart is wrapped up in the dear creature: And you are a worthy brother to let it be so! —You will excuse me therefore, I am sure, for this my officiousness.

I have no doubt but God will spare her to us, because, although we may not be worthy of so much excellence, yet we now all unite so gratefully to thank Him for such a worthy relation, that I hope we shall not be deprived of an example so necessary to us all.

I can have but one fear, and that is, that, young as she is, she seems ripened for glory: she seems to have lived long enough for *herself.* But for *you,* and for *us,* that God will *still* spare her, shall be the hourly prayer of,

My dear worthy brother,

Your ever affectionate sister,

B. DAVERS.

Have you got her mother with you? I hope you have. God give you a son and heir, if it be His blessed will! But, however that be, preserve your PAMELA to you! for you never can have such *another* wife.

LETTER LIX.

Mrs. B—— to Mr. B——.

MY EVER-DEAR, AND EVER-HONOURED MR. B——, Since I know not how it may please God Almighty to dispose of me on the approaching occasion, I should think myself inexcusable, if I could not find one or two select hours to

dedicate to you, out of the very many in the writing way, in which your goodness has indulged me, because you saw I took delight in it.

But yet think not, oh best beloved of my heart! that I have any boon to beg, any favour to ask, either for myself, or for my friends, or so much as the *continuance* of your favour to the one or the other. As to them, you have prevented and exceeded all my wishes: As to myself, if it please God to spare me, I know I shall always be rewarded beyond my desert, let my deservings be what they will. I have only, therefore, to acknowledge, with the deepest sense of your goodness to me, and with the most heart-affecting gratitude, that from the happy, the thrice happy hour that you so generously made me yours, till *this* moment, you have not left me one thing on my own part to wish for, but the continuance and increase of your felicity, and that I might be worthier and worthier of the unexampled goodness, tenderness, and condescension, where-with you have always treated me.

No, my dearest, my best beloved master, friend, husband, my *first*, my *last*, and *only* love! believe me, I have nothing to wish for but your honour and felicity, temporary and eternal; and I make no doubt that God, in His infinite goodness and mercy, will perfect His own good work, begun in your dear heart; and whatever may now happen, give us a happy meeting, never more to part from one another. For, although, as you were pleased to question t'other day, when you were resolving some of my doubts—(and, oh! what a sweet expositor have you been to me upon all those occasions, on which my diffident mind led me to you for information and direction!)—whether the happiness of the blessed was not too exalted a happiness to be affected with the poor ties of relationship and sense, which now delight and attach so much to them our narrow minds and conceptions; yet cannot I willingly give up the pleasing, the *charming* hope, that I shall one day rejoice, *distinguish-ingly* rejoice, in the society of my best beloved husband and friend, and in that of my dear parents: And I will

keep and encourage this dear hope, so consolatory to me in the separation which dearest friends *must* experience, so long as it can stand me in any stead; and till I shall be all intellect, and above the soothing impressions which are now so agreeable to sense, and to conjugal and filial piety.

Let me then beg of you, my dearest protector and best friend, to pardon all my imperfections and defects; and if, ever since I have had the honour to be yours, I have in *looks*, or in *word*, or in *deed*, given you cause to wish me other than I was, that you will kindly put it to the score of natural infirmity (for, in *thought* or *intention*, I can truly boast I have never wilfully erred). Your tenderness for me, and your generous politeness to me, always gave me apprehension that I was not what you wished me to be, because you would not find fault with me so often as I fear I deserved: And this makes me beg of you to do, as I hope God Almighty will, pardon all my involuntary errors and omissions.

You have enabled me, sir, to do all the good to my poor neighbours, and to distressed objects, which was in my own heart to do; and I hope I have made use of the power you have so generously entrusted me with, in a manner that may show I had a regard to your honour, and to the exigency of the particular cases recommended to me, without extravagance or vanity. But yet, as it is necessary I should render some account of my stewardship, in relation to the large sums you have put into my hands for charitable uses, you will find, my beloved *master* and best *friend*, your poor *steward's* accounts of everything, in the cabinet that was my honoured lady's, till your goodness made it mine, in a vellum book,* on the first leaf of which is written, title-page-wise, Humble RETURNS for DIVINE MERCIES; and you will see a balance struck, down to this very day, and the *little surplus* in the green purse upon the book. And if you will be pleased, sir, to perfect, by your generosity, the happiness of the cases I

* See vol. ii. p. 126.

have marked with a star [thus *], which are such as are not fully recovered, and will be so good as to keep up my little school, I dare ask no more; for, my dearest Mr. B——, if I should be called from *your service* to my *new place*, your *next* steward (and long, I hope, for your honourable family's sake, you will not be without one), may find out another and *better* method for your honour and her own, to dispense your bounty, than that I have taken.

The rich jewels and equipage with which your generous goodness adorned my unworthiness, will be found in the same cabinet, in the private drawer: And if I may be pardoned for one extravagant wish (your circumstances, dear sir, are very great! and your future lady will not wear anything that was mine), it is, that my dear Miss Darnford may be desired, as the effect of your own goodness and generous consideration for my memory, to wear the diamond necklace which I know she admires; but is far from wishing for it, or expecting it, if the neck that it was given to adorn, and to make more worthy of you, should be laid low by the irresistible leveller.

In the lowest drawer on the left hand of the cabinet, you will find, sir, all my unfinished scribble; and amongst the rest, a little parcel, indorsed, 'Mr. H. and P. Barlow.' The title will surprise you; but as I know not what may happen to make doubts and puzzles in the affair mentioned in those papers, when I cannot explain them, I thought it was best to give a brief history of it in writing, with his letter to me on the occasion; and I humbly beg the whole may be kept within your own breast, unless that vile affair, which has much disturbed me, should be revived: although I have no reason to apprehend it will, because the poor girl, I hope, is sincerely penitent; and Mr. H—— himself seems in another way of thinking as to her.

Will you be pleased, sir, to bestow on my dearest Miss Goodwin, as a remembrance of her aunt's true love, the diamond solitaire, and the second pair of ear-rings? Perhaps my dearest Lady Davers will not disdain to wear, as a

present from her beloved brother, my best diamond ring. And if my most beloved and most valued ring of all, the dear first pledge of my happiness, were, for the first time since I was honoured with it, by your own putting it on, taken from my finger and enamelled, it would be a mournful, yet a pleasing token for my poor mother, and a sweet *memento* of your bounty to them, and of your inexpressible goodness and favour to her poor daughter!—But how I presume! And yet just now I said, I had nothing to ask!

Now I am, unawares to myself, upon the subject of petitioning, how it would please me, could I know it, if the dear child I have just named were given to the care and example of my excellent Miss Darnford, if she would be pleased to accept of the trust; and if Lady Davers has no objection, and would not choose to take the pretty soul under her own wing.

I had once great pleasure in the hope of having this dear child committed to my care.—But what pleasures, what happiness, have I not had crowded into this last, and this first happy, thrice happy year—even more than most of my sex have had to boast of, and those not unhappy neither, in a long, long life! Every day has brought with it some new felicity, some new happiness, as unlooked for as undeserved; for, oh! best beloved of my heart! how have you always met me in your comings-in, left me at your goings-out, with smiles and complacency; the *latter* only distinguished from the *former* by a kind regret, as the *other* was from *that*, by a joy, next to transport, when all *your* dear generous heart appeared in your noble countenance, and set *my* faithful one into responsive flutters, to meet and receive it with all the grateful emotions that the chastest conjugal flame could inspire!

But I must not dwell upon these charming, charming reflections!—My present doubts will not permit me to indulge them! For, if I were—how would my desires be rivetted to this earth!—With what regard should I transfer my thoughts to a *still* more important and more necessary

subject! and with what ingratitude look up to a diviner, and still more noble master, who ought to be the ultimate of all our wishes and desires! And who has given me you, my dearest Mr. B——, and *with* you, all that this world can make desirable!—and has therefore a right to take away what He has given!—And if I now die, what a glory will it be to me, to be permitted to discharge part of my obligations to the worthiest of gentlemen, by laying down my life in the service of his honourable family!

But let me say one word for my dear worthy Mrs. Jervis. Her care and fidelity will be very necessary for your affairs, dear sir, while you remain single, which I hope will not be long. But whenever, sir, you make a second choice, be pleased to allow her such an annuity as may make her independent, and pass away the remainder of her life with ease and comfort. And this I the rather presume to request, as my late honoured lady * once intimated the same thing to you. If I were to name what that may be, it would not be with the thought of *heightening*, but of *limiting* rather, the natural bounty of your heart; and fifty pounds a year would be a rich provision, in her opinion, and will entail upon you, dear sir, the blessings of one of the faithfullest and worthiest hearts in the kingdom.

Nor will Christian charity permit me to forget the once wicked, but now penitent Jewkes. I understand by Miss Darnford, that she begs for nothing but to have the pleasure of dying in your service, and of having, by that means, an opportunity given her of atoning for some small slips and mistakes in her accounts, which she had made formerly, as she accuses herself; for she will have it that Mr. Longman has been better to her than she deserved, in passing one † account particularly, to which he had, with too much reason, objected: do, dear sir, if your *future* happy lady has no great dislike to the poor woman, be pleased to grant her request, except her own mind should alter, and she desire her dismission: And be pleased to present her with my little book of select devotions, with my notes in the inter-

* See vol. ii. p. 334. † See, for a hint of this, vol. i. p. 73.

leaves: it is in the bottom drawer of the right hand, among my devotional miscellanies: Or rather, much rather, be pleased to order a copy of it to be made out for her, and to give the original, it being mostly in my own hand-writing, to my dear father. This is a better thought by much; for the dear good man will esteem it the more for that. I wonder I did not think of this before.

To the other servants I have only to leave my thanks and best wishes, for their respectful love and dutiful behaviour to one who, from being once hardly the equal to some of them, has been exalted to the honourable station of their mistress, by your superlative goodness and favour. No servants, my dear Mr. B——, ever deserved a mistress's thanks, if yours do not; for they, every one of them, most cheerfully came into all my little schemes and regulations; and they have encouraged me, by their ready obedience and their respectful loves, to pursue the natural dictates of my own heart, and have made all assumings and pride as unnecessary, as they would have been grievous to me, and censurable by every one else: For was it not my high concern so to behave myself to all, low as well as high, that my best beloved benefactor should not, by *my* arrogance or inattention, have censures of *him*, added to enviers of *me*, for the step he had taken so derogatory to his own honour, and to that of his ancient and splendid family?

To the favour of the best of masters I therefore leave them, with this testimony of their merits, and of my kind regard to them, which makes me venture to call them, without one exception, from my silver-haired Jonathan, to the lowest menial, the *best set of servants* that any gentleman ever had: Nor, by Miss Darnford's account of the behaviour of those at the Hall, do I find them at all unworthy of being classed with these here, in the happy character. And let me say, my dearest Mr. B——! that I have been not a little attentive to their respective behaviours, and have taken Mrs. Jervis's observations, as a help to my own, in this particular; because I thought it my duty to do so, as well in justice to your dear self, as to them.

As to Polly Barlow, to whom I was willing to behave with an eye to my dear good lady's kindness to myself, I have nothing to say, by way of distinction from the rest; having hinted to Mrs. Jervis to give her *her* advice, from time to time; and that, if an honest husband should offer, she should advise the poor girl not to decline it.

Forgive me, dearest sir, for thus mentioning to you, in this solemn letter, so particularly your servants. But the pleasure which their regularity and worthiness have given me, together with the knowledge I have of their fidelity and affectionate duty to you, methinks call for this testimony of my satisfaction in them, and for my recommendation of them to your favour.

And now, what have I farther to say, but to beg of God to shower down His most precious blessings upon you, my dearest, my *first*, my *last*, and my *only* love! and to return to you an hundredfold, the benefits which you have conferred upon me and mine, and upon so many poor souls, as you have blessed through my hands! And that you may, in your next choice, be happy with a lady who may have everything I want; and who may love and honour you with the same affectionate duty, which has been my delight and my glory to pay you: For in this, I am sure, no one *can* exceed me!—And after having given you long life, prosperity, and increase of honour, translate you into a blessed eternity, where, through the merits of our common Redeemer, I hope I shall be allowed a place, and be permitted (oh, let me indulge that pleasing, that *consolatory* thought!) to receive and rejoice in my restored spouse, for ever and ever; are the prayers, the *last* prayers, if it so please God! of, my dearest dear Mr. B——,

Your dutiful and affectionate wife,

And faithful servant,

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER LX.

Miss Darnford to Lady Darnford.

My honoured Mamma,—You cannot conceive how you and my dear papa have delighted the heart of my good Mrs. B——, and obliged her Mr. B——, by the permission you have given me to attend her till the important hour shall be over with her; for the dear lady is exceedingly apprehensive, and one can hardly blame her; since there is hardly such another happy couple in the world.

I am glad to hear that the ceremony is over, so much to both your satisfactions. May this matrimony be but a *tenth part* as happy as that I am witness to here; and Mr. and Mrs. Murray will have that to boast of, which few married people have, even among those we call happy!

For my part, I believe I shall never care to marry at all; for though I cannot be so deserving as Mrs. B——, yet I shall not bear to think of a husband much less excellent than hers. Nay, by what I see in *her* apprehensions, and conceive of the condition she hourly expects to be in, I don't think a lady can be requited with a *less* worthy one, for all she is likely to suffer on a husband's account, and for the sake of *his* family and name.

Mrs. Andrews, a discreet worthy soul as ever I knew, and who, in her aspect and behaviour, is far from being a disgrace even to Mr. B——'s lady, is with her dear daughter, to her no small satisfaction, as you may suppose, who now and then says, What a foolish creature, my dear mother, have you for a daughter! *You* did not behave so weakly as I do, when you were in the same circumstances, I dare-say; and yet you had a dear good husband, though not a rich one, to hope to live for!—But, come, I will have a good heart, to make myself as worthy of the company and cheerings of three such friends, as I am blessed with in my mother, my Miss Darnford, and Mrs. Jervis.

Mr. B—— asked my advice yesterday about having in the

house a midwife, to be at hand at a moment's warning. I told him I feared the sight of such a person would terrify her: And so he instantly started an expedient, of which her mother, Mrs. Jervis, and myself approved, and have put into practice; for this day, Mrs. Harris, a distant relation of *mine*, though not of yours, sir and madam, is arrived from Essex to make me a visit; and Mr. B—— has been so good as to prevail upon her, in *compliment to me*, as he pretended, to accept of her board in his house, while she stays in town, which she says will be about a week.

Now, you must know that this Mrs. Harris being a discreet, modest, matron-like person, Mrs. B—— took a liking to her at first sight, and is already very familiar with her; and understanding that she is a gentlewoman who was a doctor of physic's lady, and takes as much delight in administering to the health of her own sex, as her husband used to do to that of both, Mrs. B—— says, it is very fortunate that she has so experienced a lady to consult, as she is such a novice in her own case.

Mr. B——, however, to carry on the honest imposture better, just now, in presence of Mrs. Harris, and Mrs. Andrews, and me, asked the former, if it was not necessary to have in the house the good woman? This frightened Mrs. B——, who turned pale, and said she could not bear the thoughts of it. Mrs. Harris said it was highly necessary that Mrs. B——, if she would not permit the gentlewoman to be in the house, should see her; and that then, she apprehended, there would be no necessity, as she supposed she did not live far off, to have her in the house, since Mrs. B—— was so uneasy upon that account. This pleased Mrs. B—— much, and Mrs. Thomas was admitted to attend her.

Now you must know that this is the assistant of my new relation; and she being apprised of the matter, came; but never did I see so much shyness and apprehension as Mrs. B—— showed all the time Mrs. Thomas was with her, holding sometimes her mother, sometimes Mrs. Harris, by the hand, and being ready to sweat with terror.

Mrs. Harris scraped acquaintance with Mrs. Thomas, who, pretending to recollect her, gave Mrs. Harris great praises; which increased Mrs. B——'s confidence in her: And she undertakes to govern the whole so that the dreaded Mrs. Thomas need not come till the very moment; which is no small pleasure to the over-nice lady. And she seems every hour to be better pleased with Mrs. Harris, who, by her prudent talk, will more and more familiarise her to the circumstance, unawares to herself in a manner. But notwithstanding this precaution of a midwife in the house, Mr. B—— intends to have a gentleman of the profession in readiness, for fear of the worst.

I tell Mr. B—— he is very happy in this stratagem; but that I suppose he has been more used to contrivances of this sort than he ought to have been; and was so free as to add, that I presumed his lady is hardly the first he has cheated into a child. And indeed I think Mrs. B——'s merit to the rest of her sex is very great, were it only in reforming such an uncommonly agreeable and manly rake as this; for no doubt he has done, and would have done, a world of mischief among the thoughtless and indiscreet in upper life; for it seems when he was at the worst, he never made the vulgar the subjects of his vile attempts.

Mrs. B—— has written a letter, and the superscription following will tell you to whom it is directed: 'To the 'ever-honoured and ever-dear Mr. B——, with prayers for 'his health, honour, and prosperity in this world, and 'everlasting felicity in that to come. P. B.' It is sealed with black wax, and she gave it me this moment, on her being taken ill, to give to Mr. B—— if she dies. But GOD, of His mercy, avert that! and preserve the dear lady, for the honour of her sex, and the happiness of all who know her, and particularly for that of your Polly Darnford; for I cannot have a greater loss, I am sure, while my honoured papa and mamma are living: And may that be for many, very many, happy years!

I will not close this letter till all is over: Happily, as I

hope!—Mrs. B—— is better again, and has occasionally made some fine reflections, directing herself to me, but designed for the benefit of her Polly, on the subject of the inconsideration of some of our sex, with regard to the circumstances she is in; inferring that if *such* are *her* apprehensions, though a lawful wife, and *such* the danger attending this case, how must it leave a poor creature destitute of all spiritual consolation (as well as of the assistance and comfortings of the nearest friends, and of a kind husband), when she has sacrificed her honour, and cannot think of anything so probable, as the moment approaches, but that GOD will punish her *in kind*, as she called it; that is to say, added she, by the very sufferings which are the natural consequences of the sin she has so wickedly committed!

I knew what her design was, and said, Ay, Polly, let you and I, and every single young body, bear these reflections in mind, pronounced by so excellent a lady, in moments so arduous as these!

The girl wept, and very movingly fell down by the door, on her knees, praying to GOD to preserve her dear lady, and she should be happy for ever!—*That*, as Mrs. B—— so often prettily writes, *was her word.*

Mrs. B—— is exceedingly pleased with my new relation, Mrs. Harris, as we call her, who behaves with so much prudence that she suspects nothing, and told Mrs Jervis she wished nobody else to come near her. And as she goes out (being a person of eminence in her way) two or three times a day, and last night stayed out late, Mrs. B—— said she hoped she would not be abroad when she should wish her to be at home.

I have the pleasure, the very great pleasure, my dear papa and mamma, to acquaint you, and I know you will rejoice with me upon it, that just half an hour ago, my dear Mrs. B—— was brought to bed of a fine boy.

We are all out of our wits for joy almost. I ran down to Mr. B—— myself, who received me with trembling

impatience. A boy! a fine boy! dear Mr. B——! said I: A son and heir, indeed!

But how does my Pamela? Is *she* safe? Is *she* like to do well? We hope so, said I; or I had not come down to you, I'll assure you. He folded me in his arms, in a joyful rapture! How happy you make me, dearest Miss Darnford! If my Pamela is safe, the boy is welcome, welcome indeed!—But when may I go up to thank my jewel?

Mrs. Andrews is so overjoyed, and so thankful, that there's no getting her from her knees.

A man and horse is despatched already to Lady Davers; and another ordered to Kent, to the good old man.

Mrs. Jervis, when I went up, said, she must go down and release the good folks from their knees; for, half an hour before, they declared they would not stir from that posture till they heard how it went with their lady; and when the happy news was brought them of her safety, and of a young master, they were quite ecstatic, she says, in their joy, and not a dry eye among them, shaking hands, and congratulating one another, men and maids: Which must make it one of the most affecting sights that can be imagined. And Mr. Longman, who had no power to leave the house for three days past (though business required his presence in Bedfordshire), hasted to congratulate his worthy principal; and never was so much moving joy seen, as this honest-hearted steward ran over with.

I cannot draw these affecting scenes of joy, as Mrs. B—— could have done, had she been in my case.—Let me only say, I never saw such a family-joy in my life: And who would care for royalty, or any of its pageantry, when virtue can thus interest everybody in its concerns, and on such an occasion as this, give that general and sincere joy to all within its circle, which could fill a nation on the birth of a first-born prince from sovereigns the most beloved?

I did a foolish thing in my joy—I gave Mr. B—— the letter designed for him, had an unhappy event followed; and he won't give it me again; but says he will obtain Mrs. B——'s leave, when she is better, to open it; and

the happier turn will augment his thankfulness to God, and love to her, when he shall, by this means, be blest with sentiments so different from what the other case would have afforded. But I will get it from him, if I can, and give it her back; for one knows not what it may contain; yet her innocence and purity make one less apprehensive a good deal; for I daresay she has no excuses to make for failings he knows nothing of.

Mrs. B—— had a very sharp time. Never more, my dear papa, talk of a husband to me. Indeed, in the mind I am in, I will never be married.—Place all your expectations on Nancy! Not one of these men that I have yet seen, Mr. B—— excepted (and you know what a chance it was that he would be so good), is worth running these risks for! But his endearments and tenderness to his lady, his thankful and manly gratitude and politeness, when he was admitted to pay his respects to her, and his behaviour to Mrs. Andrews, and to us all, though but for a visit of ten minutes, was alone worthy of all her risk.

I would give you a description of it, had I Mrs. B——'s pen, and of twenty agreeable scenes and conversations besides: But for want of that, must conclude, with my humble duty, as becomes, honoured sir and madam,

Your ever grateful

POLLY DARNFORD.

I have been three days writing this letter, piece by piece.

LETTER LXI.

Miss Darnford to her Parents.

MY HONOURED PAPA AND MAMMA,—We have nothing but joy and festivity in this house; and it would be endless to tell you the congratulations the happy family receives, every day, from tenants and friends. Mr. B——, you know, was always deemed one of the kindest landlords in England; and his tenants are overjoyed at the happy event which has given them a young landlord of his name: For all those who live in that large part of the estate, which came by Mrs. B—— his mother, were much afraid of having any of Sir Jacob Swynford's family for their landlord, who, they say, are all made up of pride and cruelty, and would have racked them to death: insomuch, that they had a voluntary meeting of about twenty of the principal of them, to rejoice on the occasion: and it was unanimously agreed to make a present of a piece of gilt plate, to serve as a basin for the christening, to the value of one hundred guineas; on which is to be engraven the following inscription:

> In acknowledgment of the humanity and generosity of the best of landlords, and as a token of his tenants' joy on the happy birth of a son and heir, who will, it is hoped, inherit his father's generosity and his mother's virtues,—this piece of plate is, with all due gratitude, presented, as a christening basin, to all the children that shall proceed from such worthy parents, and their descendants, to the end of time.
>
> By the obliged and joyful tenants of the maternal estate in Bedfordshire and Gloucestershire, the initials of whose names are under engraven; viz.

Then are to follow the first letters of each person's christian and surname.

What an honour is this to a landlord! In my opinion far, very far, surpassing the *misnomered* free gifts which we read of in some kingdoms on extraordinary occasions, some of them like this! For here it is all truly spontaneous—a free gift *indeed!* and Mr. B—— took it very kindly, and has put off the christening for a week, to give time for its being completed and inscribed as above.

Such good tenants, such a good wife, such blessings from Heaven following him, nobody, I tell Mr. B——, has so much encouragement to be good as he has: and if hereafter he should swerve, he would not have the least excuse, and would be the ungratefullest man breathing.

The Earl and Countess of C——, and Lord and Lady Davers, are here, to stand in person at the christening; and you cannot conceive how greatly my Lady Davers is transported with joy, to have a son and heir to the estate. She is, every hour almost, thanking her dear sister for him; and reads in the child all the great qualities she forms to herself in him. 'Tis indeed a charming boy, and has a great deal (if one may judge of a child so very young) of his father's manly aspect. The dear lady herself is still but weak; but the joy of all around her, and her spouse's tenderness and politeness, give her cheerful and free spirits: and she is all serenity, ease, and thankfulness.

Mrs. B——, as soon as the danger was over, asked me for her letter with the black seal. I had been very earnest to get it from Mr. B——, but to no purpose: So I was forced to tell her who had it. She said, but very composedly, she was sorry for it, and hoped he had not opened it.

He came into her chamber soon after, and I demanded it before her. He said he had designed to ask her leave to break the seal, which he had not yet done; nor would without her consent.

You will see nothing in it, sir, said the dear lady, but a grateful heart, a faithful love, and my prayers that GOD will be as good to you as you have been to me.

Will you give me leave, my dear, said he, to break the

seal? If you do, sir, let it not be in my presence: but it is too serious. Not, my dear, now the apprehension is so happily over: it may now add to my joy and my thankfulness on that account. Then do as you please, sir: but I had rather you would not.

Then here it is, Miss Darnford; I had it from you: it was put into your hands; and there I place it again. That's something like, said I, considering the gentleman. Mrs. B——, I hope we shall bring him into good order between us in time.

So I returned it to the dear writer; who lifted up her eyes, and her lips moving, showed a thankful ejaculation, that she was spared to receive it back again; and put it into her bosom.

I related to Lady Davers, when she came, this circumstance; and she, I believe, has got leave to take it with her. She is very proud of all opportunities now of justifying her brother's choice, and doing honour to his wife, with Lady Betty C——, who is her great favourite, and who delights to reads Mrs. B——'s letters.

You desire to know, my honoured papa, how Mr. B—— *passes* his time, and whether it be in his lady's chamber? No, indeed! Catch gentlemen, the best of them, in too great a complaisance that way, if you can. What then, does he pass his time *with you,* Polly? you are pleased to ask. What a disadvantage a man lies under who has been once a rake! But I am so generally with Mrs. B——, that when I tell you, sir, that his visits to her are pretty much of the polite form, I believe I answer all you mean by your questions; and especially when I remind you, sir, that Lord and Lady Davers, and the Earl and Countess of C——, and your unworthy daughter, are at dinner and supper time generally together; for Mrs. Andrews, who is not yet gone back to Kent, breakfasts, dines, and sups with her beloved daughter, and is hardly ever out of her room.

Then, sir, Mr. B——, and the Earl, and Lord Davers, give pretty constant attendance to the business of parliament; and now and then sup abroad—So, sir, we are all

upon honour; and I could wish (only that your facetiousness always gives me pleasure, as it is a token that you have your much desired health and freedom of spirits) that even in jest my mamma's daughter might pass unquestioned.

But I know *why* you do it: it is only to put me out of heart to ask to stay longer. Yet I wish—but I know you won't permit me to go through the whole winter here.—Will my dear papa grant it, do you think, my honoured mamma, if you were to lay the highest obligation upon your dutiful daughter, and petition for me? And should you care to try?

I dare nót hope it myself, you see, madam: But when one sees a gentleman here, who denies his lady nothing that she asks, it makes one be ready to wish, methinks, that Lady Darnford was as happy in that particular as Mrs. B——.

Your indulgence for this winter, this *one* winter, or rather this small *remainder* of winter, I make not so much doubt of, you see, madam. I know you'll call me a bold girl; but then you always, when you do, condescend to grant my request: and I will be as good as ever I can be afterwards. I will fetch up all the lost time; rise an hour sooner in the morning, go to bed an hour later at night; flower my papa anything he pleases; read him to sleep when he pleases; put his gout into good humour, when it will be soothed; and Mrs. B——, to crown all, will come down with me, by permission of her sovereign lord, who will attend her, you may be sure. And will not *all* this do, to procure me a month or two more? If it won't, why then, I will thank you for your past goodness to me, and with all duty and cheerfulness, bid adieu to this dear London, this dearer family, and attend a *still* dearer papa and mamma, whose dutiful daughter I will ever be, whilst

POLLY DARNFORD.

LETTER LXII.

Miss Darnford to her Parents.

MY HONOURED PAPA AND MAMMA,—I have received your joint commands, and intend to set out on Wednesday next week. I hope I shall find my papa in better health than he is at present, and in better humour too; for I am very sorry he is displeased with my petitioning for a little longer time in London. It is very severe to impute to me want of duty and affection to you both, which would, if deserved, make me very unworthy of your favour to me.

Mr. B—— and his lady are resolved to accompany me in their coach, till your chariot meets me, if you will be pleased to permit it so to do; and even set me down at your gate, if it do not; but he vows that he will not alight at your house, nor let his lady neither. But I say that this is a misplaced resentment, because I ought to think it a favour that you have indulged me so much as you have done. And yet even this is likewise a favour on *their* side to me, because it is an instance of their fondness for your unworthy daughter's company.

Mrs. B—— is, if possible, more lovely since her lying-in than before. She has so much delight in her nursery, that I fear it will take her off from her pen, which will be a great loss to all whom she used to oblige with her correspondence. Indeed this new object of her care is a charming child; and she is exceedingly pleased with her nurse; —for she is not permitted, as she very much desired, to suckle it herself.

She makes a great proficiency in the French and Italian languages; and well she may; for she has the best schoolmaster in the world, and one whom she loves better than lady ever loved a tutor. He is lofty, and will not be disputed with: but I never saw a more polite and tender husband, for all that; and well may a lady, blessed as she is, bear with a little imperiousness sometimes; which, how-

ever, she nips in the bud, by her sweetness of temper and ready compliance. But then he is a man of sense; and a lady need be the less concerned to yield a point to a man of sense and generosity, as he is; who is incapable of treating her the worse for her resignation and complacency. Whenever I marry, it shall be to a man of sense, and a generous man, against the world; for such a one cannot treat a woman ill; as Mrs. B—— often observes.

We had a splendid christening, exceedingly well ordered, and everybody was highly delighted at it. The quality gossips went away but on Tuesday; and my Lady Davers took leave of her charming sister with all the blessings, and all the kindness, and affectionate fondness that could be expressed.

Mr. Andrews, that worthy old man, came up to see his grandson yesterday, and in order to attend his wife down. You would never have forgotten the good man's behaviour (had you seen it) to his daughter, and to the charming child: I wish I could describe it to you; but I am apt to think Mrs. B—— will take notice of it to Lady Davers; and if she enters into the description of it while I stay, I will beg a copy of it to bring down with me, because I know you were pleased with the sensible, plain, good man, and his ways, when at the Hall in your neighbourhood.

The child is named William; that I should have told you; but I write without any manner of connection, just as things come uppermost. But don't, my dear papa, construe this, too, as an instance of disrespect. I wish you were not so angry with me; it makes me almost afraid to see you!—As I said, I shall set out next Wednesday in Mr. B——'s coach; and as we shall keep the main road all the way, I shall see, by my being met, how I am to be received, and whether pardoned or not. Mr. B—— says he will take me back again, if my dear papa frown at me ever so little; and he will not deliver me up into any other hands but his, neither.

We have been at several plays, and at the opera divers times; for we make the best of our time, since it is so short; and we feared how it would be; though I hoped I

should not have anger neither. Mrs. B—— is taken up between whiles, with writing remarks upon the plays, &c., she sees, in a little book, for Lady Davers. She sent that lady her remarks upon one or two, with which she is so well pleased, that she will not let even her nursery excuse her from proceeding upon those subjects; and this will so engross the dear lady's pen, that I shall not be favoured so much as I used to be; but Lady Davers promises to lend me the book, when she has read it; so that will be some satisfaction.

I see but one thing that can possibly happen to disturb the felicity of this charming couple; and that I will mention, in confidence. Mr. B—— and Mrs. B——, and myself, were at the masquerade, before she lay in. There was a lady greatly taken with Mr. B——. She was in a nun's habit, and followed him wherever he went; and Mr. Turner, a gentleman of one of the inns of court, who visits Mr. B—— sometimes, and is an old acquaintance of his, tells me, by the by, that the lady took an opportunity to unmask to Mr. B——. Mr. Turner has since found she is the young Countess Dowager of ——; a fine lady; but not the most reserved in her conduct of late, since her widowhood. And he has since discovered, as he says, that a letter or two, if not more, have passed between Mr. B—— and that lady.

Now Mrs. B——, with all her perfections, has, as she *owns*, a little spice of jealousy; and should she be once alarmed, I tremble for the consequences to both their happiness.

It is my opinion, that if ever anything makes a misunderstanding between them, it will be from some such quarter as this. But 'tis a thousand pities it should. And I hope, as to the actual correspondence begun, Mr. Turner is mistaken.

But be it as it will, I would not for the world that the first hints of this matter should come from me. Mr. B—— is a very enterprising and gallant man, is a fine figure of a man, and I don't wonder a lady may like him. But he

seems so pleased, so satisfied with his wife, and carries it to her with so much tenderness and affection, that I hope her merit, and this his affection for her, will secure his conjugal fidelity.

If it prove otherwise, and she discovers it, I know no one that would be more miserable than Mrs. B——, as well from motives of piety and virtue, as from the excessive love she bears him.—But I hope for better things, for both their sakes.

My humble thanks for all your indulgences to me; with hopes that you will not, my dear papa and mamma, hold your displeasure against me, when I throw myself at your feet, as I now soon hope to do, conclude me

Your dutiful daughter,

M. DARNFORD.

—o—

LETTER LXIII.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

MY DEAR LADY,—We are just returned from accompanying the worthy Miss Darnford as far as Bedford, in her way home, where her papa and mamma met her in their coach. Sir Simon put on his pleasant airs, and schooled Mr. B—— for persuading his daughter to stay so long from him; *me* for putting her upon asking to stay longer; and *she* for being persuaded by us.

I think he is worse than ever in his way of talk, and for my rebukes to him; for he ran on a deal of stuff about me and my late lying-in; and would have it, that I am so much improved that I ought to make a courtesy to Mr. B—— once an hour. He said, when I was angry at him, and his lady blamed him, that it was all pure revenge for my letter,* and for keeping his daughter so long from him.

* See vol. ii. page 250.

We tarried two days together at Bedford; for we knew not how to part; and then we took a most affectionate leave of each other.

We struck out of the road a little, to make a visit to the dear house, where we tarried one night; and next morning, before anybody could come to congratulate us (designing to be *incog.*), we proceeded on our journey to London, and found my dearest, dear boy, in charming health.

What a new pleasure has God Almighty's goodness bestowed upon me; which after every little absence rises upon me, in a true maternal tenderness, every step I move toward the dear little blessing!—Yet, sometimes, I think your dear brother is not so fond of him as I wish him to be. He says, 'tis time enough for him to mind him, when he can return his notice, and be grateful!—A negligent word, i'n't it, madam,—considering——

My dear father came to town, to accompany my good mother down to Kent, and they set out three or four days after your ladyship left us. It is impossible to describe the joy with which his worthy heart overflowed, when he congratulated us on the happy event. And as he had been apprehensive for his daughter's safety, judge, my lady, what his transports must be, to see us all safe and well and happy, and a son given to Mr. B—— by his greatly honoured daughter.

I was in the nursery when he came. So was my mother. Miss Darnford also was there. And Mr. B——, who was in his closet at his arrival, after having received his most respectful congratulations himself, brought him up (though he has not been there since: indeed he han't)! Pamela, said the dear gentleman, see who's here!

I sprang to him, and kneeled for his blessing: O my father! said I, see (pointing to the dear baby at the nurse's breast) how God Almighty has answered all our prayers.

He dropped down on his knees by me, clasping me in his indulgent arms:—O my daughter!—My blessed daughter!—And do I once more see you! And see you safe and

well!—I do! I do!—Blessed be Thy name, O gracious God! for these Thy mercies.

While we were thus joined, happy father and happy daughter, in one thanksgiving, the sweet baby having fallen asleep, the nurse had put it into the cradle; and when my father rose from me, he went to my mother: God bless my dear Betty! said he: I longed to see you, after this separation. Here's joy! Here's pleasure! Oh how happy are we! And taking her hand, he kneeled down on one side the cradle, and my mother on the other, both looking at the dear baby, with eyes running over, and hand in hand he prayed, in the most fervent manner, for a blessing upon the dear infant; and that God Almighty would make him an honour to his father's family, and to his mother's virtue (that was his word); and that, in the words of Scripture, *he might grow on, and be in favour both with the Lord and with men.*

They both arose, and Mr. B—— taking my hand, and Miss Darnford's (your ladyship may guess how *we* were moved! for she is a sweet-natured lady, you know, madam): My dear Pamela! how these kind, these grateful hearts affect me!—Do you often, my dear Miss Darnford, see scenes wrought up by the poets to this moving height?—Here we behold and admire that noble simplicity in which nature always triumphs over her handmaid, art! And which makes a scene of joy as affecting to a noble mind as that of the deepest distress!—Else, how could it display its force thus sweetly on your lovely cheek!

Mr. B—— has just put into my hands Mr. Locke's Treatise on Education, and he commands me to give him my thoughts upon it in writing. He has a very high regard for this author, and tells me that my tenderness for Billy will make me think some of the first advice given in it a little harsh, perhaps; but although he has not read it through, only having dipped into it here and there, he believes, from the name of the author, I cannot have a better directory: and my opinion of it, after I have well considered it, will inform him, he says, of my own capacity

and prudence, and how far he may rely upon both in the point of a *first education.*

I asked, if I might not be excused writing, only making my observations here and there, to himself, as I found occasion? But he said, You will yourself, my dear, better consider the subject, and be more a mistress of it, and I shall the better attend to your reasonings, when they are put into writing: and surely, Pamela, added he, you may, in such an important point as this, as well oblige *me* with a little of your penmanship, as your other dear friends.

After this, your ladyship will judge I had not another word to say. He cuts one to the heart when he speaks so seriously.

I have looked a little into it. It is a book quite accommodated to my case, being written to a gentleman, the author's friend, for the regulation of his conduct towards his children. But how shall I do, madam, if in such a famed and renowned author I see already some few things which I think want clearing up? Won't it look like intolerable vanity, in such a one as me, to find fault with such a genius as Mr. Locke?

But I will consider of the matter thoroughly before I set pen to paper; for although he writes in a very familiar and intelligible style, perhaps I may not understand him at once reading.

I must, on this occasion, give your ladyship the particulars of a short conversation between your brother and me; which however, perhaps, will not be to my advantage, because it will show you what a teasing body I can be, if I am indulged.—But Mr. B—— will not spoil me neither in that way: no fear of that, I daresay!—Your ladyship will see this in the very dialogue I shall give you.

Thus it was. I had been reading in Mr. Locke's book, and Mr. B—— asked me how I liked it? Exceedingly well, sir. But I have a proposal to make, which, if you will be pleased to comply with, will give me a charming opportunity of understanding Mr. Locke.

What is your proposal, my dear? I see it is some very particular one, by that sweet earnestness in your look.

Why, so it is, sir: and I must know, whether you are in high good humour, before I make it. I think you look grave upon me; and my proposal will not then do, I'm sure.

You have all the amusing ways of your sex, my dear Pamela. But tell me what you would say. You know I don't love suspense.

May be you're busy, sir. Perhaps I break in upon you. I believe you were going into your closet.

True woman!—How you love to put one upon the tenters! Yet, my life for yours, by your parade, what I just now thought important, is some pretty trifle.—Speak it at once, or I'll be angry with you; and tapped my cheek.

Well, I wish I had not come just now!—I see you are not in a quite good humour enough for my proposal—so, pray, sir, excuse me till to-morrow.

He took my hand, and led me to his closet, calling me his pretty impertinent: and then urging me, I said—You know, sir, I have not been used to the company of children. Your dear Billy will not make me fit, for a long time, to judge of any part of education. I can learn of the charming boy nothing but the baby conduct: but now, if you would permit me to take into the house some little master of three or four years old, or miss of five or six, I should watch over all their little ways; and now reading a chapter in the *child,* and now a chapter in the *book,* I shall be enabled to look forward, and with advantage, into the subject; and to go through all the parts of education tolerably, for one of my capacity; for, sir, I can, by my own defects, and what I have wished to mend, know how to judge of, and supply that part of life which carries a child up to eleven or twelve years of age, which was mine when my lady took me.

A pretty thought, Pamela! but tell me, who will part with their child, think you? Would *you* do it, if it were your own case, although you were ever so well assured of

the advantages your little one would reap by it?—For don't you consider, my dear, that the child ought to be wholly subjected to your authority? That its father or mother ought seldom to see it; because it should think itself absolutely dependent upon you?—And where, my dear, will you meet with parents so resigned?—Besides, one would have the child descended of genteel parents, and not such as could do nothing for it; otherwise the turn of mind and education you would give it, might do it more harm than good.

All this is true, sir, very true. But have you no other objection, if one could find a genteelly descended young master? And would you join to persuade his papa to give me up his power, only from three months to three months, as I liked, and the child liked, and as the papa approved of my proceedings?

This is so reasonable, with these last conditions, Pamela, that I should be pleased with your notion, if it could be put in practice, because the child would be benefited by your instruction, and you would be improved in an art which I could wish to see you an adept in.

But perhaps, sir, you had rather it were a girl than a boy?

I had, my dear, if a girl could be found, whose parents would give her up to you; but I suppose you have some boy in your head, by your putting it upon that sex at first.

Let me see, sir. You say you are in a good humour! Let me see, if you be!—looking boldly in his face.

What now, with some little impatience, would the pretty fool be at?

Only, sir, that you have nothing to do but to speak the word, and there is a child whose papa, and mamma too, I am sure, would consent to give up to me, for my own instruction, as well as for her sake; and if, to speak in the Scripture phrase, I have found *grace in your sight*, kind sir, speak this word to the dear child's papa.

And have you thus come over with me, Pamela!—Go,

I am half angry with you, for leading me on in this manner against myself. This looks so artful, that I won't love you!—Dear sir!—And dear madam, too! Begone! I say: —you have surprised me by art, when your talent is nature, and you should keep to that.

I was sadly balked, and had neither power to go nor stay!—At last, seeing I had put him into a kind of flutter, as now he had put me, I moved my unwilling feet towards the door.—He took a turn about the closet meantime.—Yet stay, said he, there is something so generous in your art, that on recollection I cannot part with you.

He took notice of the starting tear—I am to blame!—You had surprised me so, that my hasty temper got the better of my consideration. Let me kiss away this pearly fugitive. Forgive me, my dearest love! What an inconsiderate brute am I, when compared to such an angel as my Pamela! I see at once, now, all the force, and all the merit, of your amiable generosity: And to make you amends for this my hastiness, I will coolly consider of the matter, and will either satisfy you by my compliance, or by the reasons which I will give for the contrary.

But say, my Pamela, can you forgive my harshness?—Can I! Yes, indeed, sir, pressing his hand to my lips; and bid me go, and begone, twenty times a day, if I am to be thus kindly called back to you, thus nobly and condescendingly treated, in the same breath!—I see, dear sir, continued I, that I must be in fault, if ever you are lastingly displeased with me.—For as soon as you turn yourself about, your anger vanishes, and you make me rich amends for a few harsh words. Only one thing, dear sir, let me add: if I have dealt artfully with you, impute it to my fear of offending you, through the nature of my petition, and not to design; and that I took the example of the prophet, to king David, in the parable of the *ewe lamb*.

I remember it, my dear—and you have well pointed your parable, and had nothing to do, but to say, *Thou art the man!*

I am called upon by my dear benefactor for a little airing, and he suffers me only to conclude this long letter, knowing to whom I have the honour to write, this being post day. And so I am obliged, with greater abruptness than I had designed, to mention thankfully your ladyship's goodness to me; particularly in that kind, kind letter,* in behalf of my dear parents, had a certain event taken place. Mr. B—— showed it to me *this morning*, and not before—I believe for fear I should have been so much oppressed by the sense of your ladyship's unmerited goodness to me, had he let me know of it before your departure from us, that I should not have been able to look up at you; heaping favours and blessings upon me, as you hourly were doing besides. What a happy creature am I!—But my gratitude runs me into length; and sorry I am that I cannot have time just now to indulge it.

But yet I am apt sometimes to doubt whether I ought to think myself so very happy; and whether it is not an argument of a mean spirit; because I am under obligations, *unreturnable* obligations, to every living soul, as well as to your ladyship; and yet can rejoice in them, as if it was such a glorious thing to be obliged, when it is not in one's power to oblige again.

Is there nothing, my dear Lord and Lady Davers; is there nothing, my dear lady countess, and my good Lord C——, that I can do, to show at least that I have a *will*, and am not an ungrateful and a sordid creature?

And yet, if you give me power to do anything that will have the *appearance* of a return, even that *power* will be laying a fresh obligation upon me—which, however, I should be very proud of, because I should thereby convince you, by something more than words, how much I am (most particularly, my dearest Lady Davers, my sister, my friend, my patroness),

Your most obliged and faithful servant,

P. B——.

* See page 127.

Your dear brother joins in respectful thankfulness to his four noble gossips. And I made my Billy, by his lips, subscribe his. I hope so to direct his earliest notions, as to make him sensible of his dutiful obligation.

—o—

LETTER LXIV.

Lady Davers to Mrs. B——.

My dearest Pamela,—Talk not to us of unreturnable obligations, and all that, as in your last letter. You do more for us, in the entertainment you give us all by your letters, than we *have* done, or ever *can* do, for you. And as to me, I know no greater pleasure in the world, than that which my brother's felicity and yours gives me. God continue this felicity to you both. I am sure it will be *his* fault, and not yours, if it be at all diminished.

We have heard some idle rumours here, as if you were a little uneasy of late; and having not had a letter from you for this fortnight past, it makes me write to ask how you all do? and whether you expected an answer from me to your last?

I hope you won't be punctilious with me, my Pamela: For we have nothing to write to you about, except it be how much we all love and honour you; and that you believe already, or else you don't do us justice.

I suppose you'll be going out of town soon, now the parliament is rising. My lord is resolved to put his proxy into another hand, and intends, I believe, to take my brother's advice in it. Both the earl and his lordship are highly pleased with my brother's moderate and independent principles. He has got great credit among all unprejudiced men, by the part he acted throughout the last sessions, in which he has shown that he would no more join to distress and clog the wheels of government, by an unreasonable

opposition, than he would do the dirty work of any administration. As he has so noble a fortune, and wants nothing of anybody, he would be doubly to blame, to take any other part than that of his country, in which he has so great a stake.

May he act *out* of the house, and *in* the house, with equal honour, and he will be his country's pride, and your pride, and mine too! Which is the wish of

Your affectionate sister,

B. DAVERS.

If you want a pretence to kiss my dear boy, give him now and then one for me. I hope he improves, under the eye of so careful a mamma; the little rogue will else be unworthier than I wish him to be. I hope you proceed with my book. I must see your observations on Locke too. 'Twas a charming pretty thought of yours, that of Miss Goodwin. A hasty wretch! How could he be angry?—'Twas well he so soon considered of the matter, and asked pardon.

—o—

LETTER LXV.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

MY DEAREST LADY,—I have been a little in disorder, that I have. Some few rubs have happened. I hope they will be happily removed. But I am unwilling to believe all that is said. This is a wicked town, though. I wish we were out of it. But I see not when that will be. I wish Mr. B—— would permit me and my Billy to go into Kent: but I don't care to leave him behind me, neither, and he is not inclined to go. Excuse my brevity, my dearest lady,

—but I must break off, with only assuring your ladyship, that I am, and ever will be,

Your obliged and grateful

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER LXVI.

Lady Davers to Mrs. B——.

My dearest Pamela,—I understand things go not so well as I wish. If you think my coming up to town, and residing with you, while you stay in it, will be of service to you, or help to get you out of it, I will set out directly. I will pretend some indisposition, and a desire of consulting the London physicians; or anything you shall think fit to be done, by

Your affectionate sister,

And faithful friend,

B. Davers.

—o—

LETTER LXVII.

Mrs. B.—— to Lady Davers.

My dearest Lady,—A thousand thanks for your goodness to me: but I hope all will be well. I hope God will enable me to act so prudent a part, as will touch his generous breast. Be pleased to tell me what your ladyship has heard: but it becomes not me, I think, till I cannot help it, to make any appeals; for I know those will not be excused: and I do all I can to suppress my uneasiness before him. But I pay for it, when I am alone. My nursery, and my reliance on God (I should have said the

latter first), are all my consolation—God preserve and bless you, my good lady and my noble lord! (but I am apt to think your ladyship's presence will not avail) prays

Your affectionate and obliged

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER LXVIII.

Lady Davers to Mrs. B——.

WHY does not my sweet girl subscribe *sister*, as usual? I have done nothing amiss to you! I love you dearly, and ever will. I can't help my brother's faults. But I hope he treats you with politeness and decency. He shall be none of my brother if he don't. I rest a great deal upon your prudence; and it will be very meritorious, if you can overcome yourself, so as to act unexceptionably, though it may not be deserved, on this occasion: For, in doing so, you'll have a triumph over nature itself; for, my dear girl, as you have formerly owned, you have a little touch of jealousy in your composition.*

What I have heard is no secret to anybody. The injured party is generally the last who hears in these cases, and you shall not first be told anything by me that must *afflict* you, but cannot *you* more than it does *me*. God give you patience and comfort! The wicked lady has a deal to answer for, to disturb such an uncommon happiness. But no more, than that I am

Your ever affectionate sister,

B. DAVERS.

I am all impatience to hear how you conduct yourself upon this trying occasion. Let me know *what* you have heard, and *how* you came to hear it.

* See page 80.

LETTER LXIX.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

WHY don't I subscribe sister? asks my dearest Lady Davers—I have not had the courage to do it of late. For my title to that honour arises from the dear, thrice dear Mr. B——! And how long I may be permitted to call him mine, I cannot say. But since you command it, I will call your ladyship by that beloved name, let the rest happen as God shall see fit.

Mr. B—— cannot be unpolite, in the main; but he is cold, and a little cross, and short in his speeches to me. I try to hide my grief from everybody, and most from him; for, my dear lady, neither my father, mother, nor Miss Darnford know anything from me. Mrs. Jervis, from whom I seldom hide anything, as she is on the spot with me, hears not my complainings, nor my uneasiness: for I would not lessen the dear man. He may *yet* see the error of the way he is in. God grant it, for his own sake, as well as mine!—I am even sorry your ladyship is afflicted with the knowledge of the matter.

The poor unhappy lady, God forgive her! is to be pitied. She loves him, and having strong passions, and being unused to be controlled, is lost to a sense of honour and justice! Poor, poor lady!—Oh, these wicked masquerades! From them springs all my unhappiness. My Spaniard was too amiable, and met with a lady who was no nun, but in habit. Every one was taken with him in that habit, so suited to the natural dignity of his person.—Oh, these wicked, wicked masquerades!

I am all patience in appearance, all uneasiness in reality. I did not think I could, especially in *this* point, this most *affecting* point, be such a hypocrite. It has cost me—your ladyship knows not what it has cost me—to be able to assume that character? Yet my eyes are swelled with crying, and look red, although I am always breathing on

my hand, and patting them with that, and my warm breath, to hide the distress that will, from my overcharged heart, appear in them.

Then he says, What's the matter with the little fool? You're always in this way of late! What ails you, Pamela?

Only a little vapourish, sir!—Nasty vapours! Don't be angry at me!—Then Billy, I thought, was not very well!

This boy will spoil your temper. At this rate, what should be your joy, will become your misfortune. Don't receive me in this manner, I charge you.

In what manner, sir? I always receive you with a grateful heart! If anything troubles me, it is in your absence. But see, sir (then I try to smile and seem pleased), I am all sunshine now you are come!—Don't you see I am?

Yes, your sunshine of late is all through a cloud!—I know not what's the matter with you. Your temper will alter, and then——

It shan't alter, sir—it shan't—if I can help it—and then I kissed his hand; that dear hand, that perhaps was last about his more beloved countess's neck—distracting reflection!

But come, maybe I think the worst!—To be sure I do!—For my apprehensions were ever aforehand with events; and bad must be the case, if it is worse than I think it! But it will ripen of itself; it is a corroding evil. It will increase to its crisis, and then it may dissipate happily, or end in death!

All that grieves me (for I have had the happiness of a whole life crowded thick upon me in a few past months, and so ought to be grateful for the good I have reaped) is for his own dear sake, for his soul's sake.—But, come, he is a young gentleman, and may see his error:—This may be a trial to *him*, as well as to *me*. And if he *should* conquer it, what a charming thing would that be!

You command me to let you know *what* I have heard,

and how I *came* to hear it. I told your ladyship, in one of my former,* that two gentlemen, brought up to the law, but above the practice of it, though, I doubt, not above practices less honourable, had visited us on coming to town.

They have been often here since, Mr. Turner particularly; and sometimes by himself, when Mr. B—— has happened to be out; and he it was, as I guessed, that gave me, at the wicked masquerade, the advice to look after my Musidorus.†

I did not like their visits, and *his* much less: for he seemed to me a man of an intriguing spirit. But about three weeks ago, Mr. B—— setting out upon a party of pleasure to Oxford, he came, and pretending great business with me, and I happening to be at breakfast in the parlour, only Polly attending me, admitted him to drink a dish of chocolate with me. And when Polly had stept out, he told me, after many apologies, that he had discovered who the nun was at the masquerade that had engaged Mr. B——.

I said, it was very indifferent to me who the lady was.

He replied (making still more apologies, and pretending great reluctance to speak out), that it was no less a lady than the young Countess Dowager of ———, a lady noted for her wit and her beauty; but of a gay disposition, though he believed not yet culpable.

I was alarmed, but would not let him see it; and he ran into the topic of the injustice of married men, who had virtuous wives, and gave themselves up to intrigues of this kind.

I remembered some of Mr. B——'s lessons formerly, of which I once gave your ladyship a transcript,‡ particularly that of drawing a kind veil over his faults, and extenuating those I could not hide, and still more particularly that caution that if ever rakes attempted a married woman, their encouragement proceeded from the slights and con-

* See page 45. † Ibid. p. 120.

‡ See vol. ii. p. 95, et seq.

tempts with which they endeavoured to possess her against her husband; and I told Mr. Turner that I was so well satisfied in Mr. B——'s affection for me, and his well-known honour, that I could not think myself obliged to any gentleman who should endeavour to give me a less opinion of either than I ought to have.

He then bluntly told me that the very party Mr. B—— was upon, was with the countess for one, and the Lord ———, who had married her sister.

I said, I was glad he was in such good company, and wished him all manner of pleasure in it.

He hoped, he said, he might trust to my discretion, that I would not let Mr. B—— know from whom I had the information; that indeed his motive in mentioning it to me was self-interest; for that he had presumed to make some overtures of an honourable nature to the countess, in his own behalf; which had been rejected since that masquerade night: and that he hoped the prudent use I would make of the intimation might, somehow, be a means to break off that correspondence, before it was attended with bad consequences.

I told him coldly, though it stung me to the heart, that I should not interfere in the matter at all: that I was fully assured of Mr. B——'s honour; and was sorry he, Mr. Turner, had so bad an opinion of a lady for whom he professed so high a consideration. And rising up, Will you excuse me, sir, that I cannot attend at all to such a subject as this; and think I ought not; and so must withdraw?

Only, madam, one word. He offered to take my hand, but I would not permit it—and then he swore a great oath, that he had told me his true and his only motive: and that letters had passed between the countess and Mr. B——; adding, that one day I would blame myself for not endeavouring to stifle a flame, that might now perhaps be kept under; but which, if it got head, would be of more fatal consequence to my repose than I at present imagined. —But, said he, I beg you'll keep it within your breast;

else, from two such hasty spirits, as his and mine, it may possibly be attended with still worse consequences.

I will never, sir, enter into a subject that is not proper to be communicated, every tittle of it, to Mr. B——; and this must be my excuse for withdrawing. And away I went from him.

Your ladyship will judge with how uneasy a heart; which became more so, when I sat down to reflect upon what he had told me. But I was resolved to give it as little credit as I could, or that anything would come of it, till Mr. B——'s own behaviour should convince me, to my affliction, that I had some reason to be alarmed: so I opened not my lips about it, not even to Mrs. Jervis.

At Mr. B——'s return, I received him in my usual affectionate and unreserved manner; and he behaved himself to me with his accustomed goodness and kindness; or, at least, with so little difference, that had not Mr. Turner's officiousness made me more watchful, I should not have perceived it.

But next day a letter was brought by a footman for Mr. B——. He was out: so John gave it to me. The superscription was a lady's writing: the seal, the dowager lady's, with a coronet. This gave me great uneasiness; and when Mr. B—— came in, I said, Here is a letter for you, sir; and from a lady too!

What then?—said he, with quickness.

I was balked, and withdrew. For I saw him turn the seal about and about, as if he would see whether I had endeavoured to look into it.

He needed not to have been so afraid; for I would not have done such a thing, had I known my life was to depend upon it.

I went up, and could not help weeping at his quick answer: yet I did my endeavour to hide it, when he came up.

Was not my girl a little inquisitive upon me just now?

I spoke pleasantly, sir—but you were very quick on your girl.

'Tis my temper, my dear—you know I mean nothing. You should not mind it.

I should not, sir, if I had been *used* to it.

He looked at me with sternness—Do you doubt my honour, madam?

Madam! did you say, sir?—I won't take that word!—Dear sir, call it back—I won't be called *madam!*—Call me your girl, your rustic, your *Pamela*—call me anything but *madam!*

My charmer! then; my life! my soul! will any of those do? and saluted me: But whatever you do, let me not see that you have any doubts of my honour to you.

The very mention of the word, dear sir, is a security to me; I want no other; I cannot doubt: But if you speak short to me, how shall I bear that?

He withdrew, speaking nothing of the contents of his letter; as I daresay he would, had the subject been such as he chose to mention to me.

We being alone, after supper, I took the liberty to ask him, Who was of his party to Oxford? He named the Viscountess ——— and her lord, Mr. Howard and his daughter, Mr. Herbert and his lady: And I had a partner too, my dear, to represent you.

I am much obliged to the lady, sir, be she who she would.

Why, my dear, you are *so* engaged in your nursery! Then this was a sudden thing; as, you know, I told you.

Nay, sir, as long as it was agreeable to you, I had nothing to do but to be pleased with it.

He watched my eyes, and the turn of my countenance —You look, Pamela, as if you'd be glad to return the lady thanks in person. Shall I engage her to visit you? She longs to see you.

Sir—sir—hesitated I—as you please—I can't be—I can't be—displeased——

Displeased!—interrupted he: Why that word? and why that hesitation in your answer? You speak very volubly, my dear, when you're not moved.

Dear sir, said I, almost as quick as he was, why should I be moved? What occasion is there for it? I hope you have a better opinion of me, than——

Than what, Pamela?—What would you say? I know you're a little jealous rogue, I know you are.

But, dear sir, why should you think of imputing jealousy to me on this score?—What a creature must I be, if you could not be abroad with a lady, but I must be jealous of you?—No, sir, I have reason to rely upon your honour; and I *do* rely upon it; and——

And what? Why, my dear, you are giving me assurances as if you thought the case required it!

Ah! thought I, so it does, I see too plainly, or apprehend I do; but I durst not say so, nor give him any hint about my informant; though now I was enough confirmed of the truth of what Mr. Turner had told me.

Yet I resolved, if possible, not to alter my conduct. But my frequent weepings, when by myself, could not be hid as I wished; my eyes not keeping my heart's counsel.

And this gives occasion to some of the stern words which I have mentioned above.

All that he further said at this time, was, with a negligent, yet a determined air—Well, Pamela, don't be doubtful of my honour. You know how much I love you. But one day or other, I shall gratify this lady's curiosity, and will bring her to pay you a visit, and you shall see you need not be ashamed of her acquaintance.—Whenever you please, sir—was all I cared to say farther; for I saw he was upon the catch, and looked steadfastly upon me whenever I moved my lips; and I am not a finished hypocrite, and he can read the lines of one's face, and the motions of one's heart, I think.

I am sure mine is a very uneasy one. But till I reflected, and weighed well the matter, it was worse; and my natural imperfection of this sort made me see a necessity to be the more watchful over myself, and to doubt my own prudence. And thus I reasoned, when he withdrew:

Here, thought I, I have had a greater proportion of happiness, without alloy, fallen to my share, than any of my sex; and I ought to be prepared for some trials.

'Tis true, this is of the sorest kind; 'tis worse than death itself to me, who had an opinion of the dear man's reformation, and prided myself not a little on that account. So that the blow is full upon my sore place. 'Tis on the side I could be the most easily penetrated. But Achilles could be touched only in his heel; and if he was to die by an enemy's hand, must not the arrow find out that only vulnerable place?—My jealousy is that place with me, as your ladyship observes;* but it is seated deeper than the heel: It is in my *heart.* The barbed dart has found that out, and there it sticks up to the very feathers.

Yet, thought I, I will take care that I do not exasperate him by upbraidings, when I should try to move him by patience and forbearance. For the breach of *his* duty cannot warrant the neglect of *mine.* My business is to reclaim, and not to provoke. And when, if it please God, this storm shall be overblown, let me not, by my present behaviour, leave any room for heartburnings; but like a skilful surgeon, so heal the wound to the bottom, though the operation be painful, that it may not fester and break out again with fresh violence, on future misunderstandings, if any shall happen.

He is a young gentleman, has been used to have his own will, thought I. This may be a permitted stumblingblock in his way, to make him stand the firmer when recovered. The lady may be unhappy that she cannot conquer her faulty love. They may both see their error, and stop short of crime. If not, he is a man of fine sense; he may run an undue length, but may reclaim; and then I shall be *his* superior, by my preserved virtue and duty, and have it in my power to *forgive* him, and so repay him some of those obligations which I shall never otherwise have it in my power to repay;—nor indeed wish to have it in this way, if it please God to prevent it.

* C

Then, thought I, how much better is it to be the *suffering* than the *offending* person!—But yet, madam, to have so *fine* a gentleman, who had advanced so far up the hill of virtue, to slide back all at once; and (between your ladyship and me) to have him sink down to the character he had despised; and, at last, if his life should be spared (as is my hourly prayer), to have him carry his vices into advanced years, and become such a poor man as we see Sir Simon Darnford, retaining a love of his juvenile follies, even after the practice has left him: how my heart shudders at such a thought for my Mr. B——!

Well, but, thought I, let the worst come to the worst, he perhaps may be so good as to permit me to pass the remainder of my days, with my dear Billy, in Kent, with my father and mother; and so, when I cannot rejoice in possession of a virtuous husband, I shall be employed in praying for him, and enjoy a twofold happiness, that of doing my own duty to my dear baby—and a pleasing entertainment that will be!—and that of comforting my worthy parents, and being comforted by them;—and no small consolation this!—And who knows but I may be permitted to steal a visit now and then to dear Lady Davers, and be called sister, and be deemed a *faultless* sister too!—and that will be a fine thing. But remember, my dear lady, that if ever it come to this, I will not bear that, for my sake, you shall, with too much asperity, blame your brother; for I will be ingenious to find excuses or extenuations for him; and I will now and then, in some disguised habit, steal the pleasure of seeing him, although at the same time I may see his happier countess; and give him, with a silent tear, my blessing for the good I and mine have reaped at his hands.

But, oh! if he takes from me my Billy, who must, after all, be his heir, and gives him to the cruel countess, he will at once burst asunder the strings of my heart! For, oh, my happy rivaless! if you tear from me my husband, he is in his own disposal, and I cannot help it:—Nor can I, indeed, if he will give you my Billy. But

this I am sure of, that my child and my life must go together!

Your ladyship will think I rave. Indeed I am almost crazed at times. For the dear man is so negligent, so cold, so haughty, that I cannot bear it. He says, just now, You are quite altered, Pamela. I believe I am, madam. But what can I do? He knows not that I know so much. I dare not tell him. For he will have me then reveal my intelligencer: and what may be the case between them?

I weep in the night, when he is asleep; and in the day, when he is absent: and I am happy when I can, unobserved, steal this poor relief. I believe already I have shed as many tears as would drown my baby. How many more I may have to shed, God only knows!—For, O madam! after all my fortitude, and my recollection, to fall from so much happiness, and so soon, is a trying thing!

But I will still hope the best, and resign to God's will, and his, and see how far he will be permitted to exercise me. So don't, my good lady, be overmuch concerned for me—for you know I am apt to be too apprehensive. And should this matter blow over, I shall be ashamed of my weakness, and the trouble I must give to your generous heart, for one so undeservedly favoured by you, as is

Your obliged sister, and most humble servant,

P. B——.

Dear madam, let no soul see any part of this our present correspondence, for your brother's sake, and your sake, and my sake.

—o—

LETTER LXX.

Lady Davers to Mrs. B——.

MY DEAREST PAMELA,—You need not be afraid of anybody's knowing what passes between us on this cutting subject. Though I hear of it from every mouth, yet I pretend 'tis all falsehood and malice. Yet Lady Betty will have it, that there is more in it than I will own; and that I know my brother's wickedness, by my pensive looks. She will make a vow, she says, never to marry any man living.

I am greatly moved by your affecting periods. Charming Pamela! what a tempest do you raise in one's mind, when you please, and lay it too, at your own will! Your colourings are strong; but I hope your imagination carries you much farther than it is possible he should go.

I am pleased with your prudent reasonings, and your wise resolutions. I see nobody can advise or help you. God only can! And His direction you beg *so* hourly, that I make no doubt you will have it.

What vexes me is, that when the noble uncle of this vile lady (why don't you call her so, as well as I?)—expostulated with her on the scandals she brought upon her character and family, she pretended to argue, foolish creature! for polygamy; and said, She had rather be a certain gentleman's second wife, than the first to the greatest man in England.

I leave you to your own workings: but if I find your prudence unrewarded by the wretch, the storm you saw raised at the Hall shall be nothing to the hurricane I will excite, to tear up by the roots all the happiness the two wretches propose to themselves.

Don't let my intelligence, which is undoubted, grieve you overmuch. Try some way to move the wretch. What must be done must be by touching his generosity: He has that

in some perfection. But how in *this* case to move it, is beyond my power or skill to prescribe.

God bless you, my dearest Pamela! You shall be my *only* sister. And I will never own my brother, if he be so base to your superlative merit. Adieu once more,

From your sister and friend,

B. DAVERS.

—o—

LETTER LXXI.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

MY DEAREST LADY,—A thousand thanks for your kind, your truly sisterly letter and advice. Mr. B—— is just returned from a tour to Portsmouth, with the countess, I believe, but am not sure.

Here I am forced to leave off.

Let me scratch through this last surmise. It seems she was not with him. This is some comfort, however.

He is very kind; and Billy not being well, when he came in, my grief passed off without blame. He has said a great many tender things to me: but added, that if I gave myself so much uneasiness every time the child ailed anything, he would hire the nurse to over-lay him. Bless me, madam! what hardhearted, what shocking things are these men capable of saying!—The farthest from their hearts, indeed: so they had need—for he was as glad of the child's being better as I could be.

In the morning he went out in the chariot for about an hour, and returned in a good humour, saying twenty agreeable things to me, which makes me *so* proud, and *so* pleased!

He is gone out again.

Could I but find this matter happily conquered, for his own soul's sake!—But he seems, by what your ladyship

mentions, to have carried this polygamy point with the lady.

Can I live with him, madam,—*ought* I—if this be the case? I have it under his hand, that the laws of his country were sufficient to deter him from this practice. But, alas! he knew not this countess then!

But here I must break off.

He is returned, and coming up. Go into my bosom for the present, O letter dedicated to dear Lady Davers!—Come to my hand, the play employment, so unsuited to my present afflicted mind!—Here he comes!

O madam, madam! my heart is almost broken!—Just now Mr. B—— tells me that the countess dowager, and the viscountess her sister, are to be here to see my Billy, and to drink tea with me, this very afternoon!

I was all confusion when he told me this. I looked around and around, and upon everything but him.

Will not my friends be welcome, Pamela? said he sternly.

Oh yes, sir, very welcome!—But I have these wretched vapours so, that I wish I might be excused—I wish I might be allowed to take an airing in the chariot for two or three hours; for I shall not be fit to be seen by such—ladies—said I, half out of breath.

You'll be fit to be seen by nobody, my dear, if you go on thus.—But do as you please.

He was going, and I took his hand: Stay, dear sir, let me know what you would have me do. If you would have me stay, I will.

To be sure I would.

Well, sir, then I will. For it is hard, thought I, if an innocent person cannot look up, in her own house too, as it is at present, as I may say, to a guilty one!—Guilty in her heart, at least;—though, poor lady, I hope she is not so in

fact; and if God hears my prayers, never will, for all three of our sakes.

But, madam, think for me, what a task I have! How my heart throbs in my bosom! How I tremble! How I struggle with myself! What rules I form for my behaviour to this naughty lady! How they are dashed in pieces as soon as formed, and new ones taken up! And yet I doubt myself when I come to the test.

But one thing will help me: I *pity* the poor lady; and as she comes with the heart of a robber, to invade me in my lawful right, I pride myself in a superiority over this countess; and will endeavour to show her the country girl in a light which would better become *her* to appear in.

I must be forced to leave off here: for Mr. B—— is just come in to receive his guests; and I am in a sad flutter upon it. All my resolution fails me. What shall I do!—Oh, that this countess was come, and gone!—I tremble so, that I shall behave like a guilty one before the guilty, who will enjoy their minds, I'll warrant, as if they were innocent!—Why should that be!—But surely, if all was bad as this Turner has said, they could not act thus barbarously by me! For I have not deserved to be given up to be insulted! I hope I have not!—for what have I done?

I have one comfort, however, in the midst of all my griefs; and that is in your ladyship's goodness, which gives me leave to assume the honoured title, that, let what will happen, will always give me equal pride and pleasure, in subscribing myself

Your ladyship's obliged sister,

And humble servant,

P. B——.

—c—

LETTER LXXII.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My dear Lady,—I will now pursue my last affecting subject; for the visit is over; but a sad situation I am in with Mr. B—— for all that: But bad as it is, I'll try to forget it till I come to it in course.

At four in the afternoon Mr. B—— came in to receive his guests, whom he expected at five. He came up to me. I had just closed my last letter; but put it up, and set before me your ladyship's play subjects.

So, Pamela!—How do you do now?

Your ladyship may guess, by what I wrote before, that I could not give any extraordinary account of myself.—As well—as well, sir, as possible.—Half out of breath.

You give yourself strange melancholy airs of late, my dear.—You don't do well.—All that cheerfulness, which used to delight me whenever I saw you, I'm sorry for it, is quite vanished of late—you and I must shortly have a little serious talk together.

When you please, sir—I believe it is only not being used to this smoky thick air of London!—I shall be better when you carry me into the country.—I daresay I shall.—But I never was in London so long before, you know, sir.

All in good time, Pamela!—But is this the best appearance you choose to make to receive such guests?

If it displease you, sir, I will dress otherwise in a minute.

You look well in anything. But I thought you'd have been better dressed.—Yet it would never have less become you; for of late your eyes have lost that brilliancy that used to strike me with a lustre much surpassing that of the finest diamonds.

I am sorry for it, sir.—But as I never could pride myself in deserving such a kind compliment, I should be too happy (forgive me, my dearest Mr. B——), if the failure be not rather in *your* eyes than in *mine*.

He looked at me steadfastly.—I fear, Pamela—but don't be a fool.

You are angry with me, sir!

No, not I.

Would you have me dress better?

No, not I. If your eyes looked a little more brilliant, you want no addition.

Down he went.

Strange, short speeches these, my lady, to what you have heard from his dear mouth!—Yet they shall not rob me of the merit of a patient sufferer, I am resolved, thought I.

Now, my lady, as I doubted not my rival would come adorned with every outward ornament, I put on only a white damask gown, having no desire to vie with her in appearance; for a virtuous and honest heart is my glory, I bless God! I wish the countess had the same to boast of!

About five, their ladyships came in the countess's new chariot; for she has not been long out of her transitory mourning, and dressed as rich as jewels, and a profusion of expense, could make her.

I saw them from the window alight. Oh, how my heart throbbed!—Lie still, said I, busy thing! Why all this emotion?—Those shining ornaments cover not such a guileless flutterer as thou. Why then all this emotion?

Polly Barlow came up instantly from Mr. B——.

I hastened down: tremble, tremble, tremble, went my feet, in spite of all the resolution I had been endeavouring so long to collect together.

Mr. B—— presented the countess to me, both of us covered with blushes; but from very different motives, as I imagine.

The Countess of ———, my dear.

She saluted me, and looked, as I thought, half with envy, half with shame: But one is apt to form people's countenances by what one judges of their hearts.

Oh too lovely, too charming rival! thought I—Would to Heaven I saw less attraction in you!—For indeed, indeed, madam, she is a charming lady!—Yet she could not help

calling me Mrs. B——; that was some pride to me; every little distinction is a pride to me now—and said, she hoped I would excuse the liberty she had taken: but the character given of me by Mr. B—— made her desirous of paying her respects to me.

Oh these villainous masquerades! thought I.—You would never have wanted to see me, but for them, poor naughty nun, that was!

Mr. B—— presented also the viscountess to me: I saluted her ladyship; her *sister* saluted *me*.

She is a graceful lady; better, as I hope, in heart, but not equal in person to her sister.

You have a charming boy, I am told, madam; but no wonder from such a pair!

Oh dear heart, thought I, i'n't it so!—Your ladyship may guess what I thought further.

Will your ladyship see him now? said Mr. B——.

He did not look down, no, not one bit!—though the countess played with her fan, and looked at him, and looked at me, and then looked down by turns a little consciously; while I wrapt up myself in my innocence, my first flutters being over, and thought I was superior, by reason of that, even to a countess.

With all her heart, she said.

I rang. Polly, bid nurse bring *my* Billy down—*my*, said I with an emphasis.

I met the nurse at the stairs foot, and brought in my dear baby in my arms. Such a child, and such a mamma! said the viscountess.

Will you give master to my arms one moment, madam? said the countess.

Yes, thought I, much rather than my dear naughty gentleman should any other.

I *yielded* it to her: I thought she would have stifled it with her warm kisses. Sweet boy! Charming creature! And pressed it to her too lovely bosom with such emotion, looking on the child, and on Mr. B——, that I liked it not by any means.

Go, you naughty lady! thought I:—but I durst not say so. And go, naughty man, too! thought I; for you seem to look too much gratified in your pride, by her fondness for your boy. I wish I did not love you so well as I do!—But neither, your ladyship may believe, did I say this.

Mr. B—— looked at me, but with a bravery, I thought, too like what I had been a witness to in some former scenes, in as bad a cause. But, thought I, GOD delivered me *then:* I will confide in Him—He will *now*, I doubt not, restore thy heart to my prayers; untainted, I hope, for thy own dear sake as well as mine.

The viscountess took the child from her sister, and kissed him with great pleasure. She is a married lady. Would to God the countess was so too! for Mr. B—— never corresponded, as I told your ladyship once,* with married ladies: So I was not afraid of *her* love to my Billy.—But let me, said the viscountess, have the pleasure of restoring master to his charming mamma. I thought, added she, I never saw a lovelier sight in my life, than when in his mamma's arms.

Why, I *can't say*, said the countess, but master and his mamma do credit to one another. Dear madam, let us have the pleasure of seeing him still on your lap, while he is so good.

I wondered the dear baby was so quiet; though indeed he is generally so: but *he* might surely, if but by sympathy, have complained for his poor mamma, though she durst not for herself.

How apt one is to engage everything in one's distress, when it is deep! And one wonders, too, that things animate and inanimate look with the same face, when we are greatly moved by any extraordinary and interesting event!

I sat down with my baby on my lap, looking, I believe, with a righteous boldness (I will call it so; for well says the text, *The righteous is as bold as a lion!*) now on my Billy, now on his papa, and now on the countess, with

* See her Journal of Saturday morning, vol. ii. p. 362.

such a *triumph* in my heart! for I saw her blush and look down, and the dear gentleman seemed to eye me with a kind of conscious tenderness, as I thought.

A silence of five minutes, I believe, succeeded, we all four looking upon one another: and the little dear was awake, and stared full upon me, with such innocent smiles, as if he promised to love me, and make me amends for all.

I kissed him, and took his pretty little hand in mine —You are very good, my charmer, in this company! said I.

I remembered, madam, a scene which made greatly for me in the papers you have seen,* when instead of recriminating, as I might have done, before Mr. Longman, for harsh usage (for, oh my lady! your dear brother has a hard heart, indeed he has, when he pleases), I only prayed for him on my knees.

And I hope I was not now too mean; for I had dignity and a proud superiority in my vain heart, over them all.— Then it was not my part to be upon defiances, where I loved, and where I hoped to reclaim. Besides, what had I done by that, but justified, seemingly, by after-acts in a passionate resentment, to their minds, at least, their too wicked treatment of me? Moreover, your ladyship will remember that Mr. B—— knew not that I was acquainted with his intrigue; for I must call it so.—If he had, he is too noble to insult me by such a visit; and he had told me I should see the lady he was at Oxford with.

And this, breaking silence, he mentioned; saying, I gave you hope, my dear, that I should procure you the honour of a visit from a lady who put herself under my care at Oxford.

I bowed my head to the countess; but my tears being ready to start, I kissed my Billy: Dearest baby! said I, you are not going to cry, are you?—I would have had him just then to cry, instead of me.

The tea equipage was brought in. Polly, carry the child to nurse. I gave it another kiss, and the countess

* See vol. i. p. 76.

desired another. I grudged it, to think her naughty lips should so closely follow mine. Her sister kissed it also, and carried him to Mr. B——. Take him away, Polly, said he: I owe him my blessing.

Oh these young gentlemen papas! said the countess—they are like young unbroken horses, just put into the traces!—Are they so? thought I.—Matrimony must not expect your good word, I doubt.

Mr. B——, after tea, at which I was far from being talkative (for I could not tell what to say, though I tried as much as I could not to appear sullen), desired the countess to play one tune upon the harpsichord. She did; and sung, at his request, an Italian song to it very prettily; too prettily, I thought. I wanted to find some faults, some great faults in her: but, O madam! she has too many outward excellences! Pity she wants a good heart!

He could ask nothing that she was not ready to oblige him in! Indeed he could not!

She desired me to touch the keys. I would have been excused: but could not. And the ladies commended my performance. But neither my heart to play, nor my fingers in playing, deserved their praises. Mr. B—— *said*, indeed, You play better sometimes, my dear.—Do I, sir? was all the answer I made.

The countess hoped, she said, I would return her visit, and so said the viscountess.

I replied, Mr. B—— would command me whenever he pleased.

She said, She hoped to be better acquainted (I hope not, thought I)—and that I would give her my company for a week or so, upon the Forest. It seems she has a seat upon Windsor Forest.

Mr. B—— says, added she, you can't ride a single horse; but we'll teach you there. 'Tis a sweet place for that purpose.

How came Mr. B——, thought I, to tell *you* that, madam? I suppose you know more of me than I do myself. Indeed, my lady, this may be too true; for she may know what is to become of me!

I told her, I was very much obliged to her ladyship; and that Mr. B—— directed all my motions.

What say *you*, sir? said the countess.

I can't promise that, madam; for Mrs. B—— wants to go down to Kent, before we go to Bedfordshire, and I am afraid I can't give her my company thither.

Then, sir, I shan't choose to go without you.

I suppose not, my dear. But if you are disposed to oblige the countess for a week, as you never were at Windsor——

I believe, sir, interrupted I, what with my little nursery, and *one* thing or *another*, I must deny myself that honour, for this season.

Well, madam, then I'll expect you in Pall-Mall.

I bowed my head, and said, Mr. B—— would command me.

They took leave with a politeness natural to them.

Mr. B——, as he handed them to the chariot, said something in Italian to the countess: the word Pamela was in what he said. She answered him with a downcast look, in the same language, half pleased, half serious, and the chariot drove away.

I would give, said I, a good deal, sir, to know what her ladyship said to you; she looked with so particular a meaning, if I may so say.

I'll tell you truly, Pamela: I said to her, Well now your ladyship has seen my Pamela—is she not the charmingest girl in the world?

She answered, Mrs. B—— is very grave, for so young a lady: but I must needs say, she is a lovely creature.

And did you say so, sir? And did her ladyship so answer?—And my heart was ready to leap out of my bosom for joy.

But my folly spoiled all again; for, to my own surprise and great regret, I burst out into tears; though I even sobbed to have suppressed them, but could not! and so I lost a fine opportunity to have talked to him while he was so kind: for he was more angry with me than ever.

What made me such a fool, I wonder! But I had so long struggled with myself; and not expecting so kind a question from the dear gentleman, or such a favourable answer from the countess, I had no longer any command of myself.

What ails the little fool? said he, with a wrathful countenance. This made me worse: and he added, Take care, take care, Pamela!—You'll drive me from you in spite of my own heart.

So he went into the best parlour, and put on his sword, and took his hat.—I followed him: Sir! sir! with my arms expanded, was all I could say; but he avoided me, putting on his hat with an air; and out he went, bidding Abraham follow him.

This is the dilemma into which, as I hinted at the beginning of this letter, I have brought myself with Mr. B——. How strong, how prevalent, is the passion of jealousy! and thus it will show itself uppermost, when it *is* uppermost, in spite of one's most watchful regards!

My mind is so perplexed, that I must lay down my pen: And indeed your ladyship will wonder, all things considered, that I could write the above account as I have done, in this cruel suspense, and with such apprehensions. But writing is all the diversion I have, when my mind is oppressed. 'Tis a temporary relief; and this interview was so interesting, that it took up a great deal of my attention while I wrote: But now I am come to a period of it (and so unhappy a one as has resulted from my ungoverned passion), my apprehensions are returned upon me with double strength. Why did I drive the dear gentleman from me upon such a promising appearance?—Why did I?—But all this had been prevented, had not this nasty Mr. Turner put into my head worse thoughts. For now I can say with the poet:

> Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,
> 'Twere better *not* to know.

How shall I do to look up to him now on his return!

To be sure he plainly sees to what my emotion is owing! —Yet I dare not tell him either my information, or my informant; because, if he knows the one, he will know the other; and then what may be the consequence?

—o—

Past ten o'clock at night.

I have only time to tell your ladyship (for the postman waits) that Mr. B—— is just come in. He is gone into his closet, and has shut the door, and taken the key on the inside; so I dare not go to him there. In this uncertainty and suspense, pity and pray for

Your ladyship's afflicted sister and servant,

P. B.——.

—o—

LETTER LXXIII.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My dear Lady,—I will now proceed with my melancholy account.—Not knowing what to do, and Mr. B—— not coming near me, and the clock striking twelve, I ventured to send this billet to him by Polly.

'Dear Sir,—I know you choose not to be invaded 'when you retire into your closet; and yet being very 'uneasy on account of your abrupt departure and heavy 'displeasure, I take the liberty to write these few lines.

'I own, sir, that the sudden flow of tears which involuntarily burst from me, at your kind expressions to the 'countess in my favour, when I had thought, for more 'than a month past, you were angry with me, and which 'had distressed my weak mind beyond expression, might 'appear unaccountable to you. But had you kindly

'waited but one moment till this fit, which was rather 'owing to my gratitude than to perverseness, had been 'over (and I knew the time when you would have gene- 'rously soothed it), I should have had the happiness of a 'more serene and favourable parting.

'Will you suffer me, sir, to attend you? (Polly shall 'wait your answer:) I dare not come *without* your permis- 'sion; for should you be as angry as you were, I know 'not how I shall bear it. But if you say I may come 'down, I hope to satisfy you that I intended not any 'offence. Do, dear sir, permit me to attend you. I can 'say no more, than that I am

'Your ever-dutiful

'P. B——.'

Polly returned with the following.—So, thought I, a letter!—I could have spared that, I am sure.

I expected no favour from it. So tremblingly opened it.

'My Dear,—I would not have you sit up for me. We 'are getting apace into the matrimonial recriminations. '*You knew the time!*—So did I, my dear!—But it seems 'that time is over with both: and I have had the mortifi- 'cation, for some past weeks, to come home to a very 'different Pamela than I used to leave all company and all 'pleasure for.—I hope we shall better understand one 'another. But you cannot see me at present with any 'advantage to yourself; and I would not, that anything 'farther should pass, to add to the regrets of both. I wish 'you good rest. I will give your cause a fair hearing 'when I am more fit, than at present, to hear all your pleas 'and your excuses. I cannot be insensible that the reason 'for the concern you have lately shown, must lie deeper 'than perhaps you'll own at present. As soon as you are 'prepared to speak all that is upon your mind, and I to 'hear it with temper, then we may come to an eclaircisse- 'ment. Till when, I am

'Your affectionate, &c.'

My busy apprehension immediately suggested to me that I was to be terrified, with a high hand, into a compliance with some new scheme or other that was projecting. But I had resolved to make their way as clear to one another as was in my power, if they would have it so; and so I tried to allay my grief as much as I could; and it being near one, and hearing nothing from Mr. B——, I bid Polly go to bed, thinking she would wonder at our intercourse by letter, if I should send again.

So down I ventured; my feet, however, trembling all the way, and tapped at the door of his closet.

Who's that?

I, sir: one word, if you please. Don't be more angry, however, sir.

He opened the door. Thus poor Hester, to her royal husband, ventured her life, to break in upon him unbidden. But that eastern monarch, great as he was, extended to the fainting suppliant the golden sceptre!

He took my hand: I hope, my dear, by this tragedy speech, we are not to expect any sad catastrophe to our present misunderstanding.

I hope not, sir. But 'tis all as GOD and you shall please. I am resolved to do my duty, sir, if possible. But indeed I cannot bear this cruel suspense! Let me know what is to become of me.—Let me know but what is designed for me, and you shall be sure of all the acquiescence that my duty and conscience can give to your pleasure.

What *means* the dear creature? What *means* my Pamela? —Surely your head, child, is a little affected!

I can't tell, sir, but it may!—But let me have my trial, that you write about. Appoint my day of hearing, and speedily too; for I would not bear such another month, as the last has been, for the world.

Come, my dear, said he, let me attend you to your chamber. But your mind has taken much too solemn a turn, to enter further now upon this subject. Think as well of me, as I do of you, and I shall be as happy as ever.

I wept—Be not angry, dear sir! Your kind words have just the same effect upon me now, as in the afternoon.

Your apprehensions, my dear, must be very strong, that a kind word, as you call it, has such an effect upon you; but let us wave the subject for a few days, because I am to set out on a little journey at four, and had not intended to go to bed for so few hours.

When we came up, I said, I was very bold, sir, to break in upon you; but I could not help it, if my life had been the forfeit: and you received me with more goodness than I could have expected. But will you pardon me, if I ask, whither you go so soon? And if you intended to have gone without taking leave of me?

I go to Tunbridge, my dear. I should have stept up, and taken leave of you before I went.

Well, sir, I will not ask you who is of your party—I will not.—No, putting my hand to his lips—don't tell me, sir: It mayn't be proper.

Don't fear, my dear: I won't tell you: nor am I certain whether it be *proper* or not, till we are come to a better understanding.—Only, once more, think as well of me as I do of you.

Would to Heaven, thought I, there was the same reason for the one as for the other!

I intended (for my heart was full) to enter further into this subject, so fatal to my repose: but the dear gentleman had no sooner laid his head on the pillow, but he fell asleep, or feigned to do so, and that was as prohibitory to my talking, as if he had. So I had all my own entertaining reflections to myself; which gave me not one wink of sleep, but made me of so much service to him, as to tell him when the clock struck four, that he should not (though I did not say so, you may think, madam) make my ready rivaless (for I doubted not her being one of the party) wait for him.

He arose, and was dressed instantly; and saluting me, bid me be easy and happy, while it was *yet* in my own power.

He said, he should be back on Saturday night, as he believed. And I wished him, most fervently, I am sure! health, pleasure, and safety.

Here, madam, must I end this letter. My next will perhaps contain my trial and my sentence. GOD give me but patience and resignation; and then, whatever occurs, I shall not be unhappy: especially while I can have, in the last resource, the pleasure of calling myself

Your ladyship's most obliged
Sister and servant,
P. B——.

—o—

LETTER LXXIV.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

MY DEAR LADY,—I will be preparing to write to you, as I have opportunity, not doubting but this present letter must be a long one; and having some apprehensions that, as things may fall out, I may want either head or heart to write to your ladyship, were I to defer it till the catastrophe of this cruel, cruel suspense.

Oh what a happiness am I sunk from!—And in so few days too!—Oh the wicked, wicked masquerades! They shall be always followed with the execrations of an injured wife in me, who, but for that wretched diversion, had still been the happiest of her sex!

But I was too secure! It was fit perhaps that I should be humbled and mortified; and I must try to make a virtue of the cruel necessity, and see if, by the divine grace, I cannot bring *real* good out of this *appearing* evil.

The following letter, in a woman's hand, and signed, as you'll see, by a woman's name, and spelt as I spell it, will account to your ladyship for my beginning so heavily. It came by the penny-post.

MADAME,—I ame unknowne to yowe: but yowe are not so altogathar to mee, becaus I haue bene edefy'd by yowre pius behafior at church, whir I see yowe with plaisir everie sabbaoth day. I ame welle acquaintid with the famely of the Coumptesse of ——; and yowe maie possiblie haue hard what yowe wishid not to haue hard concerninge hir. Butt this verie morninge, I can assur yowe, hir ladishippe is gon with yowre spowse to Tonbrigge; and theire they are to take lodginges, or a hous; and Mr. B—— is after to come to towne, and settel matters to goe downe to hir, where they are to liue as man and wiffe. Make what use yowe pleas of thiss informasion; and belieue me to haue noe other motife, than to serue yowe, becaus of yowre vartues, whiche make yowe deserue a better retorne. I ame, thof I shall not sett my trewe name,

Yowre grete admirer and seruant,

THOMASINE FULLER.

Wednesday morninge, 9 o'clocke.

Just above I called my state, a state of *cruel suspense?* But I recall the words: for now it is no longer suspense; since, if this letter says truth, I know the worst: And there is too much appearance that it does, let the writer be who it will, or his or her motive what it will; for, after all, I am apt to fancy this a contrivance of Mr. Turner's, though, for fear of ill consequences, I will not say so.

And now, madam, I am endeavouring, by the help of religion and cool reflection, to bring my mind to bear this heavy evil, and to recollect what I *was,* and how much more honourable an estate I *am in,* than I could ever have expected to be in: and that my virtue and good name are secured; and I can return innocent to my dear father and mother: and these were once the only pride of my heart.

Then, additional to what I was, at that time (and yet I pleased myself with my prospects, poor as they were), I have honest parents bountifully provided for, thank God

and your ever dear brother for this blessing!—and not only provided for—but made useful to him, to the amount of their provision, well nigh! There is a pride, my lady!

Then I shall have better conditions from his generosity to support myself, than I can wish for, or make use of.

Then I have my dear, charming Billy——oh, be contented, too charming, and too happy rivaless, with my husband; and tear not from me my dearest baby, the pledge, the beloved pledge of our happier affections, and the dear remembrance of what I once was!—But if, my dear Mr. B——, you doubt the education I can give him, fit for the heir to your great fortune (for such he must be, despised or abandoned as his poor mother may be), and will remove him from me, and grief kill me not before that sad hour, let me have some office, not incompatible with that of his tutor, to instil virtue into his ductile mind; for tutors, although they may make youth learned, do not always make them virtuous; and let me watch over his steps; and wherever *he* goes, let *me* go: I shall value no dangers nor risks; the most distant climes shall be native to me, wherever my Billy is; so that I may be a guard, under God, to his morals, that he make no virgin's heart sigh, nor mother's bleed, as mine has done in both states.

But how I rave! will your ladyship be apt to say.—This is no good symptom, you'll think, that I have reaped at present that consolation from religious considerations which, to a right turn of mind, they will afford in the heaviest misfortunes. But this was only in fear they should take my Billy from me. A thousand pleasing prospects, that had begun to dawn on my mind, I can bear to have dissipated; but I cannot, indeed I cannot! permit my dear Mr. B——'s son and heir to be torn from me.

Yet I hope they will not be so cruel; for I will give them no provocation to do it, if I can help it. No lawsuits, no complainings, no asperities of expression, much less bitter reflections, shall they ever have from me. I will be no conscience to them: they will be punished too

much, greatly too much, in their own, for what I wish: and they shall always be followed by my prayers. I shall have leisure for that exercise, and shall be happy and serene, when, I doubt, I doubt, they will not be so!

But still I am running on in a strain that shows my impatience, rather than my resignation. Yet some struggles must be allowed me: I could not have loved, as I love, if I could easily part with my interest in so beloved a husband—for, madam, my interest I *will* part with, and will sooner die than live with a gentleman who has another wife, though I was the first.—Let countesses, if they can, and ladies of birth, choose to humble themselves to this baseness—the low-born Pamela cannot stoop to it. Pardon me, madam; you know I only write this with a view to this poor lady's answer to her noble uncle, of which you wrote me word.

—o—

Friday

Is now concluding. I hope I am calmer a great deal: For, being disappointed, in all likelihood, in twenty agreeable schemes and projects, I am now forming new ones, with as much pleasure to myself as I may. For, my lady, 'tis one's duty, you know, to suit one's mind to one's condition; and I hope I shall be enabled to do good in Kent, if I cannot in London, and Bedfordshire, and Lincolnshire. God everywhere provides us with objects on which to exercise one's gratitude and beneficence.

I am thinking to try to get good Mrs. Jervis with me.

Come, madam, you must not be too much concerned for me. After a while, I shall be no unhappy person; for though I was thankful for my splendid fortunes, and should have been glad, to be sure I should, of continuing in them, with so dear a gentleman; yet a high estate had never such dazzling charms with me, as it has with some: if it had, I could not have resisted so many temptations, possibly, as God enabled me to resist.

Saturday night

Is now come. 'Tis nine, and no Mr. B——. Oh why, as Deborah makes the mother of Sisera say, is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?

I have this note now at eleven o'clock:

'My dearest Pamela,—I despatch this messenger, lest 'expecting me this night, you should be uneasy. I shall 'not be with you till Monday, when I hope to dine with 'my dearest life.

'Ever affectionately yours.'

So I'll go up and pray for him, and then to bed. Yet 'tis a sad thing!—I have had but poor rest for a great while; nor shall have any till my fate is decided.—Hard-hearted man, he knows under what uneasiness he left me!

—o—

Monday, eleven.

If God Almighty hears my yesterday's, and indeed my hourly prayers, the dear man will be good still: but my aching heart, every time I think what company he is in (for I find the countess is *certainly* one of the party), bodes me little satisfaction.

He's come! he's come! now, just now, come! I will have my trial over before this night be past, if possible. I'll go down and meet him with love unfeigned, and a duty equal to my love, although he may forget his to me. If I conquer myself on this occasion, I conquer nature, as your ladyship says; and then, by God's grace, I can conquer everything. They have taken their house, I suppose:—but what need they, when they'll have one in Bedfordshire, and one in Lincolnshire? But they know best. God bless him, and reform her! That's all the harm I wish them, or will wish them!

My dear Mr. B—— has received me with great affection and tenderness. Sure he cannot be so bad!—Sure he cannot!

I know, my dear, said he, I left you in great anxiety; but 'tis an anxiety you have brought upon yourself; and I have not been easy ever since I parted from you.

I am sorry for it, sir.

Why, my dear love, there is still a melancholy air in your countenance: indeed it seems mingled with a kind of joy; I hope at my return to you. But 'tis easy to see which of the two is the most natural.

You should see nothing, sir, that you would not wish to see, if I could help it.

I am sorry you cannot. But I am come home to hear all your grievances, and to redress them, if in my power.

When, sir, am I to come upon my trial? I have a great deal to say to you. I will tell you everything I think. And as it may be the last *grievances*, as you are pleased to call them, I may ever trouble you with, you must promise to answer me not one word till I have said all I have to say. For, if it does but hold, I have great courage: I have indeed! You don't know half the sauciness that is in your girl yet; but when I come upon my trial, you'll wonder at my boldness.

What means my dearest? taking me into his arms. You alarm me exceedingly by this moving sedateness.

Don't let it alarm you, sir! I mean nothing but good! —But I have been preparing myself to tell you all my mind. And as an instance of what you may expect from me, sometimes, sir, I will be your judge, and put home questions to you; and sometimes you shall be mine, and at last pronounce sentence upon me; or, if you won't, I will upon myself; a severe one to me, it shall be, but an agreeable one perhaps to you!—When comes on the trial, sir?

He looked steadily upon me, but was silent. And I said, But don't be afraid, sir, that I will invade your province; for though I shall count myself your judge in some cases, you shall be judge paramount still.

Dear charmer of my heart! said he, and clasped me to his bosom, what a *new* PAMELA have I in my arms! A mysterious charmer! Let us instantly go to my closet, or yours, and come upon our mutual trial; for you have fired my soul with impatience!

No, sir, if you please we will dine first. I have hardly eaten anything these four days; and your company will give me an appetite perhaps. I shall be pleased to sit down at table with you, sir, taking his hand, and trying to smile upon him; for the moments I shall have of your company may be, some time hence, very precious to my remembrance.

I was forced then to turn my head, to hide from him my eyes, brimful as they were of tears.

He took me again into his arms:—My dearest Pamela, if you love me, distract not my soul thus, by your dark and mysterious speeches. You are displeased with *me;* and I thought I had reason, of late, to take something amiss in *your* conduct; but instead of your suffering by my anger, you have words and an air that penetrate my very soul.

Oh, sir! sir! treat me not thus kindly! Put on an angrier brow, or how shall I retain my purpose? How shall I?

Dear, dear creature! make not use of *all* your power to melt me! *Half* of it is enough. For there is eloquence in your eyes I cannot resist: but in your present solemn air, and affecting sentences, you mould me to every purpose of your heart; so that I am a mere machine, a passive instrument, to be played upon at your pleasure.

Dear, kind sir! how you revive my heart by your goodness! Perhaps I have only been in a frightful dream, and am but just now awakened!—But we will not anticipate our trial. Only, sir, give orders that you are not to be spoken with by anybody, when we have dined; for I must have you *all* to myself, without interruption.

Just as I had said this, a gentleman called on him, and I retired to my chamber, and wrote to this place.

Mr. B—— dismissed his friend, without asking him to dine with him: so I had him all to myself at dinner. But we said little, and sat not above a quarter of an hour; looking at each other, he with impatience and some seeming uneasiness; I, with more steadiness I believe; but now and then a tear starting.

I could eat but little, though I tried all I could, and especially as he helped me, and courted me by words of tenderness and sweetness—Oh, why were ever such things as *masquerades* permitted in a Christian nation!

I chose to go into *my* closet rather than into *his*; and here I sit, waiting the dear gentleman's coming up to me. If I keep but my courage, I shall be pleased. I know the *worst*, and that will help me; for he is too noble to use me roughly, when he sees I mean not to provoke him by upbraidings, any more than I will act, in this case, beneath the character I ought to assume as his wife.

For, my dear lady, this is a point of high importance. It has touched and raised my soul beyond its pitch; I am a *new* Pamela, as he says, and a *proud* Pamela, as he will find—for, madam, the person who can support herself under an injury like this, and can resolve to forgive it, has a superiority to the injurer, let him be a prince, though she were but a beggar born. But the difficulty will be, how to avoid being melted by my own softness and love for the man, more dear to me than life: yea, more dear to me than my Billy, and than all my hopes in the charming boy. But here he comes.

Now, Pamela—now, see what thou canst do!—Thou knowest the worst! Remember that!—And mayst not be unhappy, even *at* the worst, if thou trustest in God.

I am commanded, my dear lady, now to write particularly my trial, for a reason I shall mention to you in the conclusion of this letter; and I must beg you to favour me with the return of all my letters to you on this affecting subject.—The reason will appear in its place—and, oh! congratulate me, my dear, dear lady! for I am happy, and

shall be happier than I ever was; and that I thought, so did everybody, was impossible. But I will not anticipate the account of my trial, and the effects, the blessed effects, it has produced. Thus, then, it was:

Mr. B—— came up, with great impatience in his looks. I met him at my chamber-door with as sedate a countenance as I possibly could put on, and my heart was high with my purpose, and supported me better than I could have expected.—Yet, on recollection, now I impute to myself something of that kind of magnanimity that was won't to inspire the innocent sufferers of old, for a still worthier cause than mine; though their motives could hardly be more pure, in that one hope I had to be a humble means of saving the man I love and honour, from errors that might be fatal to his soul.

I took his hand with boldness: Dear sir, leading him to my closet, here is the bar at which I am to take my trial, pointing to the backs of three chairs, which I had placed in a joined row, leaving just room to go by on each side—You must give me, sir, all my own way; this is the first, and perhaps the last time, that I shall desire it.—Nay, dear sir, turning my face from him, look not upon me with an eye of tenderness: if you do, I may lose my purposes, important to me as they are; and however fantastic my behaviour may seem to you, I want not to move your passions (for the good impressions made upon them may be too easily dissipated by the winds of *sense*), but *your reason:* and if that can be done, I am safe, and shall fear no relapse.

What means all this parade, my dear? Let me perish, that was his word, if I know how to account for *you,* or your *humour.*

You *will* presently, sir. But give me all my way—I pray you do, this once—this one time only!

Well, so, this is your bar, is it? There's an elbow chair, I see; take your place in it, Pamela, and here I'll stand to answer all your questions.

No, sir, that must not be. So I boldly led him to the elbow chair. You are the judge, sir; it is I that am to be tried. Yet I will not say I am a criminal. I know I am not. But that must be proved, sir, you know.

Well, take your way; but I fear for your head, my dear, in all this.

I fear only my heart, sir; that's all: But there you must sit—so here (retiring to the three chairs, and leaning on their backs), here I stand.

And now, my dearest Mr. B——! you must begin first. When you showed me the house of peers, their bar, at which causes are heard, and sometimes peers are tried, looked awful to me; and the present occasion requires that this should. Now, dear sir, you must be my accuser as well as my judge.

I have nothing to accuse you of, my dear, if I *must* give in to your moving whimsey. You are everything I wish you to be. But for the last month you have seemed to be uneasy, and have not done me the justice to acquaint me with your reasons for it.

I was in hopes my reasons might prove to be no reasons; and I would not trouble you with my ungrounded apprehensions. But now, sir, we are come directly to the point: and methinks I stand here as Paul did before Felix; and like that poor prisoner, if I, sir, reason of *righteousness, temperance,* and *judgment to come,* even to make you, as the great Felix did, tremble, don't put me off *to another day,* to a *more convenient season,* as that governor did Paul; for you must bear patiently with all I have to say.

Strange, uncommon girl! how unaccountable is all this! —Pr'ythee, my dear, and he pulled a chair by him, come and sit down by me, and without these romantic airs let me hear all you have to say, and tease me not with this parade.

No, sir, let me stand if you please, while I *can* stand: when I am weary I will sit down at my bar.

Now, sir, since you are so good as to say you have nothing but change of temper to accuse me of, I am to

answer to that, and assign a cause; and I will do it without evasion or reserve: But I beseech you say not one word, but yes, or no, to my questions, till I have said all I have to say, and then you shall find me all silence and resignation.

Well, my strange dear!—But sure your head is a little turned!—What is your question?

Whether, sir, the nun—I speak boldly; the case requires it—who followed you at the masquerade everywhere, is not the Countess of ——?

What then, my dear? (speaking with quickness)—I *thought* the occasion of your sullenness and reserve was this!—But, Pamela——

Nay, sir, interrupted I, only yes or no, if you please: I will be all silence by and by.

Yes, then.

Well, sir, then let me *tell* you, for I *ask* you not (it may be too bold in me to multiply questions), that she *loves* you; that you correspond by letters with her—yes, sir, *before* that letter from her ladyship came, which you received from my hand in so short and angry a manner, for fear I should have had a curiosity to see its contents, which would have been inexcusable in me, I own, if I had. You have talked over to her all your polygamy notions, and her ladyship seems so well convinced of them, that she has declared to her noble uncle (who expostulated with her on the occasion she gave for talk), that she had rather be a certain gentleman's second wife, than the first to the greatest man in England; and you are but just returned from a journey to Tunbridge in which that lady was a party; and the motive for it, I am acquainted with, by a letter here in my hand.

He was displeased and frowned. I looked down, being resolved not to be terrified, if I could help it.

I have cautioned you, Pamela——

I know you have, sir, interrupted I; but be pleased to answer me, has not the countess taken a house or lodgings at Tunbridge?

She has:—and what then?

And is her ladyship there, or in town?

There:—And what then?

Are you to go to Tunbridge, sir, soon or not? Be pleased to answer me but that one question.

I *will* know, rising up in anger, your informants, Pamela.

Dear sir, so you shall in proper time. You shall know all, as soon as I am convinced that your wrath will not be attended with bad consequences to yourself and others. That is wholly the cause of my reserve in this point; for I have not a thought, and never had, since I have been yours, that I wish to be concealed from you.—But, dear sir, your knowledge of the informants makes nothing at all as to the truth of the information—nor will I press you too home. I doubt not, you are soon to go down to Tunbridge again.

I *am*: and what then?—Must the consequence be crime enough to warrant your jealousy?

Dear sir, don't be so very angry, still looking down; for I durst not trust myself to look up. I don't do this, as you charged me in your letter, in a spirit of matrimonial recrimination. If you don't *tell* me that you see the countess with pleasure, I *ask* it not of you; nor have I anything to say by way of upbraiding. 'Tis my misfortune that she is too lovely, and too attractive; and it is the less wonder that a fine young gentleman as you are, and a fine young lady as she is, should engage one another's affections.

I knew everything, except what this letter which you shall read presently, communicates, when you brought the two noble sisters to visit me. Hence proceeded my grief: And should I, sir, have deserved to be what I am, if I was not grieved? Religion has helped me, and God has answered my supplications, and enabled me to act this new and uncommon part before you, at this imaginary bar. You shall see, sir, that as, on one hand, I want not, as I said before, to move your passions in my favour: so, on the other, I shall not be terrified by your displeasure, decided

by me as it used to be, and as it will be again, the moment that my raised spirits sink down to their usual level; or are diverted from this my long meditated purpose, to tell you all my mind.

I repeat then, sir, that I knew all this when the two noble sisters came to visit your poor girl, and to see your Billy. Yet *grave* as the countess called me (dear sir! might I not well be grave, knowing what I knew), did I betray any impatience of speech or action, any discomposure?

No, sir, putting my hand on my breast, *here* all the discomposure lay, struggling, vehemently struggling, now and then, and wanting that vent at my eyes which it seems (overcome by my joy, to hear myself favourably spoken of by you and the lady) it *too soon* made itself. But I could not help it—you might have seen, sir, I could not!

But I want neither to recriminate nor expostulate; nor yet, sir, to form excuses for my general conduct; for that you accuse not in the main.—But be pleased, sir, to read this letter. It was brought by the penny-post, as you'll see by the mark. Who the writer is, I know not. And did *you,* sir, that knowledge, and your resentment upon it, will not alter the fact, or give it a more favourable appearance.

I stepped to him, and giving him the letter, came back to my bar, and sat down on one of the chairs while he read it, drying my eyes; for they would overflow as I talked, do what I could.

He was much moved at the contents of this letter: called it d——d malice, and hoped he might find out the author of it, saying he would advertise five hundred guineas reward for the discovery.

He put the letter in his pocket: Well, Pamela, you believe all that you have said, no doubt; and this matter has a black appearance indeed, if you do. But who was your *first* informant? Was that by letter, or personally? That d——d Turner, I doubt not, is at the bottom of all this! The vain coxcomb has had the insolence to imagine

the countess would favour an address of his; and is enraged to meet with a repulse; and has taken liberties upon it, that have given birth to all the scandals which have been scattered about on this occasion. Nor do I doubt but he has been the serpent at the ear of my Eve.

I stood up at my bar, and said, Don't be too hasty, sir, in your judgment—you *may* be mistaken.

But *am* I mistaken, Pamela?—You never yet told me an untruth in cases the most important to you to conceal. *Am* I mistaken?

Dear sir, if I should tell you it is not Mr. Turner, you'll guess at somebody else: and what avails all this to the matter in hand? You are your own master, and must stand or fall by your own conscience. God grant that *that* may acquit you!—But my intention is not either to accuse or upbraid you.

But, my dear, to the fact then. This is a malicious and a villainous piece of intelligence! given you perhaps for the sake of designs and views that may not yet be proper to be avowed.

By God's grace, sir, I defy all designs and views of any one upon my honour.

But, my dear, the charge is basely false. We have not agreed upon any such way of life.

Well, sir, all this only proves that the intelligence may be a little premature. But now let me, sir, sit down one minute or two, to recover my failing spirits; and then I'll tell you all I purpose to do, and all I have to say, and that with as much brevity as I can, for fear neither my head nor my heart should perform the parts I have been so long endeavouring to prevail upon them to perform.

I sat down then, he taking the letter out of his pocket, and looking upon it again, with much vexation and anger in his countenance; and after a few tears and sobs that would needs be so officious as to offer their service, unbidden and undesired, to introduce what I had to say; I rose up, my feet trembling, as well as my knees; which, however, leaning against the seats of the chairs which made my bar,

as my hand held by the back, tolerably supported me, I cleared my voice, wiped my eyes, and said:

You have all the excuses, dear Mr. B——, that a gentleman can have, in the object of your present passion.

Present passion, Pamela!

Dear sir, hear me out, without interruption.

The countess is a charming lady. She excels your poor girl in all those outward graces of form, which your kind fancy (more valued by me than the opinion of all the world besides) had made you attribute to me. And she has all those additional advantages, as nobleness of birth, of alliance, and deportment, which I want. (Happy for you, sir, that you had known her ladyship some months ago, before you disgraced yourself by the honours you have done me!) This, therefore, frees you from the aggravated crime of those who prefer, to their own ladies, less amiable and less deserving persons; and I have not the sting which those must have, who are contemned and ill-treated for the sake of their inferiors. Yet cannot the countess love you better than your girl loves you; not even for your person, which must, I doubt, be *her* principal attachment; when I can truly say, all noble and attracting to the outward eye as it is, that is the least consideration by far with me: No, sir, it is your mind, your generous and beneficent mind, that is the principal object of my affection; and the pride I took in hoping that I might be a humble means, in the hands of Providence, to bless you *hereafter* as well as *here*, gave me more pleasure than all the blessings I reaped from your name or your fortune. Judge then, my dearest Mr. B——, what my grief and my disappointment must be!

But I will not expostulate; I *will not*, because it *must* be to no purpose; for could my fondness for you, and my watchful duty to you, have kept you steady, I should not now have appeared before you in this solemn manner; and I know the charms of my rival are too powerful for me to contend with. Nothing but divine grace can touch your heart; and that I expect not, from the nature of the case, should be instantaneous.

I will therefore, sir, dear as you are to me (don't look with such tender surprise upon me!) give up your person to my happier, to my *worthier* rival. For since such is your will, and such seem to be your engagements, what avails it me to oppose them?

I have only to beg, therefore, that you will be so good as to permit me to go down to Kent, to my dear parents, who, with many more, are daily rejoicing in your favour and bounty.

I will there (holding up my folded hands) pray for you every hour of my life; and for every one who shall be dear to you, not excepting your charming countess.

I will never take your name into my lips, nor suffer any other in my hearing, but with reverence and gratitude, for the good I and mine *have* reaped at your hands; nor will I wish to be freed from my obligations to you, except you shall choose to be divorced from me: and if you should, I will give your wishes all the forwardness that I honourably can, with regard to my own character, and yours, and that of your beloved baby.

But you must give me something worth living for along with me; your Billy and mine!—Unless it is your desire to kill me quite; and then 'tis done, and nothing will stand in your happy countess's way, if you tear from my arms my *second* earthly good, after I am deprived of you, my *first*.

I will there, sir, dedicate all my time to my first duties; happier far than once I could have hoped to be! And if, by any accident, any misunderstanding, between you, you should part by consent, and you will have it so, my heart shall be ever yours, and my hopes shall be resumed of being an instrument still for your future good; and I will receive your returning ever-valued heart, as if nothing had happened, the moment I can be sure it will be wholly mine.

For, think not, dear sir, whatever be your notions of polygamy, that I will, were my life to depend upon it, consent to live with a gentleman, dear as, God is my witness (lifting up my tearful eyes), you are to me, who

lives in what I cannot but think open sin with another! You *know*, sir, and I appeal to you for the purity, and I will aver piety, of my motives when I say this, that I *would not;* and as you do know this, I cannot doubt but my proposal will be agreeable to you both. And I beg of you, dear sir, to take me at my word; and don't let me be tortured, as I have been so many weeks, with such anguish of mind that nothing but religious considerations can make supportable to me.

And are you in earnest, Pamela? coming to me, and folding me in his arms over the chair's back, the seat of which supported my trembling knees—can you so easily part with me?

I can, sir, and I will!—rather than divide my interest in you, knowingly, with any lady upon earth. But say not, however, Can I part with you? sir; it is you that part with me: and tell me, sir, tell me but what you had intended should become of me?

You talk to me, my dearest life, as if all you had heard against me was true; and you would have me answer you (would you?) as if it was.

I want nothing to convince me, sir, that the countess loves you: you know the rest of my information. Judge for me, what I can, what I ought to believe!—You know the rumours of the world concerning you: even I, who stay so much at home, and have not taken the least pains to find out my wretchedness, nor to confirm it, since I knew it, have come to the hearing of it; and if you know the license taken with both your characters, and yet correspond so openly, must it not look to me, that you value not your honour in the world's eye, nor my lady hers? I told you, sir, the answer she made to her uncle.

You told me, my dear, as you were told. Be tender of a lady's reputation—for your own sake. No one is exempted from calumny; and even words said, and the occasion of saying them not known, may bear a very different construction from what they would have done, had the occasion been told.

This may be all true, sir: I wish the lady would be as tender of her reputation as I would be, let her injure me in your affections as she will. But can you say, sir, that there is nothing between you that should *not* be, according to *my* notions of virtue and honour, and according to your *own*, which I took pride in, before that fatal masquerade?

You answer me not, continued I; and may I not fairly presume you are not able to answer me as I wish to be answered? But come, dearest sir (and I put my arms round his neck), let me not urge you too boldly. I will never forget your benefits and your past kindness to me. I have been a happy creature! No one, till within these few weeks, was ever so happy as I. I will love you still with a passion as ardent as ever I loved you. Absence cannot lessen such a love as mine: I am sure it cannot.

I see your difficulties. You have gone too far to recede. If you can make it easy to your conscience, I will wait with patience my happier destiny; and I will wish to live (if I can be convinced you wish me not to die), in order to pray for you, and to be a directress to the first education of my dearest baby.

You sigh, dear sir; repose your beloved face next to my fond heart. 'Tis all your own: and ever shall be, let it, or let it not, be worthy of the honour in your estimation.

But yet, my dear Mr. B——, if one could as easily, in the prime of sensual youth, look twenty years forward, as one can twenty years backward, what an empty vanity, what a mere nothing, will be all those grosser satisfactions, that now give wings of desire to our debased appetites!

Motives of religion will have their due force upon *your* mind one day, I hope; as, blessed be God! they have enabled *me* to talk to you on such a touching point (after infinite struggles, I own), with so much temper and resignation; and then, my dearest Mr. B——! when we come to that last bed, from which the piety of our friends shall lift us, but from which we shall never be able to raise ourselves: for, dear sir, your countess, and you, and your

poor Pamela, must all come to this!—we shall find what it is will give us the true joy, and enable us to support the pangs of the dying hour.—Think you, my dearest sir (and I pressed my lips to his forehead, as his head was reclined on my throbbing bosom), that *then*, in that important moment, what now gives us the greatest pleasure, will have any part in our consideration, but as it may give us woe or comfort in the reflection?

But I will not, I will not, oh best beloved of my soul! afflict you farther.—Why should I thus sadden all your gaudy prospects? I have said enough to such a heart as yours, if divine grace touches it. And if not, all I can say will be of no avail!—I will leave you therefore to that, and to your own reflections. And after giving you ten thousand thanks for your kind, your indulgent patience with me, I will only beg that I may set out in a week for Kent, with my dear Billy; that you will receive one letter, at least, from me, of gratitude and blessings; it shall not be of upbraidings and exclamations.

But my child you must not deny me; for I shall haunt, like his shadow, every place wherein you shall put my Billy, if you should be so unkind to deny him to me!—And if, moreover, you will permit me to have the dear Miss Goodwin with me, as you had almost given me room to hope, I will read over all the books of education, and digest them as well as I am able, in order to send you my scheme, and to show you how fit I hope your *indulgence*, at least, will make you think me, of having two such precious trusts reposed in me!

I was silent, waiting in tears his answer. But his generous heart was touched, and seemed to labour within him for expression.

He came round to me at last, and took me in his arms: Exalted creature! said he: Noble-minded Pamela! Let no bar be put between us henceforth! No wonder, when one looks back to your first promising dawn of excellence, that your fuller day should thus irresistibly dazzle such weak eyes as mine. Whatever it costs me, and I have been

inconsiderately led on by blind passion for an object too charming, but which I never thought equal to my Pamela, I will (for it is yet, I bless God, in my power) restore to your virtue a husband all your own.

Oh, sir! sir! (and I should have sunk down with joy, had not his kind arms supported me), what have you said?—Can I be so happy as to behold you innocent as to deed? God, of His infinite goodness, continue you both so!—And oh! that the dear lady would make me as truly love her for the graces of her mind, as I admire her for the advantages of her person!

You are virtue itself, my dearest life; and from this moment I will reverence you as my tutelary angel. I shall behold you with awe, and implicitly give up myself to all your dictates; for what you *say*, and what you *do*, must be ever right.—But I will not, my dearest life, too lavishly promise, lest you should think it the sudden effect of passions thus movingly touched, and which may subside again when the soul, as you observed in your own case, sinks to its former level: But this I promise you (and I hope you believe me, and will pardon the pain I have given you, which made me fear, more than once, that your head was affected, so *uncommon*, yet so like *yourself*, has been the manner of your acting), that I will break off a correspondence that has given you so much uneasiness: And my Pamela may believe, that, if I can be as good as my word in this point, she will never more be in danger of any rival whatever.

But say, my dear love (added he), say you forgive me; and resume but your former cheerfulness and affectionate regards to me; else I shall suspect the sincerity of your forgiveness: and you shall indeed go to Kent; but not without me, nor your boy neither; and if you insist upon it, the poor child you have wished so often and so generously to have, shall be given up absolutely to your disposal.

Do you think, madam, I could speak any one distinct sentence? No, indeed I could not—Pardon, pardon *you*, dear sir!—and I sunk down on my knees from his arms—All I beg—all I hope—*your* pardon—*my* thankfulness.—

Oh, spare me—spare me but words—and indeed I was just choked with my joy; I never was so in my whole life before. And my eyes were in a manner fixed, as the dear man told me afterwards; and that he was a little startled, seeing nothing but the whites; for the sight was out of its orbits, in a manner lifted up to heaven—in ecstasy for a turn so sudden, and so unexpected!

We were forced to separate soon after; for there was no bearing each other, so excessive was my joy and his goodness. He left me, and went down to his own closet.

Judge my employment you will, I am sure, my dear lady. I had new ecstasy to be blest with, in a thankfulness so exalted, that it left me all light and pleasant, as if I had shook off body, and trod in air; so much heaviness had I lost, and so much joy had I received!—From two such extremes, how was it possible I could presently hit the medium!—For when I had given up my beloved husband as lost to me, and had dreaded the consequences to his future state; to find him not only untainted as to deed, but in all probability mine upon better and surer terms than ever—O madam! must not this give a joy beyond all joy, and surpassing all expression!

About eight o'clock Mr. B—— sent me up these lines from his closet, which will explain what I meant, as to the papers I must beg your ladyship to return me.

'My dear Pamela,—I have so much real concern at the 'anguish I have given you, and am so much affected with 'the recollection of the uncommon scenes which passed 'between us just now, that I write, because I know not how 'to look so excellent a creature in the face.—You must 'therefore sup without me, and take your Mrs. Jervis to 'bed with you; who, I doubt not, knows all this affair; 'and you may tell her the happy event.

'You must not interfere with me just now, my dear, 'while I am writing upon a subject which takes up all my 'attention; and which requiring great delicacy, I may, 'possibly, be all night before I can please myself in it.

'I am determined, absolutely, to make good my promise 'to you. But if you have written to your mother, to Miss 'Darnford, or to Lady Davers, anything of this affair, you 'must show me the copies of your letters, and let me into 'every tittle how you came by your information. — I 'solemnly promise you, on my honour (that has not yet 'been violated to you, and I hope never will), that not a 'soul shall know or suffer by the communication, not even 'Turner; for I am confident he has had some hand in it. 'This request you must comply with, if you can confide in 'me; for I shall make some use of it (as prudent a one as 'I am able), for the sake of every one concerned, in the 'conclusion of the correspondence between the lady and 'myself. Whatever you may have said, in the bitterness 'of your heart, in the letters I require to see, or whatever 'any of those, to whom they are directed, shall say, on 'the bad prospect, shall be forgiven, and looked upon as 'deserved, by

'Your ever obliged and faithful, &c.'

I returned the following:

'DEAREST, DEAR SIR,—I will not break in upon you 'while you are so importantly employed. Mrs. Jervis has 'indeed seen my concern for some time past, and has heard 'rumours, as I know by hints she has from time to time 'given me; but her prudence, and my reserves, have kept 'us from saying anything to one another of it. Neither my 'mother, nor Miss Darnford, know a tittle of it from me. I 'have received a letter of civility from miss, and have an- 'swered it, taking and giving thanks for the pleasure of each 'other's company, and best respects from her, and the 'Lincolnshire families, to your dear self. These, my copy, 'and her original, you shall see when you please. But, in 'truth, all that has passed is between Lady Davers and me, 'and I have not kept copies of mine; but I will despatch a 'messenger to her ladyship for them, if you please, in the

'morning, before it is light; not doubting your kind pro-
'mise of excusing everything and everybody.

'I beg, dear sir, you will take care your health suffers not
'by your sitting up; for the nights are cold and damp.

'I will, now you have given me the liberty, let Mrs.
'Jervis know how happy you have made me, by dissipating
'my fears and the idle rumours, as I shall call them to her,
'of calumniators.

'God bless you, dear sir! for your goodness and favour to

'Your ever-dutiful

'P. B——.

He was pleased to return me this:

'My dearest Life,—You need not be in such haste to
'send. If you write to Lady Davers how the matter has
'ended, let me see the copy of it; and be very particular in
'*your*, or rather *my* trial. It shall be a standing lesson to
'me for my future instruction; as it will be a fresh demon-
'stration of your excellence, which every hour I more and
'more admire. I am glad Lady Davers only knows the
'matter. I think I ought to avoid seeing you, till I can
'assure you that everything is accommodated to your desire.
'Longman has sent me some advices, which will make it
'proper for me to meet him at Bedford or Gloucester. I
'will not go to Tunbridge till I have all your papers; and
'so you'll have three days' time to procure them. Your boy,
'and your penmanship, will find you no disagreeable em-
'ployment till I return. Nevertheless, on second thoughts,
'I will do myself the pleasure of breakfasting with you in
'the morning, to reassure you of my unalterable purpose to
'approve myself,

'My dearest life,

'Ever faithfully yours.'

Thus, I hope, is happily ended this dreadful affair. My next shall inform your ladyship of the particulars of our

breakfast conversation. But I would not slip this post without acquainting you with this blessed turn; and to beg the favour of you to send me back my letters; which will lay a new obligation upon,

Dear madam,

Your obliged sister, and humble servant,

P. B——.

LETTER LXXV.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My dearest Lady,—Your joyful correspondent has obtained leave to get everything ready to quit London by Friday next, when your kind brother promises to carry me down to Kent, and allows me to take my charmer with me. There's happiness for you, madam! To see, as I hope I shall see, upon one blessed spot, a dear faithful husband, a beloved child, and a father and mother whom I so much love and honour!

Mr. B—— told me this voluntarily this morning at breakfast; and then, in the kindest manner, took leave of me, and set out for Bedfordshire.

But I should, according to my promise, give your ladyship a few particulars of our breakfast conference.

I bid Polly withdraw when her master came up to breakfast; and I ran to the door to meet him, and threw myself on my knees: Oh, forgive me, dearest, dear sir, all my boldness of yesterday!—My heart was strangely affected—or I could not have acted as I did. But never fear, my dearest Mr. B——, that my future conduct shall be different from what it used to be, or that I shall keep up to a spirit, which you hardly thought had place in the heart of your dutiful Pamela, till she was thus severely tri-

I have weighed well your co e, raising

me to his bosom; and I find a uniformity in it that is surprisingly just.

There is in your composition, indeed, the strangest mixture of meekness and high spirit that ever I met with. Never was a saucier dear girl than you, in your maiden days, when you thought your honour in danger: never a more condescending goodness, when your fears were at an end. Now again, when you had reason, as you believed, to apprehend a conduct in me, unworthy of my obligations to you and of your purity, you rise in your spirit, with a dignity that becomes an injured person; and yet you forget not, in the height of your resentments, that angelic sweetness of temper, and readiness to forgive, which so well become a lady who lives as you live, and practises what you practise. My dearest Pamela, I see, continued he, serves not God for nought: In a better sense I speak it, than the maligner spoke it of Job; since in every action of yours, the heavenly direction you so constantly invoke, shows itself thus beautifully.

And now again, this charming condescension, the moment you are made easy, is an assurance that your affectionate sweetness is returned: and I cannot fear anything, but that I shall never be able to deserve it.

He led me to the tea-table, and sat down close by me. Polly came in. If everything, said he, be here that your lady wants, you may withdraw; and let Colbrand and Abraham know I shall be with them presently. Nobody shall wait upon me but you, my dear.

Polly withdrew.

You are all goodness, sir: And how generously, how kindly do you account for that mixture in my temper you speak of!—Depend upon it, dear sir, that I will never grow upon this your indulgence.

I always *loved* you, my dearest, said he; and that with a passionate fondness which has not, I daresay, many examples in the married life: but I *revere* you now. And so great is my reverence for your virtue, that I chose to sit up all night, as I now do to leave you for a few days, until, by dis-

engaging myself from all intercourses that have given you uneasiness, I can convince you that I have rendered myself as worthy as I can be of such an angel, even upon your own terms. I will account to you, continued he, for every step I *shall* take, and will reveal to you every step I have taken: for this I *can* do, because the lady's honour is untainted, and wicked rumour has treated her worse than she could deserve.

I told him, that since *he* had been pleased to name the lady, I would take the liberty to say, I was glad, for her own sake, to hear that. Changing the subject a little precipitately, as if it gave him pain, he told me, as above, that I might prepare on Friday for Kent; and I parted with him with greater pleasure than ever I did in my life. So necessary sometimes are afflictions, not only to teach one how to subdue one's passions, and to make us, in our happiest states, know we are still on earth, but even, when they are overblown, to augment and redouble our joys!

I am now giving orders for my journey, and quitting this undelightful town, as it has been, and is, to me. My next will be from Kent, I hope; and perhaps I shall then have an opportunity to acquaint your ladyship with the particulars, and (if God answer my prayers) the conclusion of the affair which has given me so much uneasiness.

Meantime I am, with the greatest gratitude for the kind share you have taken in my past afflictions, my good lady,

Your ladyship's

Most obliged sister and servant,

P. B——.

LETTER LXXVI.

Lady Davers to Mrs. B——.

My dearest Pamela,—Enclosed are all the letters you send for. I rejoice with you upon the turn this afflicting affair has taken, through your inimitable prudence, and a courage I thought not in you.—A wretch!—to give you so much discomposure!—But I will not, if he be good now, rave against him, as I was going to do—I am impatient to hear what account he gives of the matter. I hope he will be able to abandon this—I won't call her names; for she loves the wretch; and that, if he be just to *you*, will be her punishment.

What care ought these young widows to take of their reputation!—And how watchful ought they to be over themselves!—She was hardly out of her weeds, and yet must go to a masquerade, and tempt her fate, with all her passions about her, with an independence and an affluence of fortune that made her able to think of nothing but gratifying them.

Then her lord and she had been married but barely two years; and one of them she was forced, with the gayest temper in the world, to be his nurse: for always inclined to a consumptive indisposition, he languished, without hope, a twelvemonth, and then died.

She has good qualities—is generous—noble—but has strong passions, and is thoughtless and precipitant.

My lord came home to me last Tuesday, with a long story of my brother and her; for I had kept the matter as secret as I could, for his sake and yours. It seems he had it from Sir John ——, uncle to the young Lord C——, who is very earnest to bring on a treaty of marriage between her and his nephew, who is in love with her, and is a fine young gentleman; but has held back on the liberties she has lately given herself with my brother.

I hope she is innocent as to fact: but I know not what to say to it. He ought to be hanged, if he did not say she was. Yet I have a great opinion of his veracity: and yet he is so bold a wretch!—And her inconsideration is so great——

But, lest I should alarm your fears, I will wait till I have the account he gives you of this dark affair: till when, I congratulate you upon the leave you have obtained to quit the town, and on your setting out for a place so much nearer to Tunbridge. Forgive me, Pamela; but he is an intriguing wretch! and I would not have you to be too secure, lest the disappointment should be worse for you, than what you knew before. But assure yourself, that I am, in all cases and events,

Your affectionate sister and admirer,

B. DAVERS.

P.S. Your bar, and some other parts of your conduct in your *trial*, as you call it, make me (as, by your account, it seemed to do him) apprehensive that you would hardly have been able to have kept your intellect so untouched as were to be wished, had this affair proceeded. And this, as it would have been the most deplorable misfortune that could have befallen us, who love and admire you so justly, redoubles my joy that it is likely to end so happily. God send it may!

LETTER LXXVII.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

MY DEAREST LADY,—Mr. B—— came back from Bedfordshire to his time. Everything being in readiness, we set out with my baby and his nurse. Mrs. Jervis, when

everything in London is settled by her direction, goes to Bedfordshire.

We were met by my father and mother in a chaise and pair, which your kind brother had presented to them unknown to me, that they might often take the air together, and go to church in it (which is at some distance from them) on Sundays. The driver is clothed in a good brown cloth suit, but no livery; for that my parents could not have borne, as Mr. B——'s goodness made him consider.

Your ladyship must needs think how we were all overjoyed at this meeting. For my own part, I cannot express how much I was transported, when we arrived at the farmhouse, to see all I delighted in upon one happy spot together!

Mr. B—— is much pleased with the alterations made here; * and it is a sweet, rural, and convenient place.

We were welcomed into these parts by the bells, and by the minister, and people of most note; and were at church together on Sunday.

Mr. B—— is to set out on Tuesday for Tunbridge, with my papers. A happy issue attend that affair, I pray God! He has given me the following particulars of it, to the time of my trial, beginning at the masquerade.

He says, that at the masquerade, when pleased with the fair nun's shape, air, and voice, he had followed her to a corner most unobserved, she said in Italian, Why are my retirements invaded, audacious Spaniard?

Because, my dear nun, I hope you would have it so.

I can no otherwise, returned she, strike dead thy bold presumption, than to show thee my scorn and anger thus —and unmasking, she surprised me, said Mr. B——, with a face as beautiful, but not so soft, as my Pamela's.—And I, said Mr. B——, to show I can defy your resentment, will show you a countenance as intrepid as yours is lovely. And so he drew aside his mask too.

* See vol. ii. page 162.

He says, he observed his fair nun to be followed, wherever she went, by a mask habited like Testimony in Sir Courtly Nice, whose attention was fixed upon her and him; and he doubted not that it was Mr. Turner. So he and the fair nun took different ways, and he joined me and Miss Darnford, and found me engaged in the manner I related to your ladyship in a former letter; and his nun at his elbow, unexpected.

That afterwards, as he was engaged in French with a lady who had the dress of an Indian princess, and the mask of an Ethiopian, his fair nun said, in broken Spanish, Art thou at all complexions?—By St. Ignatius, I believe thou'rt a rover!

I am trying, replied he in Italian, whether I can meet with any lady comparable to my lovely nun.

And what is the result?

Not one; no, not one.

I wish you could not help being in earnest, said she; and slid from him.

He engaged her next at the sideboard, drinking under her veil a glass of champagne. You know, Pamela, said he, there never was a sweeter mouth in the world than the countess's, except your own. She drew away the glass, as if, unobserved by anybody, to show me the lower part of her face.

I cannot say, continued he, but I was struck with her charming manner, and an unreservedness of air and behaviour that I had not before seen so becoming—the place, and the freedom of conversation and deportment allowed there, gave her great advantages, in my eye, although her habit required, as I thought, continued he, a little more gravity and circumspection: And I could not tell how to resist a secret pride and vanity, which is but too natural to both sexes, when they are taken notice of by persons so worthy of regard.

Naturally fond of everything that carried the face of an intrigue, I longed to know who this charming nun was.—And next time I engaged her, My good sister, said I, how

happy should I be, if I might be admitted to a conversation with you at your grate!

Answer me, said she, thou bold Spaniard (for that was a name she seemed fond to call me by, which gave me to imagine that boldness was a qualification with which she was not displeased: tis not unusual with our vain sex, observed he, to construe even reproaches to our advantage), Is the lady here, whose shackles thou wearest?

Do I look like a man shackled, my fairest nun?

No—No! not much like such a one. But I fancy thy wife is either a *widow*, or a *quaker?*

Neither, replied I, taking, by equivocation, her question literally.

And art thou not a married wretch? Answer me quickly! —We are observed.

No—said I.

Swear to me thou art not.

By St. Ignatius, then! For, my dear, I was no *wretch*, you know.

Enough! said she—and slid away; and the fanatic would fain have engaged her, but she avoided him as industriously.

Before I was aware, continued Mr. B——, she was at my elbow, and in Italian said, That fair quaker yonder is the wit of the assemblée: her eyes seem always directed to thy motions: and her person shows some intimacies have passed with somebody: is it with thee?

It would be my glory if it was, said I, were her face answerable to her person.

Is it not?

I long to know, replied Mr. B——.

I am glad thou dost not.

I am glad to hear my fair nun say that.

Dost thou, said she, hate shackles? Or is it, that thy hour is not yet come?

I wish, replied he, this be not the hour, the very hour— pretending (naughty gentleman!—What ways these men have!)—to sigh.

She went again to the sideboard, put her handkerchief

upon it. Mr. B—— followed her, and observed all her motions. She drank a glass of lemonade, as he of Burgundy: and a person in a domino, who was supposed to be the king, passing by, took up every one's attention but Mr. B——'s, who eyed her handkerchief, not doubting but she laid it there on purpose to forget to take it up. Accordingly she left it there: and slipping by him, he, unobserved, as he believes, put it in his pocket, and at one corner found the cover of a letter,—To the Right Honourable the Countess Dowager of ——

That after this, the fair nun was so shy, so reserved, and seemed so studiously to avoid him, that he had no opportunity to return her handkerchief: and the fanatic observing how she shunned him, said, in French, What, monsieur, have you done to your nun?

I found her to be a very coquette: and told her so;—and she is offended.

How could you affront a lady, replied he, with such a *charming face?*

By that I had reason to think, said Mr. B——, that he had seen her unmask; and I said—It becomes not any character but that you wear, to pry into the secrets of others, in order to make ill-natured remarks, and perhaps to take ungentlemanlike advantages.

No man would make that observation, returned he, whose views would bear prying into.

I was nettled, said Mr. B——, at this warm retort, and drew aside my mask; nor would any man, who wore not a mask, tell me so!

He took not the challenge, and slid from me, and I saw him no more that night.

So! thought I, another instance this might have been of the glorious consequences of masquerading—O my lady, these masquerades are abominable things!

The king, they said, met with a free speaker that night. In truth, I was not very sorry for it; for if monarchs will lay aside their sovereign distinctions, and mingle thus at masquerade with the worst as w ıest (I cannot

say *best*) of their subjects, let 'em take the consequence. Perhaps they might have a chance to hear more truth here than in their palaces—the only good that possibly can accrue from them—that is to say—if they made a good use of it when they heard it. For, you see, my monarch, though told the truth, as it happened, received the hint with more resentment than thankfulness!—So, 'tis too likely, did the monarch of us both.

And now, my lady, you need not doubt that so polite a gentleman would find an opportunity to return the nun her handkerchief!—To be sure he would: for what man of honour would rob a lady of any part of her apparel? And should he that wanted to steal a heart, content himself with a handkerchief?—No, no, that was not to be expected. —So what does he do, but resolve, the very next day, after dinner, the soonest opportunity he could well take, because of the late hours the night before, to pursue this affair! Accordingly, the poor quaker little thinking of the matter, away goes her naughty Spaniard, to find out his nun at her grate, or in her parlour rather.

He asks for the countess: is admitted into the outward parlour—her woman comes down; requires his name and business. His name he mentioned not. His business was, to restore into her lady's own hands something she had dropt the night before.—Was desired to wait.

I should have told your ladyship that he was dressed very richly—having no design at all to make conquests; no, not he!—Oh, this wicked love of intrigue!—A kind of olive-coloured velvet, and fine brocaded waistcoat. I said, when he took leave of me, You're a charming Mr. B——! and saluted him more pressingly than he returned it; but little did I think, when I plaited so smooth his rich laced ruffles and bosom, where he was going, or what he had in his plotting heart.—He went in his own chariot, that he did: So that he had no design to conceal who he was—but intrigue, a new conquest, vanity, pride!—Oh these men!—They had need talk of ladies!—But it is half our own fault, indeed it is, to encourage their vanity.

Well, madam, he waited till his stateliness was moved to send up again, that he would wait on her ladyship some other time.—So down she came, dressed most richly, jewels in her breast, and in her hair, and ears—but with a very reserved and stately air.—He approached her.—Methinks I see him, dear saucy gentleman. You know, madam, what a noble manner of address he has!

He took the handkerchief from his bosom, with an air; and kissing it, presented it to her, saying, This happy estray, thus restored, begs leave, by me, to acknowledge its lovely owner!

What mean you, sir!—Who be you, sir?—What mean you?

Your ladyship will excuse me; but I am incapable of meaning anything but what is honourable. (*No, to be sure.*)—This, madam, you left last night, when the domino took up every one's attention but mine, which was much better engaged; and I take the liberty to restore it to you.

She turned to the mark; a coronet, at one corner. 'Tis true, sir, I see now it is one of mine: but such a trifle was not worthy of being brought by such a gentleman as you seem to be; nor of my trouble to receive it in person. Your servant, sir, might have delivered the bagatelle to mine.

Nothing should be called so, that belongs to the Countess of ——.

She was no countess, sir, that *dropt* that handkerchief; and a gentleman would not attempt to penetrate, *unbecomingly*, through the disguises that a lady thinks proper to assume; especially at such a place, where every inquiry should begin and end.

This, madam, from a lady who had unmasked—because *she would not be known!*—Very pretty indeed!—Oh! these slight cobweb airs of modesty! so easily seen through—hence such advantages against us are taken by the men.

She had looked out of her window, and seen no arms quartered with his own; for you know, my lady, I would never permit any to be procured for me: So, she doubted

not, it seems, but he was an unmarried gentleman, as he had intimated to her the night before.

He told her, it was impossible, after having had the opportunity of seeing the finest lady in the world, not to wish to see her again; and that he hoped he did not, *unbecomingly*, break through her ladyship's reserves: nor had he made any inquiries either on the spot, or off of it, having had a much better direction by accident.

As how, sir? said she, as he told me, with so bewitching an air, between attentive and pleasant, that, bold gentleman, forgetting all manner of distance, so early too! he clasped his arms round her waist, and saluted her, struggling with anger and indignation, he says: But I think little of that!

Whence this insolence?—How now, sir?—Begone! were her words, and she rung the bell; but he set his back against the door—(I never heard such boldness in my life, madam!) till she would forgive him.—And it is plain she was not so angry as she pretended; for her woman coming, she was calmer: Nelthorpe, said she, fetch my snuff-box with the lavender in it.

Her woman went; and then she said, You told me, sir, last night, of your intrepidness: I think you are the boldest man I ever met with: But, sir, surely you ought to know that you are not now in the Haymarket.

I think truly, madam, the lady might have saved herself that speech; for, upon my word, they neither of them wore masks—though they ought both to have put on one of blushes—I am sure I do for them, while I am writing.

Her irresistible loveliness served for an excuse, that she could not disapprove from a man she disliked not; and his irresistible—may I say assurance, madam?—found too ready an excuse.

Well, but, sir, said I, pray, when her ladyship was made acquainted that you were a married gentleman, how then? —I long to hear, how then?—Pray, did *she* find it out, or did *you* tell her?

Patience, my dear!

Well, pray, sir, go on—What was next?

Why, next, I put on a more respectful and tender air: I would have taken her hand indeed, but she would not permit it; and when she saw I would not go till her lavender snuff came down (for so I told her, and her woman was not in haste), she seated herself; and I took my place by her, and began upon a subject of a charming lady I saw the night before, after I had parted with her ladyship, but not equal by any means to her. And I was confident this would engage her attention; for I never knew the lady, who thought herself handsome, that was not taken by this topic. Flattery and admiration, Pamela, are the two principal engines by which our sex make their first approaches to yours; and if you listen to us, we are sure, either by the sap or the mine, to succeed, and blow you up, whenever we please, if we do but take care to suit ourselves to your particular foibles; or to carry on the metaphor, point our batteries to your weak side: for the strongest fortresses, my dear, are weaker in one place than another.—A fine thing, sir, said I, to be so learned a gentleman!—I wish, however, thought I, you had always come honestly by your knowledge.

When the lavender snuff came down, continued he, we were engaged in an agreeable disputation, which I had raised on purpose to excite her opposition, she having all the advantage in it; and in order to my giving it up, when she was intent upon it, as a mark of my consideration for her.

I the less wonder, sir, said I, at your boldness (pardon the word!) with such a lady, in your first visit, because of her freedoms when masked; her unmasking, and her handkerchief, and letter-cover. To be sure the lady, when she saw next day such a fine gentleman, and such a handsome equipage, had little reason, after her other freedoms, to be so very nice with you, as to decline an ensnaring conversation, calculated on purpose to engage her attention, and to lengthen out your visit. But did she not ask you who you were?

Her servants did of mine.—And her woman (for I knew all afterwards, when we were better acquainted) came, and whispered her lady, that I was Mr. B—— of Bedfordshire; and had an immense estate, to which they were so kind as to add two or three thousand pounds a year, out of pure good-will to me: I thank them.

But pray, dear sir, what had you in view in all this? Did you intend to carry this matter, at first, as far as ever you could?

I had at first, my dear, no view, but such as pride and vanity suggested to me. I was carried away by inconsideration, and the love of intrigue, without so much as giving myself any thought about the consequences. The lady, I observed, had abundance of fine qualities. I thought I could converse with her on a very agreeable foot; and her honour I knew, at any time, would preserve me mine, if ever I should find it in danger: and, in my soul, I preferred my Pamela to all the ladies on earth, and questioned not, but that, and your virtue, would be another barrier to my fidelity.

As to the notion of polygamy, I never, but in the levity of speech, and the wantonness of argument, like other lively young fellows who think they have wit to show, when they advance something out of the common way, had it in my head. I thought myself doubly bound by the laws of my country, to discourage that way of thinking, as I was a five hundredth part of one of the branches of the legislature; and inconsiderable as that is, yet it makes one too considerable, in my opinion, to break those laws one should rather join all one's interest to enforce.

In a word, therefore, pride, vanity, thoughtlessness were my misguiders, as I said. The countess's honour and character, and your virtue and merit, my dear, and my obligations to you, were my defences. But I find one should avoid the first appearances of evil. One knows not one's own strength. 'Tis presumptuous to depend upon it, where wit and beauty are in the way on one side, and youth and strong passions on the other.

You certainly, sir, say right. But be pleased to tell me what her ladyship said, when she knew you were married?

The countess's woman was in my interest, and let me into some of her lady's secrets, having a great share in her confidence; and particularly acquainted me how loath her lady was to believe I was married. I had paid her three visits in town, and attended her once to her seat upon the Forest, before she heard that I was. But when she was assured of it, and directed her Nelthorpe to ask me about it, and I readily owned it, she was greatly incensed, though nothing but general civilities, and intimacies not inconsistent with honourable friendship, had passed between us. The consequence was, she forbade my ever seeing her again, and set out with her sister and the viscount for Tunbridge, where she stayed about three weeks.

I thought I had already gone too far, and blamed myself for permitting her ladyship so long to believe me a single man; and here the mattered had dropped, in all probability, had not a ball given by my Lord ——, to which, unknown to each other, we were both, as also the viscountess, invited, brought us again into one another's company. The lady withdrew, after a while, with her sister, to another apartment: and being resolved upon personal recrimination (which is what a lady, who is resolved to break with a favourite object, should never trust herself with), sent for me, and reproached me on my conduct, in which her sister joined.

I owned frankly that it was rather gaiety than design, that made me give cause, at the masquerade, for her ladyship to think I was not married: for that I had a wife who had a thousand excellences, and was my pride and my boast: that I held it very possible for a gentleman and lady to carry on an innocent and honourable friendship, in a *family* way: and I was sure, when she and her sister saw my spouse, they would not be displeased with her acquaintance: and all that I had to reproach myself with was, that after having, at the masquerade, given reason to

think I was not married, I had been loath, *officiously*, to say I was, although it never was my intention to conceal it.

In short, I acquitted myself so well with both ladies, that a family intimacy was consented to.

I renewed my visits; and we accounted to one another's honour, by entering upon a kind of Platonic system, in which sex was to have no manner of concern.

But, my dear Pamela, I must own myself extremely blamable, because I knew the world, and human nature, I will say better than the lady, who never before had been trusted into it upon her own feet; and who, notwithstanding that wit and vivacity which every one admires in her, gave herself little time for consideration, as she had met with a man whose person and conversation she did not dislike, and whose circumstances and spirit set him above sordid or mercenary views: and, besides, I made myself useful to her in some of her affairs, wherein she had been grossly abused; which brought us into more intimate and frequent conversations, than otherwise we should have had opportunities for.

I ought therefore to have more carefully guarded against inconveniences, which I knew were so likely to arise from such intimacies; and the rather, as I hinted, because the lady had no apprehension at all of any: so that, my dear, if I have no excuse from human frailty, from youth, and the charms of the object, I am entirely destitute of any.

I see, Mr. B——, said I, there is a great deal to be said for the lady. I wish I could say there was for the gentleman. But such a fine lady had been safe, with all her inconsideration; and so, forgive me, sir, would the gentleman, with all his intriguing spirit; had it not been for these vile masquerades. Never, dear sir, think of going to another.

Why, my dear, he was pleased to say, those are least of all to be trusted at these diversions, who are most desirous to go to them.—Of this I am now fully convinced.

Well, sir, I long to hear the further particulars of this

story: for this generous openness, now the affair is over, cannot but be grateful to me, as it shows me you have no reserves, and as it tends to convince me that the lady was less blamable than I apprehended she was: For dearly do I love, for the honour of my sex, to find ladies of birth and quality innocent; who have so many opportunities of knowing and practising their duties, above what meaner persons can have; else, while the *one* fails through surprise and ignorance, it will look as if the *others* were faulty from inclination: and what a disgrace is that upon the sex in general! And what a triumph to the wicked ones of yours!

Well observed, my dear: this is like your generous and deep way of thinking.

Well, but, dear sir, proceed if you please—your reconciliation is now effected: a friendship quadrupartite is commenced. And the viscountess and myself are to find cement for the erecting of an edifice, that is to be devoted to Platonic love. What, may I ask, came next? And what did you design should come of it?

The Oxford journey, my dear, followed next; and it was my fault that you were not a party in it: for both ladies were very desirous of your company: but it being about the time you were going abroad, after your lying-in, I excused you to them. Yet they both longed to see you; especially, as by this time, you may believe, they knew all your story: and besides, whenever you were mentioned, I always did justice as well to your mind as to your person; and this, not only for the sake of justice, but, to say truth, because it gave the two sisters, and the viscount (whose softly character, and his lady's prudent and respectful conduct to him, notwithstanding that, are both so well known), less cause of suspicion that I had any dishonourable designs upon the dowager lady.

Miss Darnford will have it, permit me, my good lady, to observe, that I shall have some merit, with regard to the rest of my sex, if I can be a means to reform such a

dangerous spirit of intrigue as that of your dear brother: and the history of this affair from his own mouth, made me begin to pride myself on this head: for was he not, think you, madam, in this case, a sad man?—And how deeply was he able to lay his mischiefs! And how much had this fine lady been to be pitied, had she fallen by his arts; as he was almost the only man, who, by reason of the gracefulness of his person, his generosity, courage, ample fortune, and wit, could have made her unhappy!—God be praised, that it was stopped in time (although, as it seems, but just in time), as well for the poor lady's sake, as for Mr. B——'s and my own!

Excuse me, madam, for this digression. But yet, for what I am going to repeat, I shall want still farther excuse; for I cannot resist a little rising vanity upon a comparison (though only as to features), drawn by Mr. B——, between the countess and me; which, however the preference he gives me in it may be undeserved, yet it cannot but be very agreeable, in this particular case of a rivalry, to one who takes so much pride in his good opinion, and who makes it her chief study, by all honest and laudable means, to preserve it; but who else, I hope, am far from considering such a transitory advantage (had I it in as great a degree as his kind fancy imputes it to me), but as it deserves. I will give it, as near as I can, in his own words:

It may not be altogether amiss, my dear, now I have mentioned the justice I always did your character and merit, to give you a brief account of a comparison, which once the countess's curiosity drew from me, between your features and hers.

She and I were alone in the bay-window of her library, which commands a fine view over Windsor Forest, but which view we could not enjoy; for it rained, and blew a hurricane almost, which detained us within, although we were ready dressed to go abroad.

I began a subject which never fails to make the worst of

weather agreeable to a fine lady; that of praising her beauty, and the symmetry of her features, telling her how much I thought every graceful one in her face adorned the rest, as if they were all formed to give and receive advantage from each other. I added, approaching her, as if the more attentively to peruse her fine face, that I believed it possible, from the transparent whiteness of her skin, and the clear blueness of her veins, to discover the circulation without a microscope.

Keep your distance, Mr. B——, said she. Does your magnifying thus egregiously the graces you impute to my outward form agree with your *Platonic* scheme? Your eye, penetrating as you imagine it to be, pierces not deep enough for a Platonic, if you cannot look farther than the white and the blue, and discover the circulation of the spirit; for our friendship is all mind, you know.

True, madam; but if the face is the index of the mind, when I contemplate yours I see and revere the beauties of both in one. And what Platonic laws forbid us to do justice to the one, when we admire the other?

Well, sit you down, bold Mr. B——, sit you down and answer me a question or two on this subject, since you will be always raising my vanity upon it.

I did, saluting her hand *only;* that was his word; which I took notice of in the dear Platonic, though I said nothing.

Tell me now of a truth, with all the charms your too agreeable flattery gives me, which is the most lovely, your Pamela or myself?

I told her, you were both incomparable, in a different way.

Well, said she, I give up the person and air in general, because I have heard that she is slenderer and better shaped than most ladies; but for a few particulars, as to *face* (invidious as the comparison may be, and concerned as you are to justify your choice), I'll begin with the *hair*, Mr. B——. Whose HAIR is of most advantage to her complexion?—Come, I fancy I shall, at least, divide perfections with your Pamela.

Your ladyship's delicate light brown is extermely beautiful, and infinitely better becomes your complexion and features than would that lovely shining auburn, which suits best with my girl's.

You must know, Pamela, I always called you my girl to her, as I do frequently to yourself and others.

So she excels me there, I find!

I don't say so.

Well, but as to the FOREHEAD, Mr. B——?

Indeed, madam, my girl has some advantage, I presume to think, in her forehead: she has a noble openness and freedom there, which bespeaks her mind, and everybody's favour, the moment she appears: not but that your ladyship's, next to hers, is the finest I ever saw.

So!—*Next* to hers! rubbing her forehead—well, BROWS, Mr. B——?

Your ladyship's fine arch-brow is a beauty in your fair face, that a pencil cannot imitate; but then your fairer hair shows it not to that advantage, I must needs say, which her darker hair gives to hers; for, as to COMPLEXION, you are both so charmingly fair, that I cannot, for my life, tell to which to give the preference.

Well, well, foolish man, said she peevishly, thou art strangely taken with thy girl!—I wish thou wouldst go about thy business—what signifies a little bad weather to men!—But if her complexion is as good as mine, it must look better, because of her dark hair.—I shall come poorly off, I find!—Let's have the EYES, however.

For black eyes in my girl, and blue in your ladyship, they are both the loveliest I ever beheld.—And, Pamela, I was wicked enough to say, that it would be the sweetest travelling in the world, to have you both placed at fifty miles distance from each other, and to pass the prime of one's life from black to blue, and from blue to black; and it would be impossible to know which to prefer, but the present.

Ah! naughty Mr. B——! said I, were you not worse than the countess a great deal?

The countess is not bad, my dear. I only was in fault.

But what, sir, did she say to you?

Say! Why the saucy lady did what very few ladies have ever done: she made the powder fly out of my wig, by a smart cuff with her nimble fingers.

And how, sir, did you take that?

How, my dear!—Why, I kissed her in revenge.

Fine doings between two Platonics! thought I.

But I will own to you, madam, that my vanity in this comparison was too much soothed, not to wish to hear how it was carried on.

Well, sir, did you proceed further in your comparison?

I knew, my dear, that you would not let me finish at half your picture—O Pamela! who says you are absolutely perfect? Who says there is no *sex* in your *mind?* and tapped my neck.

All is owing, sir, to the pride I take in your opinion. I care not how indifferent I appear in the eyes of all the world besides.

The CHEEK came next, proceeded Mr. B——. I allowed her ladyship to have a livelier carmine in hers; and that it was somewhat rounder, her ladyship being a little plumper than my girl; but that *your* face, my dear, being rather smaller featured of the two, there was an inimitably finer turn in your cheek than I had ever seen in my life in any lady's.

Her ladyship, he said, stroked her cheek bones, which, however, madam, I think are far from being high (though to be sure, she is a little larger featured, in excellent proportion for all that, as she is of a taller and a larger make than me), and said very well, sir; you are determined to mortify me. But, added her ladyship (which showed, madam, she little depended upon Platonicism in him), if you have a *view* in this, you will be greatly mistaken, I'll assure you: for, let me tell you, sir, the lady who can think meanly of herself, is any man's purchase.

The NOSE I left in doubt, said Mr. B——, but allowed

that each was exquisitely beautiful on its own proper face.

Her ladyship was sure of a preference in her MOUTH. I allowed that her LIPS were somewhat plumper—and saluting her by surprise (for which I had much ado to preserve my wig from another disorder),—a little softer, of consequence; but not quite so red—for said I, I never saw a lip of so rich and balmy a red in my life as my girl's.

But your SMILES, madam, are more bewitchingly free and attractive; for my girl is a little too grave.

As to TEETH, charming as your ladyship's are, I think hers not a whit inferior in whiteness and regularity.

Her CHIN is a sweet addition to her face, by that easy soft half round, that looks as if nature had begun at top, and gave that as her finishing stroke to the rest: while, my dear lady, yours is a little, little too strong featured; but such as so infinitely becomes your face, that my girl's chin would not have half the beauty upon your face.

Her EARS, my lady, are just such as your own:—Must they not be beautiful then?—Her NECK, though it must not presume—let me see, madam, approaching her (keep your distance, sir! I was forced to do so)—though it must not pretend to excel yours for whiteness, yet, except yours, did I never see any neck so beautiful. But your ladyship, it must be confessed, being a little plumper in person, has the advantage *here*.

I had a smart rap on my knuckles with her fan. And she would hear no more. But was resolved she would see you, she said.

And, my dear, I am the more particular in repeating this comparative description of the two charmingest persons in England, because you will see the reason (and that it was not to insult you,* as you rightly judged in your letter to my sister, but to your advantage) that I gave way to the importunity of the countess to see you; for I little thought you were so well acquainted with our intimacy; much less, that we had been made more intimate to you, than ever, in

* See p. 179, line 26.

truth, we were, or perhaps might have been: And when I asked you, why you were not more richly dressed, and had not your jewels? you may believe (as I had no reason to doubt that the countess would come in all her ornaments) I was not willing my girl should give way to the noble emulatress in anything; being concerned for your own honour, as well as mine, in the superiority of beauty I had so justly given you.

Well, sir, to be sure this was kind, very kind; and little was I disposed (knowing what I knew) to pass so favourable a construction on your generosity to me.

My question to her ladyship, continued Mr. B——, at going away, whether you were not the charmingest girl in the world? which, seeing you together at one view, rich as she was dressed, and plain as you, gave me the double pleasure (a pleasure she said afterwards, I exulted in) of deciding in your favour; my readiness to explain to you what we both said, and her not ungenerous answer, I thought would have entitled me to a better return than a flood of tears; which confirmed me that your past uneasiness was a jealousy I was not willing to allow in you; though I should have been more indulgent to it, had I known the grounds you thought you had for it; and this was the reason of my leaving you so abruptly as I did.

Here, madam, Mr. B—— broke off, referring to another time the conclusion of his narrative. And having written a great deal, I will here also close this letter (though possibly I may not send it till I send the conclusion of this story in my next), with the assurance that I am

Your ladyship's obliged sister and servant,

P. B——.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My dear Lady,—Now I will proceed with my former subject; and with the greater pleasure, as what follows makes still more in favour of the countess's character than what went before, although that set it in a better light than it had once appeared to me in. I began as follows:

Will you be pleased, sir, to favour me with the continuation of our last subject? I will, my dear. You left off, sir, with acquitting me (as knowing what I knew) for breaking out into that flood of tears which occasioned your abrupt departure. But, dear sir, will you be pleased to satisfy me about that affecting information of your intention, and my lady's, to live at Tunbridge together?

'Tis absolutely malice and falsehood. Our intimacy had not proceeded so far; and thoughtless as my sister's letters suppose the lady, she would have spurned at such a proposal, I daresay.

Well; but then, sir, as to the expression to her uncle, that she had rather have been a certain gentleman's second wife?

I believe she might, in a passion, say something like it to him. He had been teasing her (from the time that I held an argument in favour of that foolish topic polygamy, in his company, and his niece's, and in that of her sister and the viscount) with cautions against conversing with a man who, having, as he was pleased to say behind my back, married beneath him, wanted to engage the affections of a lady of birth, in order to recover, by doubling the fault upon her, the reputation he had lost.

She despised his insinuation enough to answer him, that she thought my arguments in behalf of polygamy were convincing. This set him a raving, and he threw some coarse reflections upon her, which could not be repeated,

if one may guess at them, by her being unable to tell me what they were; and then to vex him more, and to revenge herself, she said something like what was reported. And this was handle enough for her uncle, who took care to propagate it with an indiscretion peculiar to himself; for I heard of it in three different companies, before I knew anything of it from herself; and when I did, it was so repeated, as you, my dear, would hardly have censured her for it, the provocation considered.

Well; but then, dear sir, there is nothing at all amiss, at this rate, in the correspondence between my lady and you?

Not on her side, I daresay, if her ladyship can be excused to punctilio, and for having a greater esteem for a married man than he can deserve, or than may be strictly defended to a person of your purity and niceness.

Well, sir, this is very noble in you. I love to hear the gentlemen generous in points where the honour of our sex is concerned. But, pray, sir, what then was there on *your* side, in that matter, that made you give me so patient and so kind a hearing?

Now, my dear, you come to the point: At first it was, as I have said before, nothing in me but vanity, pride, and love of intrigue, to try my strength, where I had met with some encouragement, as I thought, at the masquerade; where the lady went farther too than she would have done, had she not thought I was a single man. For by what I have told you, Pamela, you will observe that she endeavoured to satisfy herself on that head, as soon as she well could. Mrs. Nelthorpe acquainted me afterwards, when we were better known to each other, that her lady was so partial in my favour (who can always govern their fancies, my dear?) as to think, so early as at the masquerade, that, if everything answered appearances, and that I were a single man, she, who has a noble and independent fortune, might possibly be induced to make me happy in her choice.

Supposing then that I was unmarried, she left a signal for me in her handkerchief. I visited her; had the honour,

after the customary first shyness, of being well received by her; and continued my visits till perhaps she would have been glad I had not been married: but when she found I was, she avoided me, as I have told you, till the accident I mentioned threw us again upon each other; which renewed our intimacy upon terms which you would think too inconsiderate on one side, and too designing on the other.

For myself, what can I say? Only that you gave me great disgusts (without cause, as I thought) by your unwonted reception of me: Ever in tears and grief; the countess ever cheerful and lively; and apprehending that your temper was entirely changing, I believed I had no bad excuse to endeavour to make myself easy and cheerful abroad, since my home became more irksome to me than ever I believed it could be. Then, as we naturally love those who love us, I had vanity, and some reason for my vanity (indeed all vain men believe they have), to think the countess had more than an indifference for me. She was so exasperated by the wrong methods taken with an independent lady of her generous spirit, to break off the acquaintance with me, that in revenge she denied me less than ever opportunities of her company. The pleasure we took in each other's conversation was reciprocal. The world's reports had united us in one common cause; and you, as I said, had made home less delightful to me than it used to be: What might not then have been apprehended from so many circumstances concurring with the lady's beauty and my frailty!

I waited on her to Tunbridge. She took a house there. Where people's tongues will take so much liberty, when they have no foundation for it at all, and where the utmost circumspection is used, what will they not say where so little of the latter is observed? No wonder then that terms were said to be agreed upon between us. From her uncle's story of *polygamy*, proposed by me, and seemingly agreed to by her, no wonder that all your *Thomasine Fuller's* information was surmised.

And thus stood the matter, when I was determined to give your cause for uneasiness a hearing, and to take my measures according to what should result from that hearing.

From this account, dear sir, said I, it will not be so difficult, as I was afraid it would be, to end this affair, even to her *ladyship's* satisfaction.

I hope not, my dear.

But if now, sir, the countess should still be desirous not to break with you; from so charming a lady, who knows what may happen?

Very true, Pamela: But, to make you still easier, I will tell you that her ladyship has a first cousin married to a person going with a public character to several of the Italian courts; and had it not been for my persuasions, she would have accepted of their earnest invitations, and passed a year or two in Italy, where she once resided for three years together, which makes her so perfect a mistress of Italian.

Now I will let her know, additionally to what I have written to her, the uneasiness I have given you, and so far as it is proper, what is come to your ears, and your generous account of her, and the charms of her person, of which she will not be a little proud; for she has really noble and generous sentiments, and thinks well (though her sister, in pleasantry, will have it, a little enviously) of you: And when I shall endeavour to persuade her to go, for the sake of her own character, to a place and country of which she was always fond, I am apt to think she will come into it; for she has a greater opinion of my judgment than it deserves. And I know a young lord, who may be easily persuaded to follow her thither, and bring her back his lady, if he can obtain her consent: and what say you, Pamela, to this?

Oh, sir! I believe I shall begin to love the lady dearly, and that is what I never thought I should. I hope this will be brought about.

But I see, give me leave to say, sir, how dangerously you

might have gone on, both you and the lady, under the notion of this Platonic love, till two precious souls might have been lost! And this shows one, as well in spirituals as temporals, from what slight beginnings the greatest mischiefs sometimes spring; and how easily at first a breach may be stopped, that, when neglected, the waves of passion will widen till they bear down all before them!

Your observation, my dear, is just, replied Mr. B——; and though I am confident the lady was more in earnest than myself in the notion of Platonic love, yet am I convinced, and always was, that Platonic love is Platonic nonsense. 'Tis the fly buzzing about the blaze, till its wings are scorched: or, to speak still stronger, it is a bait of the devil to catch the unexperienced and thoughtless. Nor ought such notions to be pretended to till the parties are five or ten years on the other side of their grand climacteric: for age, old age, and nothing else, must establish the barriers to Platonic love. But, continued he, this was my comparative consolation, though a very bad one, that, had I swerved, I should not have given the only instance where persons, more scrupulous than I pretend to be, have begun friendships even with spiritual views, and ended them as grossly as I could have done, were the lady to have been as frail as her tempter.

Here, madam, Mr. B—— finished his narrative. He is now set out for Tunbridge with all my papers. I have no doubt in his honour and kind assurances, and hope my next will be a joyful letter; and that I shall inform you in it, that the affair, which went so near my heart, is absolutely concluded to my satisfaction, to Mr. B——'s, and to the countess's; for if it be so to all three, my happiness, I doubt not, will be founded on a permanent basis. Meantime I am, my dear good lady,

Your most affectionate

And obliged sister and servant,

P. B——.

LETTER LXXIX.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

A NEW misfortune, my dear lady!—But this is of God Almighty's sending; so must bear it patiently. My dear baby is taken with the small-pox! To how many troubles are the happiest of us subjected in this life! One need not multiply them by one's own wilful mismanagements!—I am able to mind nothing else!

I had so much joy (as I told your ladyship in the beginning of my last letter but one) to see, on our arrival at the farmhouse, my dearest Mr. B——, my beloved baby, and my good father and mother, all upon one happy spot together, that I fear I was too proud. Yet I was truly thankful!—I am sure I was!—But I had, notwithstanding, too much pride, and too much pleasure, on this happy occasion.

I told your ladyship, in my last, that your dear brother set out on Tuesday morning for Tunbridge with my papers, and I was longing to know the result, hoping that everything would be concluded to the satisfaction of all three: for, thought I, if this be so, my happiness must be permanent: but, alas! alas! there is nothing permanent in this life. I feel it by experience now!—I knew it before by theory! But that was not so near and so interesting by half.

For in the midst of all my pleasures and hopes; in the midst of my dear parents' joy and congratulations on our arrival, and on what had passed so happily since we were last here together (in the birth of the dear child, and my safety, for which they had been so apprehensive), the poor baby was taken ill. It was on that very Tuesday afternoon his papa set out for Tunbridge: but we knew not it would be the small-pox till Thursday. O madam! how are all the pleasures I had formed to myself sickened now upon me! for my Billy is very bad.

They talk of a kind sort; but, alas! they talk at random: for they come not out at all! How then can they say they are kind?—I fear the nurse's constitution is too hale and too rich for the dear baby!—Had *I* been permitted—but, hush! all my repining *ifs!*—Except one *if;* and that is—*if* it be got happily over, it will be best he had it so young, and while at the breast!

O madam, madam! The small appearance that there was, is gone in again: and my child, my dear baby, will die!—The doctors seem to think so.

They want to send for Mr. B——, to keep me from him!—But I forbid it!—For what signifies life, or anything, if I cannot see my baby while he is so dangerously ill!

My father and mother are, for the first time, quite cruel to me; they have forbid me, and I never was so desirous of disobeying them before, to attend the darling of my heart. And why?—For fear of this poor face!—For fear I should get it myself!—But I am living low, very low, and have taken proper precautions, by bleeding, and the like, to lessen the distemper's fury, if I should have it: and the rest I leave to Providence. And if Mr. B——'s value is confined so much to this poor transitory sightliness, he must not break with his countess, I think: and if I am ever so deformed in person, my poor intellects, I hope, will not be impaired, and I shall, if God spare my Billy, be useful in his first education, and be helpful to dear Miss Goodwin—or to any babies—with all my heart—he may make me a humble nurse too!—How peevish, sinfully so, I doubt, does this accident, and their affectionate contradiction make one.

I have this moment received the following from Mr. B——.

Maidstone.

'My dearest Love,—I am greatly touched with the 'dear boy's malady, of which I have this moment heard. 'I desire you instantly to come to me hither, in the chariot,

'with the bearer, Colbrand. I know what your grief must 'be: but as you can do the child no good, I beg you'll 'oblige me. Everything is in a happy train; but I can 'think of nobody but you, and (for your sake principally, 'but not a little for *my own*) my boy. I will set out to 'meet you; for I choose not to come myself, lest you should 'endeavour to persuade me to permit your tarrying about 'him; and I should be sorry to deny you anything. I 'have taken here handsome apartments for you, till the 'event, which I pray God may be happy, shall better 'determine me what to do. I will be ever

'Your affectionate and faithful.'

Maidstone indeed is not so very far off, but one may hear every day once or twice, by a man and horse; so I will go, to show my obedience, since Mr. B—— is so intent upon it.—But I cannot live if I am not permitted to come back.—Oh! let me be enabled, gracious Father! to close this letter more happily than I have begun it!

I have been so dreadfully uneasy at Maidstone, that Mr. B—— has been so good as to return with me hither; and I find my baby's case not yet quite desperate.—I am easier now I see him, in presence of his beloved papa—who lets me have all my way, and approves of my preparative method for myself; and he tells me, that since I will have it so, he will indulge me in my attendance on the child, and endeavour to imitate my reliance on God—that is his kind expression,—and leave the issue to Him. And on my telling him, that I feared nothing in the distemper but the loss of his love, he said, in presence of the doctors, and my father and mother, pressing my hand to his lips, My dearest life! make yourself easy under this affliction, and apprehend nothing for yourself: I love you more for your mind than for your face. That and your person will be the same; and were that sweet face to be covered with seams and scars, I will value you the more for the misfortune: And

glad I am that I had your picture so well drawn in town, to satisfy those who have heard of your loveliness, what you were, and hitherto are. For myself, my admiration lies deeper; and drawing me to the other end of the room, whisperingly he said, The last uneasiness between us, I now begin to think, was necessary, because it has turned all my delight in you, more than ever, to the perfections of your mind; and so God preserves to me the life of my Pamela, I care not, for my own part, what ravages the distemper makes here; and tapped my cheek.

How generous, how noble, how comforting was this!—I will make this use of it; I will now be resigned more and more to this dispensation, and prepare myself for the worst: for it is the dispensation of that God who gave me my baby, and all I have!

When I retired, the reflections which I made, on supposing the worst, gave birth to the following serious lines (for I cannot live without a pen in my hand), written, as by a third person, suppose a good minister. Your ladyship will be pleased to give them your favourable allowances.

Tell me, fond, weeping parent, why
Thou fear'st so much thy child should die?
'Tis true, tho' *human frailty* may,
Yet *reason* can't, have much to say.
What is it thou thyself hast found
In this dull, heavy, tiresome round
Of life—to make thee wish thy son
Should thro' the like dark mazes run?
Suppose the worst!—'Twill end thy fears,
And free thee from a world of cares.
For, oh! what anxious thoughts arise
From hopefull'st youths, to damp our joys!
Who, from the morning's brightest ray,
Can promise what will be the day?

When I went from my apartment, to go to my child, my dear Mr. B—— met me at the nursery-door, and led me back again. You must not go in again, my dearest. They have just been giving the child other things to try to drive out the malady; and some pustules seem to promise

on his breast. I made no doubt my baby was then in extremity; and I would have given the world to have shed a few tears, but I could not.

With the most soothing goodness he led me to my desk, and withdrew to attend the dear baby himself;—to see his last gaspings, poor little lamb, I make no doubt!

This suspense, and my own strange hardness of heart, that would not give up one tear (for the passage from *that* to my *eyes* seemed quite choked up, which used to be so open and ready on other occasions, affecting ones too), produced these lines:

Why does my full-swollen heart deny
The tear, relief-ful, to my eye?
If all my joys are passed away,
And thou, dear boy, to parent clay
Art hasting, the last debt to pay;
Resign me to Thy will, my God!
Let me, with patience, bear this rod,
However heavy be the stroke,
If Thou wilt not his doom revoke,
Let me all sinful anguish shun,
And say, resigned, "Thy will be done!"

Two days have passed, dreadful days of suspense! And now, blessed be God! who has given me hope that our prayers are heard, the pustules come kindly out, very thick in his breast, and on his face; but of a good sort, they tell me. —They won't let me see him; indeed they won't!—What cruel kindness is this! One must believe all they tell one.

But, my dear lady, my spirits are so weak: I have such a violent headache, and have such a strange shivering disorder all running down my back, and I was so hot just now, and am so cold at this present—aguishly inclined—I don't know how!—that I must leave off, the post going away, with the assurance that I am, and will be to the last hour of my life.

Your ladyship's grateful

And obliged sister and servant,

P. B——.

LETTER LXXX.

Mr. B—— to Lady Davers.

My dear Sister,—I take very kindly your solicitude for the health of my beloved Pamela. The last line she wrote was to you; for she took to her bed the moment she laid down her pen.

I told her your kind message, and wishes for her safety, by my lord's gentleman; and she begged I would write a line to thank you, in her name, for your affectionate regards to her.

She is in a fine way to do well: for, with her accustomed prudence, she had begun to prepare herself by a proper regimen, the moment she knew the child's illness was the small-pox.

The worst is over with the boy, which keeps up her spirits; and her mother is so excellent a nurse to both, and we are so happy likewise in the care of a skilful physician, Dr. M—— (who directs and approves of everything the good dame does), that it is a singular providence this malady seized them here, and affords no small comfort to the dear creature herself.

When I tell you that, to all appearance, her charming face will not receive any disfigurement by this cruel enemy to beauty, I am sure you will congratulate me upon a felicity so desirable; but were it to be otherwise, if I were capable of slighting a person whose principal beauties are much deeper than the skin, I should deserve to be thought the most unworthy and superficial of husbands.

Whatever your notions have been, my ever-ready censuring Lady Davers, of your brother, on a certain affair, I do assure you that I never did, and never can, love any woman as I love my Pamela.

It is indeed impossible I can ever love her better than I do; and her outward beauties are far from being indifferent

to me; yet, if I know myself, I am sure I have justice enough to love her *equally*, and generosity enough to be *more tender* of her, were she to suffer by this distemper. But as her humility, and her affection to me, would induce her to think herself under greater obligation to me, for such my tenderness to her, were she to lose any the *least* valuable of her perfections, I rejoice that she will have no reason for mortification on that score.

My respects to Lord Davers, and your noble neighbours. I am

Your affectionate brother,

And humble servant.

—o—

LETTER LXXXI.

Lady Davers to Mr. B——.

[In answer to the preceding.]

My dear Brother,—I do most heartily congratulate you on the recovery of Master Billy, and the good way my sister is in. I am the more rejoiced, as her sweet face is not likely to suffer by the malady; for, be the beauties of the mind what they will, those of person are no small recommendation, with some folks, I am sure; and I began to be afraid, that when it was hardly possible for *both conjoined* to keep a roving mind constant, that *one only* would not be sufficient.

This news gives me the more pleasure, because I am well informed that a certain gay lady was pleased to give herself airs upon hearing of my sister's illness; as, that she could not be sorry for it; for now she should look upon herself as the prettiest woman in England. She meant only, I suppose, as to *outward* prettiness, brother!

You give me the name of a *ready censurer*. I own I

think myself to be not a little interested in all that regards my brother, and his honour. But when some people are not readier to *censure* than others to *trespass*, I know not whether they can with justice be styled *censorious*.

But, however that be, the rod seems to have been held up as a warning—and that the blow, in the irreparable deprivation, is not given, is a mercy which I hope will be deserved; though you never can those very signal ones you receive at the divine hands, beyond any man I know. For even (if I shall not be deemed censorious again) your very vices have been turned to your felicity, as if God would try the nobleness of the heart He has given you, by overcoming you (in answer to my sister's constant prayers, as well as mine) by mercies, rather than by judgments.

I might give instances of the truth of this observation in almost all the actions and attempts of your past life: And take care (if you *are* displeased I *will* speak it; take care), thou bold wretch, that if this method be ungratefully slighted, the uplifted arm fall not down with double weight on thy devoted head!

I must always love and honour my brother, but cannot help speaking my mind: which, after all, is the natural result of that very love and honour, and which obliges me to style myself

Your truly affectionate sister,

B. DAVERS.

—o—

LETTER LXXXII.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

MY DEAREST LADY,—My first letter, and first devoirs, after those of thankfulness to that gracious God who has so happily conducted me through two such heavy trials, as my child's and my own illness, must be directed to your

ladyship, with all due acknowledgment of your generous and affectionate concern for me.

We are now preparing for our journey to Bedfordshire; and there, to my great satisfaction, I am to be favoured with the care of Miss Goodwin.

After we have tarried about a month there, Mr. B—— will make a tour with me through several counties (taking the Hall in the way, for about a fortnight), and show me what is remarkable everywhere as we pass; for this, he is pleased to think, will better contribute to my health than any other method; for the distemper has left upon me a kind of weariness and listlessness: and he proposes to be out with me till the Bath season begins; and by the aid of those healing and balsamic waters, he hopes I shall be quite established. Afterwards he proposes to return to Bedfordshire for a little while; then to London; and then to Kent; and if nothing hinders, has a great mind to carry me over to Paris.

Thus most kindly does he amuse and divert me with his agreeable schemes and proposals. But I have made one amendment to them; and that is, that I must not be denied to pay my respects to your ladyship, at your seat, and to my good lady countess in the same neighbourhood; and this will be far from being the least of my pleasures.

I have had congratulations without number upon my recovery; but one among the rest, I did not expect; from the countess dowager. Could you think it, madam? who sent me, by her gentleman, the following letter from Tunbridge:

'MADAM,—I hope, among the congratulations of your 'numerous admirers, on your happy recovery, my very 'sincere ones will not be unacceptable. I have no other 'motive for making you my compliments on this occasion, 'on so slender an acquaintance, than the pleasure it gives 'me, that the public, as well as your private friends, have 'not been deprived of a lady, whose example, in every duty 'of life, is of so much concern to both. May you, madam,

'long rejoice in an uninterrupted state of happiness, answer-
'able to your merits, and to your own wishes, are those of

'Your most obedient humble servant.'

To this kind letter I returned the following:

'MADAM,—I am under the highest obligation to your
'generous favour, in your kind compliments of congratula-
'tion on my recovery. There is something so noble and
'so condescending in the honour you have done me, on
'so slender an acquaintance, that it bespeaks the exalted
'mind and character of a lady who, in the principles
'of generosity, and in true nobleness of nature, has no
'example. May God Almighty bless you, my dear lady,
'with all the good you wish me, and with increase of
'honour and glory, both here and hereafter, prays, and
'will always pray,

'Your ladyship's

'Most obliged and obedient servant,

'P. B——.'

This leads me to mention to your ladyship, what my illness would not permit me to do before, that Mr. B—— met with such a reception and audience from the countess, when he attended her, in all he had to offer and propose to her, and in her patient hearing of what he thought fit to read her from your ladyship's letters and mine, that he said, Don't be jealous, my dear Pamela; but I must admire her as long as I live.

He gave me the particulars, so much to her ladyship's honour, that I told him, he should not only be welcome to admire her ladyship, but that I would admire her too.

They parted very good friends, and with great professions of esteem for each other. And as Mr. B—— had undertaken to inspect into some exceptionable accounts and managements of her ladyship's bailiff, one of her servants brought a letter for him on Monday last, wholly written on that

subject. But her ladyship was so kind and considerate as to send it unsealed, in a cover directed to me. When I opened it, I was frightened to see it begin, To Mr. B——: and I hastened to find him, in the walk up to the new-raised mount—Dear sir—here's some mistake—you see the direction is to Mrs. B——. 'Tis very plain—but upon my word I have not read it.

Don't be uneasy, my love.—I know what the subject must be; but I dare swear there is nothing, nor will there ever be, but what you or anybody may see.

He read it, and giving it to me to peruse, said, Answer yourself the postscript, my dear.—That was—'If, sir, the 'trouble I give you is likely to subject you or your lady 'to uneasiness or apprehensions, I beg you will not be 'concerned in it. I will then set about the matter myself; 'for my uncle I will not trouble: Yet, women enter into 'these particulars with as little advantage to themselves as 'inclination.'

I told him, I was entirely easy and unapprehensive; and after all his goodness to me, should be so, if he saw the countess every day. That's kindly said, my dear, returned he: but I will not trust myself to see her every day, or at all, for the present: I'll assure you I will not.—But I shall be obliged to correspond with her for a month or so on this occasion: unless you prohibit it: and it shall be in your power to do so.

I said, With my whole heart he might; and I should be quite easy in both their honours.

Yet will I not, Pamela, said he, unless you see our letters: for I know she will always, now she has begun, send in a cover to you what she will write to me unsealed: and whether I am at home, or abroad, I shall take it unkindly if you do not read them.

He went in with me, and wrote an answer, which he sent by the messenger: but would make me, whether I would or not, read it, and seal it up with his seal. But all this needed not to me now, who think so much better of the lady than I did before: and am so well satisfied in his

own honour and generous affection for me; for you saw, madam, in what I wrote before, that he always loved me, though he was angry, at times, at my change of temper, as he apprehended it, not knowing that I was apprised of what had passed between him and the countess.

I really am better pleased with this correspondence than I should have been, had it not been carried on; because the servants, on both sides, will see, by my deportment on the occasion (and I will officiously, with a smiling countenance, throw myself in their observation), that it is quite innocent; and this may help to silence the mouths of those who have so freely censured their conduct.

Indeed, madam, I think I have received no small good myself by that affair, which once lay so heavy upon me: for I don't believe I shall ever be jealous again; indeed I don't think I shall. And won't that be an ugly foible overcome? I see what may be done, in cases not favourable to our wishes, by the aid of proper reflection; and that the bee is not the only creature that may make honey out of the bitter flowers, as well as the sweet.

My best and most grateful respects and thanks to my good Lord Davers; to the earl, and his excellent countess; and, most particularly, to Lady Betty (with whose kind compliments your ladyship acquaints me), and to Mr. H——, for all your united congratulations on my recovery. What obligations do I lie under to such noble and generous well-wishers!—I can make no return, but by my prayers that God, by *His* goodness, will supply all my defects. And these will always attend you, from, my dearest lady,

Your ever obliged sister

And humble servant,

P. B——.

Mr. H—— is just arrived. He says, he comes a special messenger to make a report how my face has come off. He makes me many compliments upon it. How kind your ladyship is, to enter so favourably into the

minutest concerns, which you think may any way affect my future happiness in your dear brother's opinion!—I want to pour out all my joy and my thankfulness to God, before your ladyship, and the good Countess of C——! For I am a happy, yea, a blessed creature!—Mr. B——'s boy, your ladyship's boy, and my boy, is charmingly well; quite strong, and very forward, for his months; and his papa is delighted with him more and more.

—o—

LETTER LXXXIII.

Mrs. B—— to Miss Darnford.

My dear Miss Darnford,—I hope you are happy and well. You kindly say, you can't be so, till you hear of my perfect recovery. And this, blessed be God! you have heard already from Mr. B——.

As to your intimation of the fair nun, 'tis all happily over. Blessed be God for that too! And I have a better and more endearing husband than ever. Did you think that could be?

My Billy, too, improves every day; and my dear father and mother seem to have their youth renewed like the eagle's. How many blessings have I to be thankful for!

We are about to turn travellers, to the northern counties, I think, quite to the borders; and afterwards to the western, to Bath, to Bristol, and I know not whither myself: But, among the rest, to Lincolnshire, that you may be sure of. Then how happy shall I be in my dear Miss Darnford!

I long to hear whether poor Mrs. Jewkes is better or worse for the advice of the doctor whom I ordered to attend her from Stamford; and in what frame her mind is.

Do, my dear, vouchsafe her a visit in my name; tell her, if she be low-spirited, what God hath done for me, as to my recovery, and comfort her all you can; and bid her spare neither expense nor attendance, nor anything her heart can wish for, nor the company of any relations or friends she may desire to be with her.

If she is in her *last stage*, poor soul! how noble will it be in you to give her comfort and consolation in her dying hours!

Although we can merit nothing at the hand of God, yet I have a notion that we cannot deserve more of one another, and in some sense, for that reason, of Him, than in our charities on so trying an exigence! When the poor soul stands shivering, as it were, on the verge of death, and has nothing strong, but its fears and doubts!—then a little balm poured into the wounds of the mind, a little comforting advice to rely on God's mercies, from a good person; how consolatory must it be! And how, like morning mists before the sun, must all diffidences, and gloomy doubts, be chased away by it!

But, my dear Miss Darnford, the great occasion of my writing to you just now, is, by Lady Davers's desire, on a quite different subject. She knows how we love one another. And she has sent me the following lines by her kinsman, who came to Kent, purposely to inquire how my face fared in the small-pox; and accompanied us from Kent hither [*i.e.*, to Bedfordshire], and sets out to-morrow for Lord Davers's.

'My dear Pamela,—Jackey will tell you the reason of 'his journey, my curiosity, on your own account: and I 'send this letter by him; but he knows not the con-'tents. My good Lord Davers wants to have his nephew 'married, and settled in the world: And his noble father 'leaves the whole matter to my lord, as to the person, 'settlements, &c.

'Now I, as well as my lord, think so highly of the pru-'dence, the person, and family of your Miss Darnford, that

'we shall be obliged to you to sound the young lady on 'this score.

'I know Mr. H—— would wish for no greater happi-'ness. But if she is engaged, or cannot love my nephew, 'I don't care, nor would my lord, that such a proposal 'should be received with undue slight. His birth, and 'the title and estate he is heir to, are advantages that 'require a lady's consideration. He has not, indeed, so 'much wit as miss: but he has enough for a lord, whose 'friends are born before him, as the phrase is; is very 'good-humoured, no fool, no sot, no debauchee: And 'let me tell you, these are circumstances not to be met 'with every day in a young man of quality.

'As to settlements, fortune, &c., I fancy there would 'be no great difficulties. The business is, if Miss Darn-'ford could love him well enough for a husband? *That* 'we leave to you to sound the young lady; and if she 'thinks she can, we will directly begin a treaty with Sir 'Simon on that subject. I am, my dearest Pamela,

'Your ever affectionate sister,

'B. DAVERS.'

Now, my dear friend, as my lady has so well stated the case, I beg you to enable me to return an answer. I will not say one word *pro* or *con* till I know your mind.—Only, that I think he is good-humoured, and might be easily persuaded to anything a lady should think reasonable.

And now, I must tell you another piece of news in the matrimonial way. Mr. Williams has been here to congratulate us on our multiplied blessings; and he has acquainted Mr. B——, that an overture has been made him by his new patron, of a kinswoman of his lordship's, a person of virtue and merit, and a fortune of three thousand pounds, to make him amends, as the earl tells him, for quitting a better living to oblige him; and that he is in great hope of obtaining the lady's consent, which is all that is wanting. Mr. B—— is very much pleased with so good a prospect in

Mr. Williams's favour, and has been in the lady's company formerly at a ball at Gloucester; and he says she is prudent and deserving; and offers to make a journey on purpose to forward it, if he can be of service to him.

I suppose you know that all is adjusted, according to the scheme I formerly acquainted you with,* between Mr. Adams and that gentleman; and both are settled in their respective livings. But I ought to have told you that Mr. Williams, upon mature deliberation, declined the stipulated eighty pounds per annum from Mr. Adams, as he thought it would have a Simoniacal appearance.

But, now my hand's in, let me tell you of a third matrimonial proposition, which gives me more puzzle and dislike a great deal. And that is, Mr. Adams has, with great reluctance, and after abundance of bashful apologies, asked me if I have any objection to his making his addresses to Polly Barlow? Which, however, he told me he had not mentioned to her, nor to anybody living, because he would first know whether I should take it amiss, as her service was so immediately about my person.

This unexpected motion perplexed me a good deal. Mr. Adams is a worthy man. He has now a very good living; but is but just entered upon it; and, I think, according to his accustomed prudence in other respects, had better have turned himself about first.

But that is not the point with me, neither. I have a great regard to the function. I think it is necessary, in order to preserve the respect due to the clergy, that their wives should be nearly, if not quite, as unblemished, and as circumspect, as themselves; and this for the gentleman's own sake, as well as in the eye of the world: For how shall he pursue his studies with comfort to himself, if he be made uneasy at home? or how shall he expect his female parishioners will regard his *public* preaching, if he cannot have a due influence over the *private* conduct of his wife?

I can't say, excepting in the instance of Mr. H——, but Polly is a good sort of body enough; so far as I know.

* See her Journal of Tuesday, Letter XXXII. vol. ii. page 389.

But that is such a blot in the poor girl's escutcheon, a thing not *accidental*, not *surprised* into, not owing to *inattention*, but to cool *premeditation*, after she had slept over and over upon it; that I think I could wish Mr. Adams a wife more unexceptionable.

'Tis true, Mr. Adams knows not this:—but *that* is one of my difficulties. If I acquaint him with it, I shall hurt the poor girl irreparably, and deprive her of a husband, to whom she may possibly make a good wife—for she is not very meanly descended—much better than myself, as the world would say, were a judgment to be made from my father's low estate when I was exalted.—I never, my dear, shall be ashamed of these retrospections!

She is genteel; has a very innocent look, a good face, is neat in her person, and not addicted to any excess that I know of. But, *still*, that one *premeditated* fault, is so sad a one, that though she might make a good wife for any middling man of business,—yet she wants, methinks, that discretion, that purity, which I would always have in the wife of a good clergyman.

Then, she has not applied her thoughts to that sort of economy which the wife of a country clergyman ought to know something of: and has such a turn to dress and appearance; that I can see, if indulged, she would not be one that would help to remove the scandal which some severe remarkers are apt to throw upon the wives of *parsons*, as they call them.

The maiden, I believe, likes Mr. Adams not a little. She is very courteous to everybody, but most to him of anybody, and never has missed being present at our Sunday duties; and five or six times, Mrs. Jervis tells me, she has found her desirous to have Mr. Adams expound this text, and that difficulty; and the good man is taken with her piety which, and her reformation, I hope, are sincere: but she is very sly, very subtle, as I have found in several instances as foolish as she was in the affair I hint at.

So, sometimes, I say to myself, The girl may love Mr Adams: Ay, but then I answer, So she did Mr. H——

and on his own very bad terms too.—In short—but I won't be too censorious neither.

So I'll say no more than that I was perplexed; and yet should be very glad to have Polly well married; for, since *that* time, I have always had some diffidences about her—because you know, miss, her fault was so enormous, and, as I have said, so premeditated. I wanted you to advise with.—But this was the method I took.

I appointed Mr. Adams to drink a dish of tea with me in the afternoon. Polly attended, as she generally does; for I can't say I love men attendants in these womanly offices—a tea-kettle in a man's hand, that would, if there was no better employment for him, be fitter to hold a plough, or handle a flail, or a scythe, has such a look with it!—This is like my low breeding, some would say, perhaps—but I cannot call things polite that I think unseemly; and, moreover, let me tell you, Lady Davers keeps me in countenance in this my notion; and who doubts her politeness?

Well, but Polly attended, as I said; and there were strange simperings, and bowing, and courtesying, between them; the honest gentleman seeming not to know how to let his mistress wait upon him; while she behaved with as much respect and officiousness, as if she could not do too much for him.

Very well, thought I; I have such an opinion of your veracity, Mr. Adams, that I daresay you have not, because you told me you have not, mentioned the matter to Polly: but, between her officiousness, and your mutual simperings and complaisance, I see you have found out a language between you, that is full as significant as plain English words. Polly, thought I, sees no difficulty in this text; nor need you, Mr. Adams, have much trouble to make her understand you, when you come to expound upon *this* subject.

I was forced, in short, to put on a statelier and more reserved appearance than usual, to make them avoid acts of complaisance for one another, that might not be proper

to be shown before me, from one who sat as my companion, to my servant.

When she withdrew, the modest gentleman hemmed, and looked on one side, and turned to the right and left, as if his seat was uneasy to him, and I saw knew not how to speak; so I began, in mere compassion to him, and said, Mr. Adams, I have been thinking of what you mentioned to me, as to Polly Barlow.

Hem! hem! said he; and pulled out his handkerchief, and wiped his mouth—Very well, madam:—I hope no offence, madam!

No, sir, none at all. But I am at a loss how to distinguish in this case; whether it may not be from a motive of too humble gratitude, that you don't think yourself above matching with Polly, as you may suppose her a favourite of mine; or whether it be your value for her person and qualities, that makes her more agreeable in your eyes, than any other person would be.

Madam—Madam, said the bashful gentleman hesitatingly—I do—I must needs say—I can't but own—that—Mrs. Mary—is a person—whom I think very agreeable; and no less modest and virtuous.

You know, sir, your own circumstances. To be sure you have a very pretty house and a good living, to carry a wife to: and a gentleman of your prudence and discretion wants not any advice. But you have reaped no benefits by your living. It has been an expense to you rather, which you will not presently get up. Do you propose an early marriage, sir? Or were it not better, that you suspended your intentions of that sort for a year or two more?

Madam, if your ladyship choose not to part with——

Nay, Mr. Adams, interrupted I, I say not anything for my own sake in this point; that is out of the question with me. I can very willingly part with Polly, were it to-morrow, for her good and yours.

Madam, I humbly beg pardon; but—but—delays—may breed dangers.

Oh! very well! thought I; I'll be further, if the artful girl has not let him know, by some means or other, that she has another humble servant.

And so, miss, it has proved—for dismissing my gentleman with assuring him that I had no objection at all to the matter, or to parting with Polly as soon as it suited with their conveniency—I sounded her, and asked if she thought Mr. Adams had any affection for her?

She said, he was a very good gentleman.

I know it, Polly; and are you not of opinion he loves you a little?

Dear ma'am, good your ladyship—love me!—I don't know what such a gentleman as Mr. Adams should see in me, to love me!

Oh! thought I, does the doubt lie on *that* side then?—I see 'tis not of *thine.*

Well, but, Polly, if you have *another* sweetheart, you should do the fair thing. It would be wrong, if you encourage anybody else, if you thought of Mr. Adams.

Indeed, ma'am, I had a letter sent me—a letter that I received—from—from a young man in Bedford; but I never gave an answer to it.

Oh! thought I, then thou wouldst not encourage *two at once!* This was as plain a declaration as I wanted, that she had thoughts of Mr. Adams.

But how came Mr. Adams, Polly, to know of this letter?

How came Mr. Adams to know of it, ma'am—repeated she—half surprised—Why, I don't know, I can't tell how it was—but I dropped it near his desk—pulling out my handkerchief, I believe, ma'am; and he brought it after me; and gave it me again.

Well, thought I, thou'rt an intriguing slut, I doubt, Polly—*Delays may breed dangers,* quoth the poor gentleman!—Ah! girl! girl! thought I, but did not say so, thou deservest to be blown up, and to have thy plot spoiled, that thou dost.—But if thy forwardness should expose thee afterwards to

evils which thou mayest avoid, if thy scheme takes place, I should very much blame myself. And I see he loves thee—so let the matter take its course; I will trouble myself no more about it. I only wish that thou wilt make Mr. Adams as good a wife as he deserves.

And so I dismissed her, telling her that whoever thought of being a clergyman's wife, should resolve to be as good as himself; to set an example to all her sex in the parish, and show how much his doctrines had weight with her; should be humble, circumspect, gentle in her temper and manners, frugal, not proud, nor vying in dress with the ladies of the laity; should resolve to sweeten his labours, and to be obliging in her deportment to poor as well as rich, that her husband got no discredit through her means, which would weaken his influence upon his auditors; and that she must be most of all obliging to him, and study his temper, that his mind might be more disengaged, in order to pursue his studies with the better effect.

And so much, my dear Miss Darnford, for *your* humble servant; and for Mr. Williams's and Mr. Adams's matrimonial prospects. And don't think me disrespectful, that I have mentioned my Polly's affair in the same letter with yours. For in high and low (I forget the Latin phrase—I have not had a lesson a long, long while, from my dear tutor), love is in all the same!—But whether you'll like Mr. H——, as well as Polly does Mr. Adams, that's the question. But leaving that to your own decision, I conclude with one observation: that although I thought ours was a house of as little intriguing as anybody's, since the dear master of it has left off that practice; yet I cannot see that any family can be clear of some of it long together, where there are men and women worth plotting for, as husbands and wives.

My best wishes and respects attend all your worthy neighbours. I hope, ere many months are past, to assure them, severally (to wit, Sir Simon, my lady, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Peters, and his lady, and niece, whose kind congratulations

make me very proud, and very thankful), how much I am obliged to them; and particularly, my dear, how much I am

Your ever affectionate and

Faithful friend and servant,

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER LXXXIV.

Miss Darnford to Mrs. B——.

[In answer to the preceding.]

My dear Mrs. B——,—I have been several times (in company with Mr. Peters) to see Mrs. Jewkes. The poor woman is very bad, and cannot live many days. We comfort her all we can; but she often accuses herself of her past behaviour to so excellent a lady; and with blessings upon blessings, heaped upon you, and her master, and your charming little boy, she is continually declaring how much your goodness to her aggravates her former faults to her own conscience.

She has a sister-in-law and her niece with her, and has settled all her affairs, and thinks she is not long for this world.

Her distemper is an inward decay, all at once, as it were, from a constitution that seemed like one of iron; and she is a mere skeleton: you would not know her, I daresay.

I will see her every day; and she has given me up all her keys and accounts, to give to Mr. Longman; who is daily expected, and I hope will be here soon; for her sister-in-law, she says herself, is a woman of *this world,* as *she* has been.

Mr. Peters calling upon me to go with him to visit her, I will break off here.

Mrs. Jewkes is much as she was; but your faithful steward is come. I am glad of it—and so is she.—Nevertheless, I will go every day, and do all the good I can for the poor woman, according to your charitable desires.

I thank you, madam, for your communication of Lady Davers's letter. I am much obliged to my lord, and her ladyship; and should have been proud of an alliance with that noble family: but with all Mr. H——'s good qualities, as my lady paints them out, and his other advantages, I could not, for the world, make him my husband.

I'll tell you one of my objections, in confidence, however (for you are only to *sound* me, you know), and I would not have it mentioned that I have taken any thought about the matter, because a stronger reason may be given, such a one as my lord and lady will both allow; which I will communicate to you by and by.

My objection arises even from what you intimate of Mr. H——'s good-humour, and his persuadableness, if I may so call it. Now, madam, were I of a boisterous temper, and high spirit, such a one as required great patience in a husband, to bear with me, then Mr. H——'s good-humour might have been a consideration with me. But when I have (I pride myself in the thought) a temper not wholly unlike your own, and such a one as would not want to contend for superiority with a husband, it is no recommendation to me, that Mr. H—— is a good-humoured gentleman, and will bear with faults I design not to be guilty of.

But, my dear Mrs. B——, my husband must be a man of sense, and must give me reason to think he has a superior judgment to my own, or I shall be unhappy. He will otherwise do wrong-headed things: I shall be forced to oppose him in them: he will be tenacious and obstinate, and will be taught to talk of prerogative, and to call himself a *man*, without knowing how to behave as one, and I to despise him of course, and so be deemed a bad wife, when, I hope, I have qualities that would make me a toler-

able good one, with a man of sense for my husband. You know who says,

> For fools (pardon me this harsh word, 'tis in my author),
> For fools are stubborn in their way,
> As coins are hardened by th' allay;
> And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
> As when 'tis in a wrong belief.

Now you must not think I would dispense with real good-humour in a man. No, I make it one of my *indispensables* in a husband. A good-natured man will put the best constructions on what happens: but he must have sense to *distinguish* the best. He will be kind to little, unwilful, undesigned failings: but he must have judgment to distinguish what *are* or are *not* so.

But Mr. H——'s good-humour is softness, as I may call it; and my husband must be such a one, in short, as I need not be ashamed to be seen with in company; one who being my head, must not be beneath all the gentlemen he may happen to fall in with; and who, every time he is adjusting his mouth for speech, will give me pain at my heart, and blushes in my face, even before he speaks.

I could not bear, therefore, that every gentleman and every lady we encountered should be prepared, whenever he offered to open his lips, by their contemptuous smiles, to expect some weak and silly things from him; and when he had spoken, that he should, with a booby grin, seem pleased that he had not disappointed them.

The only recommendatory point in Mr. H—— is, that he dresses exceedingly smart, and is no contemptible figure of a man, as you have observed in a former letter. But, dear madam, you know, that's so much the worse, *when* the man's talent is not taciturnity, except before his aunt, or before Mr. B——, or you; *when* he is not conscious of internal defect, and values himself upon outward appearance.

As to his attempt upon your Polly, though I don't like him the better for it, yet it is a fault so wickedly common

among men, that when a woman resolves never to marry till a quite virtuous man addresses her, it is, in other words, resolving to die single: so that I make not this the *chief* objection; and yet, I must tell you, I would abate in my expectations of half a dozen other good qualities, rather than that one of virtue in a husband.

But when I reflect upon the figure Mr. H—— made in that affair, I cannot bear him; and if I may judge of other coxcombs by him, what wretches are these smart, well-dressing, querpo-fellows, many of which you and I have seen admiring themselves at the plays and operas!

This is one of my infallible rules, and I know it is yours too; that he who is taken up with the admiration of his own person, will never admire a wife's. His delights are centred in himself, and he will not wish to get out of that narrow, that exceeding narrow circle; and, in my opinion, should keep no company but that of tailors, wig-puffers, and milliners.

But I will run on no further upon this subject; but will tell you a reason which you *may* give to Lady Davers, why her kind intentions to me cannot be answered; and which she'll take better than what I *have said*, were she to know it, as I hope you won't let her: and this is, my papa has had a proposal made to him from a gentleman you have seen, and have thought polite.* It is from Sir W. G——, of this county, who is one of your great admirers, and Mr. B——'s too; and that, you must suppose, makes me have never the worse opinion of him, or of his understanding; although it requires no great sagacity or penetration to see how much you adorn our sex, and human nature too.

Everything was adjusted between my papa and mamma, and Sir William, on condition we approved of each other, before I came down; which I knew not, till I had seen him here four times; and then my papa surprised me into half an approbation of him: and this, it seems, was one of the reasons why I was so hurried down from you.

* See vol. ii. p. 381.

I can't say but I like the man as well as most I have seen; he is a man of sense and sobriety, to give him his due, and is in very easy circumstances, and much respected by all who know him; and that's no bad earnest, you are sensible, in a marriage prospect.

But hitherto he seems to like me better than I do him. I don't know how it is, but I have often observed, that when anything is in our own power, we are not half so much taken with it, as we should be perhaps if we were kept in suspense! Why should this be?

But this I am convinced of, there is no comparison between Sir William and Mr. Murray.

Now I have named this brother-in-law of mine; what do you think?

Why, that good couple have had their house on fire three times already, and that very dangerously too. Once it was put out by Mr. Murray's mother, who lives near them; and twice Sir Simon has been forced to carry water to extinguish it; for, truly, Mrs. Murray would go home again to her papa: she would not live with such a surly wretch. And it was, with all his heart: A fair riddance! for there was no bearing the house with such an ill-natured wife! Her sister Polly was worth a thousand of her!

I am sorry, heartily sorry, for their unhappiness. But could she think everybody must bear with her and her fretful ways?

They'll jangle on, I reckon, till they are better used to one another; and when he sees she can't help it, why he'll bear with her, as husbands generally do with ill-tempered wives; that is to say, he'll try to make himself happy abroad, and leave her to quarrel with her maids, instead of him; for she must have somebody to vent her spleen upon, poor Nancy!

I am glad to hear of Mr. Williams's good fortune.

As Mr. Adams knows not Polly's fault, and it was prevented in time, they may be happy enough. She is a *sly* girl. I always thought her so: something so innocent, and yet so artful, in her very looks! She is an odd compound

of a girl. But these worthy and piously turned young gentlemen, who have but just quitted the college, are mere novices as to the world. Indeed they are *above* it, while *in* it; they therefore give themselves little trouble to study it; and so, depending on the goodness of their own hearts, are more liable to be imposed upon than people of half their understanding.

I think, since he seems to love her, you do right not to hinder the girl's fortune. But I wish she may take your advice, in her behaviour to *him*, at least; for as to her carriage to her neighbours, I doubt she'll be one of the heads of the parish, presently, in her own estimation.

'Tis pity, methinks, any worthy man of the cloth should have a wife who, by her bad example, should pull down, as fast as he, by a good one, can build up.

This is not the case of Mrs. Peters, however; whose example I wish was more generally followed by gentlewomen who are made so by marrying good clergymen, if they were not so before.

Don't be surprised, if you should hear that poor Jewkes is given over!—She made a very exemplary—full of blessings—and more easy and resigned than I apprehended she would be.

I know you'll shed a tear for the poor woman:—I can't help it myself. But you will be pleased that she had so much time given her, and made so good use of it.

Mr. Peters has been everything that one would wish one of his function to be, in his attendances and advice to the poor woman. Mr. Longman will take proper care of everything.

So I will only add that I am, with the sincerest respects, in hopes to see you soon (for I have a multitude of things to talk to you about), dear Mrs. B——,

Your ever faithful and affectionate

POLLY DARNFORD.

LETTER LXXXV.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My dear Lady Davers, — I understand from Miss Darnford, that before she went down from us, her papa had encouraged a proposal made by Sir W. G——, whom you saw when your ladyship was a kind visitor in Bedfordshire. We all agreed, if your ladyship remembers, that he was a polite and sensible gentleman, and I find it is countenanced on all hands.

Poor Mrs. Jewkes, madam, as miss informs me, has paid her last debt. I hope through mercy she is happy! Poor, poor woman! But why say I so!—Since, in *that* case, she will be richer than an earthly monarch!

Your ladyship was once mentioning a sister of Mrs. Worden, whom you could be glad to recommend to some worthy family.—Shall I beg of you, madam, to oblige Mr. B——'s in this particular? I am sure she must have merit, if your ladyship thinks well of her; and your commands in this as well as in every other particular in my power, shall have their due weight with

Your ladyship's

Obliged sister and humble servant,

P. B——.

Just now, dear madam, Mr. B—— tells me I shall have Miss Goodwin brought me hither to-morrow!

LETTER LXXXVI.

Lady Davers to Mrs. B——.

[In answer to the preceding.]

My dear Pamela,—I am glad Miss Darnford is likely to be so happy in a husband, as Sir W. G—— will certainly make her. I was afraid that the proposal I made would not do with her, had she not had so good a tender. I want *too* to have the foolish fellow married—for several reasons; one of which is, he is continually teasing us to permit him to go up to town, and to reside there for some months, in order that he may *see the world*, as he calls it. But we are convinced he would *feel* it as well as *see* it, if we gave way to his request: for in understanding, dress, and inconsiderate vanity, he is so exactly cut out and sized for a town fop, coxcomb, or pretty fellow, that he will undoubtedly fall into all the vices of those people; and perhaps, having such expectations as he has, will be made the property of rakes and sharpers. He complains that we use him like a child in a go-cart, or a baby with leading-strings, and that he must not be trusted out of our sight. 'Tis a sad thing that these *bodies* will grow up to the stature of men, when the *minds* improve not at all with them, but are still those of boys and children. Yet he would certainly make a fond husband; for at present he has no very bad qualities. But is such a Narcissus!—But this between ourselves, for his uncle is wrapt up in the fellow—And why? Because he is good-humoured, that's all. He has vexed me lately, which makes me write so angrily about him—but 'tis not worth troubling you with the particulars.

I hope Mrs. Jewkes is happy, as you say!—Poor woman! she seemed to promise for a longer life! But what shall we say?

Your compliment to me about my Beck's sister is a very kind one. I am greatly obliged to you for it. Mrs. Old-

ham is a sober, grave widow, a little aforehand in the world, but not much; has lived well; understands household management thoroughly; is diligent, and has a turn to serious things, which will make you like her the better.

I'll order Beck and her to wait on you, and she will satisfy you in everything as to what you may, or may not expect of her.

You can't think how kindly I take this motion from you. You forget nothing that can oblige your friends. Little did I think you would remember me of (what I had forgotten in a manner), my favourable opinion and wishes for her, expressed so long ago—But you are what you are—a dear, obliging creature.

Beck is all joy and gratitude upon it; and her sister had rather serve you than the princess. You need be under no difficulties about terms: she would serve you for nothing, if you would accept of her service.

I am glad, because it pleases you so much, that Miss Goodwin will be soon put into your care. It will be happy for the child; and I hope she will be so dutiful to you, as to give you no pain for your generous goodness to her. Her mamma has sent me a present of some choice products of that climate, with acknowledgments of my kindness to miss. I will send part of it to you by your new servant; for so I presume to call her already.

What a naughty sister are you, however, to be so far advanced again, as to be obliged to shorten your intended excursions, and yet not to send me word of it yourself! Don't you know how much I interest myself in everything that makes for my brother's happiness and yours?—More especially in so material a point as is the increase of a family, that it is my boast to be sprung from.—Yet I must find this out by accident, and by other hands!—Is not this very slighting?—But never do so again, and I'll forgive you now, because of the joy it gives me: who am

Your truly affectionate and obliged sister,

B. DAVERS.

I thank you for your book upon the plays you saw. Enclosed is a list of some others, which I desire you to read, and to oblige me with your remarks upon them at your leisure; though you may not perhaps have seen them by the time you will favour me with your observations.

—o—

LETTER LXXXVII.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My dear Lady Davers,—I have a valuable present made me by the same lady: and therefore hope you will not take it amiss, that, with abundance of thanks, I return yours by Mrs. Worden: whose sister I much approve of, and thank your ladyship for your kind recommendation of so worthy a person. We begin with so much good liking to one another, that I doubt not we shall be very happy together.

A moving letter, much more valuable to me than the handsome present, was put into my hands at the same time with that; of which the following is a copy:

Mrs. Wrightson (formerly Miss Sally Godfrey) to Mrs. B——.

'Happy, deservedly happy, dear Lady!—Permit 'these lines to kiss your hands from one, who, though she 'is a stranger to your person, is not so to your character: 'That has reached us here, in this remote part of the world, 'where you have as many admirers as have heard of you. 'But *I* more particularly am bound to be so, by an obliga- 'tion which I can never discharge, but by my daily prayers 'for you, and the blessings I continually implore upon you 'and yours.

'I can write my whole mind *to* you, though I cannot, 'from the most deplorable infelicity, receive *from* you the 'wished-for favour of a few lines in return, written with 'the same unreservedness: So unhappy am I, from the 'effects of an inconsideration and weakness on one hand, 'and temptations on the other, which you, at a tenderer 'age, most nobly, for your own honour, and that of your 'sex, have escaped: whilst I—but let my tears in these 'blots speak the rest—as my heart bleeds, and has con-'stantly bled ever since, at the grievous remembrance— 'But believe me, however, dear madam, that 'tis shame and 'sorrow, and not pride and impenitence, that make me 'loath to speak out, to so much purity of life and manners, 'my own odious weakness.

'Nevertheless I ought, and I *will* accuse myself by name. 'Imagine then, illustrious lady, truly illustrious, for virtues 'which are infinitely superior to all the advantages of birth 'and fortune!—Imagine, I say, that in this letter you see 'before you the *once* guilty, and therefore, I doubt, *always* 'guilty, but *ever penitent*, Sarah Godfrey; the unhappy, 'though fond and tender mother of the poor infant, to 'whom your generous goodness, as I am informed, has 'extended itself in such a manner, as to make you desirous 'of taking her under your worthy protection. God for ever 'bless you for it! prays an indulgent mother, who admires, 'at an awful distance, that virtue in you, which she could 'not practise herself.

'And will you, my dearest lady, will you take under 'your own immediate protection the poor unguilty infant? 'Will you love her, for the sake of her suffering mamma, 'whom you know not; for the sake of the gentleman now 'so dear to you, and so worthy of you, as I hear with 'pleasure he is? And will you, by the best example in the 'world, give me a moral assurance, that she will never sink 'into the fault, the weakness, the crime (I ought not to 'scruple to call it so), of her poor inconsiderate—But you 'are her mamma *now*: I will not think of a *guilty* one 'therefore. And what a joy is it to me, in the midst of my

'heavy reflections on my past misconduct, that my beloved 'Sally can boast a *virtuous* and *innocent mamma,* who has 'withstood the snares and temptations that have been so 'fatal—elsewhere!—and whose example and instructions, 'next to God's grace, will be the strongest fences that can 'be wished for, to her honour!—Once more, I say, and on 'my knees I write it! God for ever bless you here, and 'augment your joys hereafter, for your generous goodness 'to my poor, and till now, *motherless* infant.

'I hope the dear child, by her duty and obligingness, 'will do all in her little power to make you amends, and 'never give you cause to repent of this your *unexampled* 'kindness to her and to *me.* She cannot, I hope (except 'her mother's crime has had an influence upon her, too 'much like that of an original stain), be of a sordid, or an 'ungrateful nature. And, oh my poor Sally! if you *are,* 'and if ever you fail in your duty to your new mamma, 'to whose care and authority I transfer my *whole* right in 'you, remember that you have no more a mamma in me, 'nor can you be entitled to my blessing, or to the fruits of 'my prayers for you, which I make now, on that *only* con- 'dition, your implicit obedience to all your new mamma's 'commands and directions.

'You may have the curiosity, madam, to wish to know 'how I live: for no doubt you have heard of all my sad, 'sad story!—Know then, that I am as happy as a poor 'creature can be, who has once so deplorably, so inexcus- 'ably fallen. I have a worthy gentleman for my husband, 'who married me as a widow, whose only child, by my 'former, was the care of her papa's friends, particularly 'of good Lady Davers, and her brother.—Poor unhappy 'I! to be under such a *sad* necessity to disguise the truth! '—Mr. Wrightson (whose name I am unworthily honoured 'by) has several times earnestly entreated me to send for 'the poor child, and to let her be joined as his—killing 'thought that it cannot be!—with two children I have 'by him!—Judge, my good lady, how that very generosity, 'which, had I been guiltless, would have added to my joys,

'must wound me deeper than even ungenerous or unkind 'usage from him could do! And how heavy that crime 'must lie upon me, which turns my very pleasures to 'misery, and fixes all the joy I *can* know in repentance 'for my past misdeeds!—How happy are YOU, madam, 'on the contrary; YOU, who have nothing of this sort 'to pall, nothing to mingle with, your felicities! who, 'blessed in an honour untainted, and a conscience that 'cannot reproach you, are enabled to enjoy every well-'deserved comfort, as it offers itself; and can *improve* it 'too, by reflections on *your* past conduct! While *mine*, 'alas! like a winter frost, nips in the bud every rising 'satisfaction!

'My husband is rich as well as generous, and very 'tender of me—Happy if I could think *myself* as deserving 'as he thinks me!—My principal comfort, as I hinted, 'is in my penitence for my past faults; and that I have a 'merciful God for my judge, who knows that penitence to 'be sincere!

'You may guess, madam, from what I have said, in 'what light I *must* appear here; and if you would favour 'me with a line or two, in answer to the letter you have 'now in your hand, it will be one of the greatest pleasures 'I *can* receive: A pleasure next to that which I *have* 'received in knowing, that the gentleman you love best 'has had the grace to repent of all his evils; has early 'seen his errors; and has thereby, I hope, freed *two* persons 'from being, one day, mutual accusers of each other: For 'now I please myself to think, that the crimes of both may 'be washed away in the blood of that Saviour God, whom 'both have so grievously offended!

'May that good God, who has not suffered me to be 'abandoned entirely to my own shame, as I deserved, con-'tinue to shower down upon you those blessings which a 'virtue like yours may expect from His mercy! May you 'long be happy in the possession of all you wish! And late, 'very late (For the good of thousands I wish this!) may 'you receive the reward of your piety, your generosity,

'and your filial, your social, and conjugal virtues! are the 'prayers of

'Your most unworthy admirer,

'And obliged humble servant,

'SARAH WRIGHTSON.'

'Mr. Wrightson begs your acceptance of a small pre-
'sent, part of which can have no value, but what its
'excelling qualities, for what it is, will give it at so
'great a distance as that dear England which I once
'left with so much shame and regret; but with a
'laudable purpose, *however*, because I would not incur
'still *greater* shame, and, of consequence, give cause
'for still *greater* regret!'

To this letter, my dear Lady Davers, I have written the following answer, which Mr. B—— will take care to have conveyed to her.

'DEAREST MADAM,—I embrace with great pleasure the 'opportunity you have so kindly given me, of writing to a 'lady whose person though I have not the honour to know, 'yet whose character and noble qualities I truly revere.

'I am infinitely obliged to you, madam, for the precious 'trust you have reposed in me, and the right you make 'over to me, of your maternal interest in a child on whom 'I set my heart the moment I saw her.

'Lady Davers, whose love and tenderness for miss, as 'well for her mamma's sake as your late worthy spouse's, 'had, from her kind opinion of me, consented to grant me 'this favour; and I was, by Mr. B——'s leave, in actual 'possession of my pretty ward about a week before your 'kind letter came to my hands.

'As I had been long very solicitous for this favour, 'judge how welcome your kind concurrence was to me; 'and the rather, as, had I known that a letter from you 'was on the way to me, I should have apprehended that

'you would have insisted upon depriving the surviving 'friends of her dear papa, of the pleasure they take in the 'dear child. Indeed, madam, I believe we should one and 'all have joined to disobey you, had *that* been the case; 'and it is a great satisfaction to us, that we are not under 'so hard a necessity as to dispute with a tender mamma 'the possession of her own child.

'Assure yourself, dearest, worthiest, kindest madam, of 'a care and tenderness in me to the dear child, truly 'maternal, and answerable, as much as in my power, to 'the trust you repose in me. The little boy that God has 'given me, shall not be more dear to me than my sweet 'Miss Goodwin shall be; and my care, by God's grace, 'shall extend to her *future* as well as to her *present* pro- 'spects, that she may be worthy of that piety, and *truly* 'religious excellence, which I admire in your character.

'We all rejoice, dear madam, in the account you give 'of your present happiness. It was impossible that God 'Almighty should desert a lady so exemplarily deserving; 'and He certainly conducted you in your resolutions to 'abandon everything that you loved in England, after the 'loss of your dear spouse, because it seems to have been 'the intention of His providence, that you should reward 'the merit of Mr. Wrightson, and meet with your own 'reward in so doing.

'Miss is very fond of my little Billy: She is a charming 'child! is easy and genteel in her shape; and very pretty; 'she dances finely; has a sweet air; and is improving 'every day in music; works with her needle, and reads 'admirably for her years, and takes a delight in both; 'which gives me no small pleasure. But she is not very 'forward in her penmanship, as you will see by what 'follows: The enditing too is her own: but in that, and 'the writing, she took a good deal of time, on a separate 'paper.'

'DEAREST DEAR MAMMA,—Your Sally is full of joy, 'to have any commands from her honoured mamma. I

'promise to follow all your directions. Indeed, and upon 'my word, I will. You please me mightily in giving me 'so dear a new mamma here. Now I know indeed I have 'a mamma, and I will love and obey her as if she was you 'your own self. Indeed I will. You must always bless 'me, because I will be always good. I hope you will believe 'me, because I am above telling fibs. I am, my honoured 'mamma on the other side of the water, and ever will be, 'as if you was here,

'Your dutiful daughter,

'SALLY GOODWIN.'

'Miss (permit me, dear madam, to subjoin) is a very 'good-tempered child, easy to be persuaded, and I hope 'loves me dearly; and I will endeavour to make her love 'me better and better; for on that love will depend the 'regard which I hope she will pay to all I shall say and 'do for her good.

'Repeating my acknowledgments for the kind trust 'you repose in me, and with thanks for the valuable 'present you have sent me, we all here join in respects to 'worthy Mr. Wrightson, and in wishing you, madam, 'a continuance and increase of worldly felicity: and I, 'particularly, beg leave to assure you that I am, and ever 'will be, with the highest respect and gratitude, though 'personally unknown, dearest madam,

'The affectionate admirer of your piety,

'And your obliged humble servant,

'P. B——.'

Your ladyship will see how I was circumscribed and limited; otherwise I would have told the good lady (what I have mentioned more than once) how I admire and honour her for her penitence, and for that noble resolution which enabled her to do what thousands could not have the heart to do, abandon her country, her relations, friends, baby, and all that was dear to her, as well as the

seducer, whom she too well loved, and hazard the sea, the dangers of pirates, and possibly of other wicked attempters of the mischievous sex, in a world she knew nothing of, among strangers; and all to avoid repeating a sin she had been unhappily drawn into; and for which she still abhors herself!

Must not such a lady as this, dear madam, have as much merit as many even of those who, having not had her temptations, have not fallen? This, at least, one may aver, that next to not committing an error, is the resolution to retrieve it all that one may, to repent of it, and studiously to avoid the repetition. But who, besides this excellent Mrs. Wrightson, having so fallen, and being still so ardently solicited and pursued (and flattered perhaps by fond hopes that her spoiler would one day do her all the justice he *could* —for who can do complete justice to a woman he has robbed of her honour?)—could resolve as she resolved, and act as she acted?

Miss Goodwin is a sweet child; but, permit me to say, has a little of her papa's spirit; hasty, yet generous and acknowledging, when she is convinced of her fault; a little haughtier and prouder than I wish her to be; but in everything else deserves the character I give of her to her mamma.

She is very fond of fine clothes; is a little too lively to the servants—told me once, when I took notice that softness and mildness of speech became a young lady, That they were *but* servants; and she could say no more, than *pray*, and *I desire*, and *I wish you'd be so kind*—to her uncle, or to me.

I told her, that good servants deserved any civil distinctions; and that so long as they were ready to oblige her in everything by a kind word, it would be very wrong to give them imperative ones, which could serve for no other end but to convince observers of the haughtiness of one's own temper; and looked as if one would question their compliance with our wills, unless we would exact it with a high hand; which might cast a slur upon the command we

gave, as if we thought it was hardly so reasonable, as otherwise to obtain their observation of it.

Besides, my dear, said I, you don't consider that, if you speak as haughtily and commandingly to them on common as on extraordinary occasions, you weaken your own authority, if ever you should be permitted to have any, and they'll regard you no more in the one case than in the other.

She takes great notice of what I say; and when her little proud heart is subdued by reasonings she cannot answer, she will sit as if she were studying what to say, that she may come off as flyingly as she can: and as the case requires, I let her go off easily, or I push the little dear to her last refuge, and make her quit her post, and yield up her spirit a captive to reason and discretion, two excellent commanders, with whom, I tell her, I must bring her to be intimately acquainted.

Yet, after all, till I can be sure that I can inspire her with the love of virtue, for *its own* sake, I will rather try to conduct her spirit to proper ends, than endeavour totally to subdue it; being sensible that our passions are given us for excellent ends, and that they may, by a proper direction, be made subservient to the noblest purposes.

I tell her sometimes, there may be a decent pride in humility, and that it is very possible for a young lady to behave with so much *true* dignity as shall command respect by the turn of her eye, sooner than by asperity of speech; that she may depend upon it, that the person who is always finding faults, frequently causes them; and that it is no glory to be better born than servants, if she is not better behaved too.

Besides, I tell her, humility is a grace that shines in a *high* condition, but cannot equally in a *low* one; because that is already too much humbled perhaps: and that, though there is a censure lies against being *poor and proud*, yet I would rather forgive pride in a poor body than in a rich; for in the rich it is insult and arrogance, proceeding from their high condition; but in the poor it may be a

defensative against dishonesty, and may show a natural bravery of mind perhaps, if properly directed, and manifested on right occasions, that the frowns of fortune cannot depress.

She says, she hears every day things from me which her governess never taught her.

That may very well be, I tell her, because her governess has *many* young ladies to take care of; I but *one;* and that I want to make her wise and prudent betimes, that she may be an example to other misses; and that governesses and mammas shall say to their misses, When will you be like Miss Goodwin? Do you ever hear Miss Goodwin say a naughty word? Would Miss Goodwin, think you, have done so or so?

She threw her arms about my neck on one such occasion as this: Oh, said she, what a charming mamma have I got! I will be in everything as like you, madam, as ever I can; and then you will love me, and so will my uncle, and so will everybody else.

Mr. B——, whom, now and then, she says she loves as well as if he were her own papa, sees with pleasure how we go on; and loves us both, if possible, better and better. But she tells me I must not have any daughter but her, and is very jealous on the occasion about which your ladyship so kindly reproaches me.

There is a pride, you know, madam, in some of our sex, that serves to useful purposes, and is a good defence against improper matches, and mean actions; and this is not wholly to be subdued, for that reason; for, though it is not *virtue*, yet, if it can be virtue's *substitute*, in high, rash, and inconsiderate minds, it may turn to good account. So I will not quite discourage my dear pupil neither, till I see what discretion, and riper years, may add to her distinguishing faculty. For, as some have no notion of pride, separate from imperiousness and arrogance; so others know no difference between humility and meanness.

There is a golden mean in everything; and if it please God to spare us both, I will endeavour to point her passions,

and such even of those foibles, which seem too deeply rooted to be soon eradicated, to useful purposes; choosing to imitate physicians, who in certain chronical illnesses, as I have read in Lord Bacon, rather proceed by palliatives than by harsh extirpatives, which, through the resistance given to them by the constitution, may create such ferments in it, as may destroy that health it was their intention to establish.

But whither am I running?—Your ladyship, I hope, will excuse this parading freedom of my pen: for though these notions are well enough with regard to Miss Goodwin, they must be very impertiment to a lady, who can so much better instruct miss's tutoress, than that vain tutoress can her pupil. And therefore, with my humblest respects to my good Lord Davers, and your noble neighbours, and to Mr. H——, I hasten to conclude myself

Your ladyship's obliged sister

And obedient servant,

P. B——.

Your Billy, madam, is a charming dear!—I long to have you see him. He sends you a kiss upon this paper. You'll see it stained just here. The charmer has cut two teeth, and is about more: So you'll excuse the dear, pretty slabbering boy. Miss Goodwin is ready to eat him with love: and Mr. B—— is fonder and fonder of us all: and then your ladyship, and my good Lord Davers, love us too. O madam, what a blessed creature am I!

Miss Goodwin begs I'll send her duty to her *noble* uncle and aunt; that's her just distinction always, when she speaks of you both, which is not seldom. She asked me, pretty dear, just now, If I think there is such a happy girl in the world as she is? I tell her, God always blesses good misses, and makes them happier and happier.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My dear Lady Davers,—I have three marriages to acquaint you with in one letter. In the first place, Sir W. G—— has sent, by the particular desire of my dear friend, that he was made one of the happiest men in England on the 18th past; and so I have no longer my Miss Darnford to boast of. I have a very good opinion of the gentleman; but if he be but half so good a husband, as she will make a wife, they will be exceedingly happy in one another.

Mr. Williams's marriage to a kinswoman of his noble patron (as you have heard was in treaty), is the next; and there is great reason to believe, from the character of both, that they will likewise do credit to the state.

The third is Mr. Adams and Polly Barlow; and I wish them, for both their sakes, as happy as either of the former. They are set out to his living, highly pleased with one another; and I hope will have reason to continue so to be.

As to the first, I did not indeed think the affair would have been so soon concluded; and miss kept it off so long, as I understand, that her papa was angry with her. And indeed, as the gentleman's family, circumstances, and character, were such that there could lie no objection against him, I think it would have been wrong to have delayed it.

I should have written to your ladyship before; but have been favoured with Mr. B——'s company into Kent, on a visit to my good mother, who was indisposed. We tarried there a week, and left both my dear parents, to my thankful satisfaction, in as good health as ever they were in their lives.

Mrs. Judy Swynford, or Miss Swynford (as she refuses not

being called, now and then), has been with us for this week past; and she expects her brother, Sir Jacob, to fetch her away about a week hence.

It does not become me to write the least word that may appear disrespectful of any person who has the honour to bear a relation to your ladyship and Mr. B——; otherwise I should say that the B——s and the S——s are directly the opposites of one another. But yet, as (she says) she never saw your ladyship but once, you will forgive me to mention a word or two about this lady, because she is a character that is in a manner new to me.

She is a maiden lady, as you know, madam; and though she will not part with the green leaf from her hand, one sees by the grey-goose down on her brows and her head, that she cannot be less than fifty-five.—But so much pains does she take, by powder, to have never a dark hair in her head, because she has one half of them white, that I am sorry to see, what is a subject for reverence, should be deemed by the good lady matter of concealment.

She is often in conversation, indeed, seemingly reproaching herself that she is an *old maid*, and an *old woman;* but it is very discernible that she expects a compliment, that she is *not so*, every time she is so free with herself: and if nobody makes her one, she will say something of that sort in her own behalf.

She takes particular care that of all the public transactions which happen to be talked of, her memory will never carry her back above thirty years; and then it is, About thirty years ago, when I was a girl, or, when I was in hanging-sleeves; and so she makes herself, for twenty years of her life, a very useless and insignificant person.

If her teeth, which, for her time of life, are very good, though not over white (and which, by the care she takes of them, she seems to look upon as the last remains of her better days), would but fail her, I imagine it would help her to a conviction that would set her ten years forwarder at least. But, poor lady! she is so *young*, in spite of her wrinkles, that I am really concerned for her affectation;

because it exposes her to the remarks and ridicule of the gentlemen, and gives one pain for her.

Surely these ladies don't act prudently at all; since, for every year Mrs. Judy would take from her age, her censurers add two to it; and behind her back make her going on towards seventy; whereas, if she would lay claim to her *reverentials*, as I may say, and not endeavour to conceal her age, she would have a great many compliments for looking so well at her time of life. And many a young body would hope to be the better for her advice and experience, who now are afraid of affronting her, if they suppose she has lived much longer in the world than themselves.

Then she laughs back to the years she owns, when more flippant ladies, at the laughing-time of life, delight to be frolic. She tries to sing too, although, if ever she had a voice, she has outlived it; and her songs are of so antique a date, that they would betray her; only, as she tells us, they were taught her by her grandmother, who was a fine lady at the Restoration. She will join in a dance; and though her limbs move not so pliantly, as might be expected of a lady no older than she would be thought to be, and whose dancing-days are not entirely over, yet that was owing to a fall from her horse some years ago, which, she doubts, she shall never recover, so as to be quite well; though she finds she grows better and better *every year*.

Thus she loses the respect, the reverence, she might receive, were it not for this miserable affectation; takes pains, by aping youth, to make herself unworthy of her years, and is content to be thought less discreet than she might otherwise be deemed, for fear she should be imagined older, if she appeared wiser.

What a sad thing is this, madam!—What a mistaken conduct! We pray to live to old age; and it is promised as a blessing, and as a reward, for the performance of certain duties; and yet, when we come to it, we had rather be thought as foolish as youth, than to be deemed wise, and in possession of it. And so we show how little we deserve what we have been so long coveting; and yet covet on:

For what? Why, to be more and more ashamed, and more and more unworthy of what we covet!

How fantastic a character is this!—Well may irreverent, unthinking youth despise, instead of revering the hoary head, which the wearer is so much ashamed of.

Will you forgive me, madam? The lady boasts a relationship to you and to Mr. B——; and I think I am very bold. But my reverence for years, and the disgust I have to see anybody behave unworthy of them, makes me take the greater liberty: which, however, I shall wish I had not taken, if it meets not with that allowance which I have always had from your ladyship in what I write.

God knows whether ever I may enjoy the blessing I so much revere in others. For now my heavy time approaches. But I was so apprehensive before, and so troublesome to my best friends, with my vapourish fears, that now (with a perfect resignation to the Divine Will) I will only add, that I am

Your ladyship's

Most obliged sister and servant,

P. B——.

My dear Billy and Miss Goodwin improve both of them every day, and are all I can desire or expect them to be. Could miss's poor mamma be here with a wish, and back again, how much would she be delighted with one of our afternoon conferences; our Sunday employments, especially!—And let me tell your ladyship, that I am very happy in another young gentleman of the dean's recommending, instead of Mr. Adams.

—o—

LETTER LXXXIX.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My dearest Lady,—I am once more, blessed be God for all His mercies to me! enabled to dedicate to you the first fruits of my penmanship, on my upsitting, to thank you, and my noble lord, for all your kind solicitudes for my welfare. Billy every day improves, miss is all I wish her to be, and my second dear boy continues to be as lovely and as fine a baby as your ladyship was pleased to think him; and their papa, the best of husbands!

I am glad to hear Lady Betty is likely to be so happy. Mr. B—— says, her noble admirer is as worthy a gentleman as any in the peerage; and I beg of your ladyship to congratulate the dear lady, and her noble parents, in my name, if I should be at a distance when the nuptials are celebrated.

I have had the honour of a visit from my lady, the countess dowager, on occasion of her leaving the kingdom for a year or two, for which space she designs to reside in Italy; principally at Naples or Florence; a design she took up, some time ago, as I believe I mentioned to your ladyship; but which it seems she could not conveniently put into execution till now.

Mr. B—— was abroad when her ladyship came, having taken a turn to Gloucester the day before, and I expected him not till the next day. Her ladyship sent her gentleman the preceding evening, to let me know that business had brought her as far as Wooburn; and if it would not be unacceptable, she would pay her respects to me, at breakfast, the next morning, being speedily to leave England. I returned, that I should be very proud of that honour. And about ten her ladyship came.

She was exceedingly fond of my two boys, the little man, and the pretty baby, as she called them; and I had evry

different emotions from the expression of her love to Billy, and her visit to me, from what I had once before. She was sorry, she said, Mr. B—— was abroad; though her business was principally with me. For, Mrs. B——, said she, I come to tell you all that passed between Mr. B—— and myself, that you may not think worse of either of us than we deserve; and I could not leave England till I had done myself the pleasure of waiting on you for this purpose; and yet perhaps from the distance of time, you'll think it needless now. And indeed I should have waited on you before, to have cleared up my character with you, had I thought I should have been so long kept on this side of the water.

I said, I was very sorry I had ever been uneasy, when I had two persons of so much honour—Nay, said she, interrupting me, you have no need to apologise: things looked bad enough, as they were represented to you, to justify greater uneasiness than you expressed.

She asked me, Who that pretty genteel miss was?—I said, a relation of Lord Davers, who was intrusted lately to my care. Then, miss, said her ladyship, and kissed her, you are very happy.

Believing the countess was desirous of being alone with me, I said, My dear Miss Goodwin, won't you go to your little nursery, my love? For so she calls my last blessing—you'd be sorry the baby should cry for you—for she was so taken with the charming lady, that she was loath to leave us—but, on my saying this, withdrew.

When we were alone, the countess began her story with a sweet confusion, which added to her loveliness. She said, she would be brief, because she should exact all my attention, and not suffer me to interrupt her till she had done.

She began with acknowledging, 'That she thought, when 'she first saw Mr. B—— at the masquerade, that he was 'the finest gentleman she had ever seen; that the allowed 'freedoms of the place had made her take liberties in 'following him, and engaging him wherever he went. She 'blamed him very freely for passing for a single man; for

'that, she said (since she had so splendid a fortune of her 'own), was all she was solicitous about; having never, as 'she confessed, seen a man she could like so well; her 'former marriage having been in some sort forced upon 'her, at an age when she knew not how to distinguish; 'and that she was very loath to believe him married, even 'when she had no reason to doubt it. Yet this I must say, 'madam, said her ladyship, I never heard a man, when he 'owned he was married, express himself with more affec-'tionate regard and fondness than he did of you, whenever 'he spoke of you to me; which made me long to see you: 'for I had a great opinion of those personal advantages 'which every one flattered me with; and was very unwill-'ing to yield the palm of beauty to you.

'I believe you will censure me, Mrs. B——, for permit-'ting his visits after I knew he was married. To be sure 'that was a thoughtless and a faulty part of my conduct '—but the world's saucy censures, and my friends' indis-'creet interposals, incensed me; and knowing the upright-'ness of my own heart, I was resolved to disregard both, 'when I found they could not think worse of me than 'they did.

'I am naturally of a high spirit, impatient of contradic-'tion, always gave myself freedoms, for which, satisfied 'with my own innocence, I thought myself above being 'accountable to anybody.—And then Mr. B—— has such 'noble sentiments, a courage and fearlessness which I saw 'on more occasions than one, that all ladies who know the 'weakness of their own sex, and how much they want the 'protection of the brave, are taken with. Then his 'personal address was so peculiarly distinguishing, that 'having an opinion of his honour, I was embarrassed greatly 'how to deny myself his conversation; although, you'll 'pardon me, Mrs. B——, I began to be afraid that my 'reputation might suffer in the world's opinion for the 'indulgence.

'Then, when I had resolved, as I did several times, to 'see him no more, some unforeseen accident threw him in

'my way again, at one entertainment or other; for I love 'balls, and concerts, and public diversions perhaps better 'than I ought; and then I had all my resolves to begin 'again.

'Yet this I can truly say, whatever his views were, I 'never heard from him the least indecent expression, nor 'saw in his behaviour to me aught that might make me 'very apprehensive; saving, that I began to fear, that by 'his insinuating address, and noble manner, I should be 'too much in his power, and too little in my own, if I went 'on so little doubting, and so little alarmed, if ever he 'should avow dishonourable designs.

'I had often lamented, said her ladyship, that our sex 'were prohibited, by the designs of the other upon their 'honour, and by the world's censures, from conversing 'with the same ease and freedom with gentlemen, as with 'one another. And when once I asked myself, to what 'this conversation might tend at last? and where the 'pleasure each seemed to take in the other's, might possibly 'end? I resolved to break it off; and told him my resolu-'tion next time I saw him. But he stopped my mouth 'with a romantic notion, as I since think it (though a 'sorry plea will have weight in favour of a proposal, to 'which one has no aversion), of Platonic love; and we had 'an intercourse by letters, to the number of six or eight, I 'believe, on that and other subjects.

'Yet all this time I was the less apprehensive, because 'he always spoke so tenderly, and even with delight, when-'ever he mentioned his lady; and I could not find that 'you were at all alarmed at our acquaintance; for I never 'scrupled to send my letters by my own livery to your 'house, sealed with my own seal.

'At last indeed he began to tell me, that from the 'sweetest and the evenest temper in the world, you seemed 'to be leaning towards melancholy, were always in tears, 'or showed you had been weeping, when he came home; 'and that you did not make his return to you so agreeable 'as he used to find it.

'I asked, if it were not owing to some alteration in 'his own temper? If you might not be uneasy at our 'acquaintance, and at his frequent absence from you, 'and the like? He answered, No!—that you were above 'disguises, were of a noble and frank nature, and would 'have taken some opportunity to hint it to him, if you 'had.

'This, however, when I began to think seriously of the 'matter, gave me but little satisfaction; and I was more 'and more convinced that my honour required it of me, 'to break off this intimacy.

'And although I permitted Mr. B—— to go with me to 'Tunbridge, when I went to take a house there, yet I was 'uneasy, as he saw. And indeed so was he, though he 'tarried a day or two longer than he designed, on account 'of a little excursion my sister and her lord, and he and 'I, made into Sussex, to see an estate that I had thoughts 'of purchasing; for he was so good as to look into my 'affairs for me, and has put them upon an admirable 'establishment.

'His uneasiness, he told me, was upon your account, 'and he sent you a letter to excuse himself for not waiting 'on you on Saturday, and to tell you, he would dine with 'you on Monday. And I remember, when I said, Mr. 'B——, you seem to be chagrined at something; you are 'more thoughtful than usual: his answer was—Madam, 'you are right. Mrs. B—— and I have had a little mis-'understanding. She is so solemn and so melancholy of 'late, that I fear it will be no difficult matter to put her 'out of her right mind: and I love her so well, that then 'I should hardly keep my own.

'Is there no reason, think you, said I, to imagine that 'your acquaintance with me gives her uneasiness? You 'know, Mr. B——, how that villain, T—— (a man, said 'she, whose insolent address I rejected with the contempt 'it deserved), has slandered us. How know you, but he 'has found a way to your wife's ear, as he has done to my 'uncle's, and to all my friends? And, if so, it is best for

'us both to discontinue a friendship that, at the least, may 'be attended with disagreeable consequences.

'He said, he should find it out on his return to you. 'And will you, said I, ingenuously acquaint me with the 'issue of your inquiries? for, added I, I never beheld a 'countenance in so young a lady, that seemed to mean 'more than Mrs. B——'s, when I saw her in town; and 'notwithstanding her prudence, I could see a reserve and 'thoughtfulness in it, that, if it was not natural to it, must 'indicate too much.

'He returned to you, madam: He wrote to me, in a 'very moving letter, the issue of your conference, and 'referred to some papers of yours that he would show me, 'as soon as he could procure them, they being out of your 'own hands; and let me know that T—— was the accuser, 'as I had suspected.

'In brief, madam, when you went down into Kent, he 'came to me, and read some part of your account to Lady 'Davers, of your informant and information; your appre-'hensions; your prudence; your affection for him; the 'reason of your melancholy; and according to the appear-'ance things bore, reason enough you had, especially from 'the letter of Thomasine Fuller, which was one of T——'s 'vile forgeries: for though we had often, for argument's 'sake, talked of polygamy (he arguing for it, I against it), 'yet had not Mr. B—— *dared,* I will say, nor was he 'inclined, I verily believe, to propose any such thing to me. 'No, madam, I was not so much abandoned of a sense 'of honour, as to give reason for any one, but my imper-'tinent and foolish uncle, to impute such a folly to me; 'and he had so behaved to me, that I cared not what *he* 'thought.

'Then, what he read to me, here and there, as he 'pleased, gave me reason to admire you for your generous 'opinion of one you had so much seeming cause to be 'afraid of. He told me his apprehensions, from your un-'common manner, that your mind was in some degree 'affected, and your strange proposal of parting with a

'husband every one knows you so dearly love: and we 'agreed to forbear seeing each other, and all manner of 'correspondence, except by letter for one month, till some 'of my affairs were settled, which had been in great dis-'order, and were in his kind management then; and I 'had not one relation whom I cared to trouble with them, 'because of their treatment of me on Mr. B——'s account. 'And this, I told him, should not be neither, but through 'your hands, and with your consent.

'And thus, madam, said her ladyship, have I told you 'the naked truth of the whole affair.

'I have seen Mr. B—— very seldom since, and when I 'have, it has been either at a horse-race, in the open field, 'or at some public diversion, by accident, where only dis-'tant civilities have passed between us.

'I respect him greatly; you must allow me to say that. 'Except in the article of permitting me to believe, for 'some time, that he was a single gentleman, which is a 'fault he cannot be excused for, and which made me 'heartily quarrel with him, when I first knew it; he has 'behaved towards me with so much generosity and honour, 'that I could have wished I had been of his sex, since he 'had a lady so much more deserving than myself; and 'then, had he had the same esteem for me, there never 'would have been a more perfect friendship.

'I am now going, continued her ladyship, to embark for 'France, and shall pass a year or two in Italy; and then I 'shall, I hope, return, as solid, as grave, as circumspect, 'though not so wise, as Mrs. B——.'

In this manner the countess concluded her narrative; and I told her, that I was greatly obliged to her for the honour she did me in this visit, and the kind and considerate occasion of it. But that Mr. B—— had made me entirely happy in every particular, and had done her ladyship the justice she so well deserved, having taken upon himself the blame of passing as a single man, at his first acquaintance with her.

I added, that I could hope her ladyship might be prevented, by some happy man, from leaving a kingdom to which she was so great an ornament, as well by her birth, her quality, and fortune, as by her perfections of person and mind.

She said, she had not been the happiest of her sex in her former marriage; although nobody, her youth considered, thought her a bad wife: and her lord's goodness to her, at his death, had demonstrated his own favourable opinion of her by deeds, as he had done by words, upon all occasions. But that she was yet young; a little too gay and unsettled: and had her head turned towards France and Italy, having passed some time in those countries, which she thought of with pleasure, though then but a girl of twelve or thirteen: that, for this reason, and having been on a late occasion still more unsettled (looking down with blushes, which often overspread her face, as she talked), she had refused some offers not despicable. That indeed Lord C—— threatened to follow her to Italy, in hopes of meeting better success there than he had met with here; but if he did, though she would make no resolutions, she believed she should be too much offended with him, to give him reason to boast of his journey; and this the rather, as she had grounds to think he had once entertained no very honourable notions of her friendship for Mr. B——.

She wished to see Mr. B——, and to take leave of him, but not out of my company, she was pleased to say. Your ladyship's consideration for me, replied I, lays me under high obligation; but indeed, madam, there is no occasion for it, from any diffidences I have in yours or in Mr. B——'s honour. And if your ladyship will give me the pleasure of knowing when it will be most acceptable, I will beg of Mr. B—— to oblige me with his company to return this favour the first visit I make abroad.

You are very kind, Mrs. B——, said she; but I think to go to Tunbridge for a fortnight, when I have disposed of everything for my embarkation, and to set out from

thence. And if you should then be both in Kent, I should be glad to take you at your word.

To be sure, I said, Mr. B——, at least, would attend her ladyship there, if anything should happen to deprive me of that honour.

You are very obliging, said the countess:—I take great concern to myself, for having been the means of giving you a moment's uneasiness formerly: but I must now endeavour to be circumspect, in order to retrieve my character, which has been so basely traduced by that presumptuous fellow, Turner, who hoped, I suppose, by that means to bring me down to his level.

Her ladyship would not be prevailed upon to stay dinner; and saying, she should be at Wooburn all the next day, took a very kind and tender leave of me, wishing me all manner of happiness, as I did her.

Mr. B—— came home in the evening, and next morning rode to Wooburn to pay his respects to the countess, and came back in the evening.

Thus happily, and to the satisfaction of all three, as I hope, ended this perplexing affair.

Mr. B—— asks me, madam, how I relish Mr. Locke's Treatise of Education? which he put into my hands some time since, as I told your ladyship. I answered, Very well; and I thought it an excellent piece, in the main.

I'll tell you, said he, what you shall do. You have not showed me anything you have written for a good while. I should be glad you would fill up your leisure time, since you cannot be without a pen, with your observations on that treatise, that I may know what you can object to it; for you say, *In the main*, which shows that you do not entirely approve of every part of it.

But will not that be presumptuous, sir?

I admire Mr. Locke, replied he; and I admire my Pamela. I have no doubt of his excellences; but I want to know the sentiments of a young mother, as well as of a learned gentleman, upon the subject of education; because

I have heard several ladies censure some part of his regimen, when I am convinced that the fault lies in their own over-great fondness for their children.

As to myself, sir, who, in the early part of my life, have not been brought up too tenderly, you will hardly meet with any objection to the part which I imagine you have heard most objected to by ladies who have been more indulgently treated in their first stage. But there are a few other things that want clearing up to my understanding; but which, however, may be the fault of that.

Then, my dear, said he, suppose me at a distance from you, cannot you give me your remarks in the same manner, as if you were writing to Lady Davers, or to Miss Darnford, that was?

Yes, sir, depending on your kind favour to me, I believe I could.

Do then; and the less restraint you write with, the more I shall be pleased with it. But I confine you not to time or place. We will make our excursions as I once proposed to you; and do you write to me a letter now and then upon the subject; for the places and remarkables you will see, will be new only to yourself; nor will either of those ladies expect from you an itinerary, or a particular description of countries, which they will find better described by authors who have made it their business to treat upon those subjects. By this means you will be usefully employed in your own way, which may turn to good account to us both, and to the dear children which it may please God to bestow upon us.

You don't expect, sir, anything regular or digested from me?

I don't, my dear. Let your fancy and your judgment be both employed; and I require no method; for I know, in your easy, natural way, that would be a confinement which would cramp your genius, and give what you write a stiff, formal air, that I might expect in a pedagogue, but not in my Pamela.

Well, but, sir, although I may write nothing to the pur-

pose, yet if Lady Davers is desirous to give it a reading, will you allow me to transmit what I shall write to her hands, when you have perused it yourself? For your good sister is so indulgent to my scribble, that she will expect to be always hearing from me; and this way I shall oblige her ladyship, while I obey her brother.

With all my heart, he was pleased to say.

So, my lady, I shall now and then pay my respects to you in the writing way, though I must address myself, it seems, to my dearest Mr. B——; and I hope I shall be received on these my own terms, since they are your brother's terms also; and at the same time, such as will convince you, how much I wish to approve myself, to the best of my poor ability,

Your ladyship's most obliged sister
And humble servant,
P. B——.

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LETTER XC.

Mrs. B—— to Mr. B——.

My dearest Mr. B——,—I have been considering of your commands, in relation to Mr. Locke's book; and since you are pleased to give me time to acquit myself of the task, I shall take the liberty to propose to include in a little book my humble sentiments, as I did to Lady Davers in that I showed you in relation to the plays I had seen. And since you confine me not to time or place, perhaps I shall be three or four years in completing it, because I shall reserve some subjects to my further experience in children's ways and tempers, and in order to benefit myself by those good instructions which I shall receive from your delightful conversation in that compass of time,

if God spare us to one another: and then it will, moreover, be still worthier, than it can otherwise be, of the perusal of the most honoured and best beloved of all my correspondents, much honoured and beloved as they all are.

I must needs say, my dear Mr. B——, that this is a subject to which I was always particularly attentive; and among the charities your bountiful heart permits me to dispense to the poor and indigent, I have had always a watchful eye upon the children of such, and endeavoured, by questions put to them, as well as to their parents, to inform myself of their little ways and tempers, and how nature delights to work in different minds, and how it might be pointed to their good, according to their respective capacities; and I have for this purpose erected, with your approbation, a little school of seven or eight children, among which are four in the earliest stages, when they can but just speak, and call for what they want, or love. And I am not a little pleased to observe, when I visit them in their school-time, that principles of goodness and virtue may be instilled into their little hearts much earlier than is usually imagined. And why should it not be so? For may not the child, that can tell its wants and make known its inclination, be easily made sensible of *yours*, and what you expect from it, provided you take a proper method? For, sometimes, signs and tokens (and even looks), uniformly practised, will do as well as words; as we see in such of the young of the brute creation as we are disposed to domesticate, and to teach to practise those little tricks, of which the aptness or docility of their nature makes them capable.

But yet, dearest sir, I know not enough of the next stage, the *maturer* part of life, to touch upon that, as I wished to do; and yet there is a natural connection and progression from the one to the other: and I would not be thought a vain creature, who believes herself equal to *every* subject because she is indulged with the good opinion of her friends, in a *few* which are supposed to be within her own capacity.

For I humbly conceive that it is no small point of wisdom to know, and not to mistake one's own talents; and for this reason, permit me, dear sir, to suspend, till I am better qualified for it, even my own proposal of beginning my little book; and in the meantime to touch upon a few places of the admirable author you have put into my hand, that seem to me to warrant another way of thinking, than that which he prescribes.

But, dear sir, let me premise that all that your dear babies can demand of my attention for some time to come, is their health; and it has pleased God to bless them with such sound limbs, and, to all appearance, good constitutions, that I have very little to do, but to pray for them every time I pray for their dear papa; and that is hourly; and yet not so often as you confer upon me benefits and favours, and new obligations, even to the prevention of all my wishes, were I to sit down to study for what must be the next.

As to this point of *health*, Mr. Locke gives these plain and easy to be observed rules.

He prescribes, first, *Plenty of open air.* That this is right, the infant will inform one, who, though it cannot speak, will make signs to be carried abroad, and is never so well pleased as when it is enjoying the open and free air; for which reason I conclude that this is one of those natural pointings, as one may call them, that are implanted in every creature, teaching it to choose its good, and to avoid its evil.

Sleep is the next, which he enjoins to be indulged to its utmost extent: an admirable rule, as I humbly conceive; since sound sleep is one of the greatest nourishers of nature, both to the *once* young and to the *twice* young, if I may be allowed the phrase. And I the rather approve of this rule, because it keeps the nurse unemployed, who otherwise perhaps would be doing it the greatest mischief, by cramming and stuffing its little bowels till they were ready to burst. And if I am right, what an inconsiderate and foolish, as well as pernicious practice is it, for a nurse to *waken* the

child from its nourishing sleep, for fear it should suffer by hunger, and instantly pop the breast into its pretty mouth, or provoke it to feed, when it has no inclination to either: and for want of digestion, must have its nutriment turn to repletion and bad humours!

Excuse me, dear sir, these lesser particulars. Mr. Locke begins with them; and surely they may be allowed in a young *mamma*, writing (however it be to a gentleman of genius and learning) to a *papa*, on a subject that, in its lowest beginnings, ought not to be unattended to by either. I will therefore pursue my excellent author without further apology, since you have put his work into my hands.

The next thing then, which he prescribes, is *plain diet*. This speaks for itself; for the baby can have no corrupt taste to gratify: all is pure, as out of the hand of nature; and what is not plain and natural, must vitiate and offend.

Then, *no wine*, or *strong drink*. Equally just; and for the same reasons.

Little or *no physic*. Undoubtedly right. For the *use* of physic, without necessity, or by way of *precaution*, as some call it, begets the *necessity* of physic; and the very *word* supposes *distemper* or *disorder*; and where there is none, would a parent beget one; or, by frequent use, render the salutary force of medicine ineffectual, when it was wanted?

Next, he forbids *too warm* and *too strait clothing*. Dear sir, this is just as I wish it. How has my heart ached, many and many a time, when I have seen poor babies rolled and swathed, ten or a dozen times round: then blanket upon blanket, mantle upon that; its little neck pinned down to one posture; its head, more than it frequently needs, triple-crowned, like a young pope, with covering upon covering; its legs and arms, as if to prevent that kindly stretching which we rather ought to promote, when it is in health, and which is only aiming at growth and enlargement, the former bundled up, the latter pinned down; and how the poor thing lies on the nurse's lap, a miserable little pinioned captive, goggling and staring with its eyes, the only organs it

has at liberty, as if it were supplicating for freedom to its fettered limbs! Nor has it any comfort at all, till, with a sigh or two, like a dying deer, it drops asleep; and happy then will it be, till the officious nurse's care shall awaken it for its undesired food, just as if the good woman was resolved to try its constitution, and were willing to see how many difficulties it could overcome.

Then this gentleman advises that the head and feet should be kept cold; and the latter often used to cold water, and exposed to wet, in order to lay the foundation, as he says, of a healthy and hardy constitution.

Now, sir, what a pleasure is it to your Pamela, that her notions, and her practice too, fall in so exactly with this learned gentleman's advice; that, excepting one article, which is, that your Billy has not yet been accustomed to be *wet-shod*, every other particular has been observed!—And don't you see what a charming, charming baby he is?—Nay, and so is your little Davers, for his age—pretty soul!

Perhaps some, were they to see this, would not be so ready as I know you will be, to excuse me: and would be apt to say, What nursery impertinencies are those to trouble a man with!—But with all their wisdom they would be mistaken; for if a child has not good health (and are not these rules the moral foundation, as I may say, of that blessing?) its animal organs will play but poorly in a weak or crazy case. These, therefore, are necessary rules to be observed for the first two or three years; for then the little buds of their minds will begin to open, and their watchful mamma will be employed, like a skilful gardener, in assisting and encouraging the charming flower, through its several hopeful stages, to perfection, when it shall become one of the principal ornaments of that delicate garden, your honoured family. Pardon me, sir, if in the above paragraph I am too figurative. I begin to be afraid I am out of my sphere, writing to your dear self on these important subjects.

But be that as it may, I will here put an end to this my first letter (on the earliest part of my subject), rejoicing in

the opportunity you have given me of producing a fresh instance of that duty and affection, wherewith I am, and shall ever be, my dearest Mr. B——,

Your gratefully happy

P. B——.

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LETTER XCI.

Mrs. B—— to Mr. B——.

I WILL now, my dearest, my best beloved correspondent of all, begin, since the tender age of my dear babies will not permit me to have an eye yet to their *better* part, to tell you what are the little matters to which I am not quite so well reconciled in Mr. Locke. And this I shall be better enabled to do by my observations upon the temper and natural bent of my dear Miss Goodwin, as well as by those which my visits to the bigger children of my little school, and those at the cottages adjacent, have enabled me to make: for human nature, sir, you are not to be told, is human nature, whether in the high-born or in the low.

This excellent author, in the fifty-second section, having justly disallowed of slavish and corporal punishments in the education of those we would have to be wise, good, and ingenious men, adds:—'On the other side, to flatter chil-'dren by rewards of things that are pleasant to them, is 'as carefully to be avoided. He that will give his son 'apples, or sugar-plums, or what else of this kind he is 'most delighted with, to make him learn his book, does 'but authorise his love of pleasure, and cockers up that 'dangerous propensity, which he ought by all means to 'subdue and stifle in him. You can never hope to teach 'him to master it, whilst you compound for the check you 'give his inclination in one place, by the satisfaction you 'propose to it in another. To make a good, a wise, and

'a virtuous man, 'tis fit he should learn to cross his appe-
'tite, and deny his inclination to riches, finery, or pleasing
'his palate, &c.'

This, sir, is excellently said; but is it not a little too philosophical and abstracted, not only for the generality of children, but for the age he supposes them to be of, if one may guess by the apples and the sugar-plums proposed for the rewards of their well-doing? Would not this, sir, require that memory or reflection in children, which the same author, in another place, calls the concomitant of prudence and age, and not of childhood?

It is undoubtedly very right to check an unreasonable appetite, and that at its first appearance. But if so small and so reasonable an inducement will prevail, surely, sir, it might be complied with. A generous mind takes delight to win over others by good usage and mildness, rather than by severity; and it must be a great pain to such a one to be always inculcating on his children or pupils the doctrine of self-denial, by methods quite grievous to his own nature.

What I would then humbly propose is, That the encouragements offered to youth should indeed be innocent ones, as the gentleman enjoins, and not such as would lead to luxury, either of food or apparel: but I humbly think it necessary that rewards, *proper* rewards, should be proposed, as incentives to laudable actions: for is it not by this method that the whole world is influenced and governed? Does not God Himself, by rewards and punishments, make it our *interest*, as well as our *duty*, to obey HIM? And can we propose to ourselves, for the government of our children, a better example than that of the Creator?

This fine author seems, dear sir, to think he had been a little of the strictest, and liable to some exception. 'I say 'not this,' *proceeds he* (§ 53), 'that I would have children 'kept from the conveniences or pleasures of life, that are 'not injurious to their health or virtue. On the contrary, 'I would have their lives made as pleasant and as agree-

'able to them as may be, in a plentiful enjoyment of 'whatsoever might innocently delight them.' And yet, dear sir, he immediately subjoins a very hard and difficult proviso to the indulgence he has now granted:—'Pro-'vided,' *says he,* 'it be with this caution, That they have 'those enjoyments only as the consequences of the state of 'esteem and acceptation they are in with their parents and 'governors.'

I doubt, my dear Mr. B——, this is expecting such a distinction and discretion in children as they are seldom capable of in their tender years, and requiring such capacities as are not commonly to be met with: so that it is not prescribing to the *generality,* as this excellent author intended. 'Tis, I humbly conceive, next to impossible that their tender minds should distinguish beyond facts. They covet this or that plaything; and the parent, or governor, takes advantage of its desires, and annexes to the indulgence which the child hopes for, such or such a task or duty, as a condition; and shows himself pleased with its compliance with it: so the child wins its plaything, and receives the praise and commendation so necessary to lead on young minds to laudable pursuits. But, dear sir, shall it not be suffered to enjoy the innocent reward of its compliance, unless it can give satisfaction, that its greatest delight is not in having the thing coveted, but in performing the task, or obeying the injunctions, imposed upon it as a condition of its being obliged? I doubt, sir, this is a little too strict, and not to be expected from children. A servant, full grown, would not be able to show, that on condition he complied with such and such terms (which, it is to be supposed by the *offer,* he would not have complied with but for that inducement), he should have such and such a reward; I say, he would hardly be able to show that he preferred the pleasure of performing the requisite conditions to the stipulated reward. Nor is it necessary he should; for he is not the less a good servant, or a virtuous man, if he own the conditions painful, and the reward necessary to his low state in the

world, and that otherwise he would not undergo any service at all.—Why, then, should this be exacted from a child?

Let, therefore, if I may presume to say so, innocent rewards be proposed, and let us be contented to lead on the ductile minds of children to a love of their duty, by obliging them with such. We may tell them what we *expect* in this case; but we ought not, I humbly conceive, to be too rigorous in *exacting* it; for, after all, the inducement will certainly be the uppermost consideration with the child: 'tis out of nature to suppose it otherwise: nor, as I hinted, had it been offered to it, if the parent himself had not thought so. And therefore we can only let the child know his duty in this respect, and that he *ought* to give a preference to that; and then rest ourselves contented, although we should discern that the reward is the chief incentive, if it do but oblige to the performance of it. For this, from whatever motive inculcated, may beget a habit in the child of doing it; and then, as it improves in years, one may hope that reason will take place, and enable him, from the most solid and durable motives, to give a preference to the duty.

Upon the whole, then, may I, sir, venture to say, that we should not insist upon it, that the child should so nicely distinguish away its little *innate* passions, as if we expected it to be born a philosopher? Self-denial is indeed a most excellent doctrine to be inculcated into children, and it must be done *early* too: but we must not be too severe in our exacting it; for a duty too rigidly insisted upon will make it odious. This Mr. Locke himself excellently observes in another place, on the head of too great severity; which he illustrates by a familiar comparison: 'Offensive circumstances,' *says he*, 'ordinarily infect 'innocent things which they are joined with. And the 'very sight of a cup, wherein any one uses to take 'nauseous physic, turns his stomach; so that nothing will 'relish well out of it, though the cup be ever so clean and 'well-shaped, and of the richest materials.'

Permit me, dear sir, to add, that Mr. Locke proceeds to explain himself still more rigorously on the subject of rewards; which I quote to show I have not misunderstood him: 'But these enjoyments,' *says he,* 'should *never* be 'offered or bestowed on children, as the rewards of this or 'that particular performance that they show an aversion 'to, or to which they would not have applied themselves 'without that temptation.' If, my dear Mr. B——, the minds of children *can* be led on by innocent inducements to the performance of a duty of which they are capable, what I have humbly offered is enough, I presume, to convince one that it *may* be done. But if ever a particular study be proposed to be mastered, or a bias to be overcome (that is not an *indispensable* requisite to his future life or morals), to which the child shows an aversion, I would not, methinks, have him be too much tempted, or compelled to conquer or subdue it, especially if it appear to be a *natural* or riveted aversion.

For, sir, permit me to observe that the education and studies of children ought, as much as possible, to be suited to their capacities and inclinations. And by this means we may expect to have always *useful,* and often *great* men, in different professions: for that genius which does not prompt to the prosecution of one study, may shine in another no less necessary part of science. But if the promise of innocent rewards *would* conquer this aversion, yet they should not be applied with this view; for the best consequence that can be hoped for, will be tolerable skill in one thing, instead of most excellent in another.

Nevertheless, I must repeat, that if, as the child grows up, and is capable of so much reason, that, from the love of the *inducement,* one can raise his mind to the love of the *duty,* it should be done by all means. But, my dear Mr. B——, I am afraid that *that* parent or tutor will meet but with little success, who, in a child's tender years, shall refuse to comply with its foibles, till he sees it values its duty, and the pleasure of obeying its commands, beyond the little enjoyment on which its heart is fixed. For, as I

humbly conceive, that mind, which can be brought to prefer its duty to its appetites, will want little of the perfection of the wisest philosophers.

Besides, sir, permit me to say that I am afraid this perpetual opposition between the passions of the child, and the duty to be enforced, especially when it sees how other children are indulged (for, if this regimen could be observed by *any*, it would be impossible it should become *general*, while the fond and the inconsiderate parents are so large a part of mankind), will cow and dispirit a child; and will perhaps produce a necessity of making use of severity to subdue him to this temper of self-denial; for if the child refuses, the parent *must* insist; and what will be the consequence?—Must it not introduce a harsher discipline than this gentleman allows of?—and which, I presume to say, did never yet do good to any but to slavish and base spirits, if to them: a discipline which Mr. Locke everywhere justly condemns.

See here, dear sir, a specimen of the presumption of your girl: What will she come to in time? you will perhaps say—her next step will be to arraign myself. —No, no, dear sir, don't think so: for my duty, my love, and my reverence, shall be your guards, and defend you from everything saucy in me, but the bold approaches of my gratitude, which shall always testify for me, how much I am

Your obliged and dutiful

P. B——.

LETTER XCII.

Mrs. B—— to Mr. B——.

My dearest Mr. B——,—I will continue my subject, although I have not had an opportunity to know whether you approve of my notions or not, by reason of the excursions you have been pleased to allow me to make in your beloved company to the seaports of this kingdom, and to the more noted inland towns of Essex, Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, and Dorsetshire, which have given me infinite delight and pleasure, and enlarged my notions of the wealth and power of the kingdom in which God's goodness has given you so considerable a stake.

My next topic will be upon a *home* education, which Mr. Locke prefers, for several weighty reasons, to a *school* one, provided such a tutor can be procured, as he makes next to an impossibility to procure. The gentleman has set forth the inconveniences of both, and was himself so discouraged on a review of them, that he was ready, as he says, to throw up his pen. My chief cares, dear sir, on this head, are three: First, The difficulty, which, as I said, Mr. Locke makes almost insuperable, to find a qualified tutor. Secondly, The necessity there is, according to Mr. Locke, of keeping the youth out of the company of the meaner servants, who may set him bad examples. And, thirdly, Those still greater difficulties, which will arise from the examples of his parents, if they are not very discreet and circumspect.

As to the qualifications of the tutor, Mr. Locke supposes that he is to be so learned, so discreet, so wise, in short, so *perfect* a man, that I doubt, and so does Mr. Locke, such a one is hardly possible to be met with for this *humble* and *slavish* employment. I presume, sir, to call it so, because of the too little regard that is generally paid to these useful men in the families of the great, where they are frequently

put upon a foot with the uppermost servants, and the rather, if they happen to be men of modesty.

'I would,' *says this gentleman,* 'from children's first 'beginning to talk, have some discreet, sober, nay, *wise* 'person about them, whose care it should be to fashion 'them right, and to keep them from all ill; especially the 'infection of bad company. I think,' *continues he,* 'this 'province requires great sobriety, temperance, tenderness, 'diligence, and discretion; qualities hardly to be found 'united in persons that are to be had for ordinary salaries, 'nor easily to be found anywhere.'

If this, sir, be the case, does not this excellent author recommend a scheme that is rendered in a manner impracticable, from this difficulty?

As to these qualities being more rarely to be met with in persons that are to be had for *ordinary salaries,* I cannot help being of opinion (although, with Mr. Locke, I think no expense should be spared, if that *would* do), that there is as good a chance for finding a proper person among the needy scholars (if not of a low and sordid turn of mind), as among the more affluent: because the narrow circumstances of the former (which probably became a spur to his own improvement) will, it is likely, at first setting out in the world make him be glad to embrace an offer of this kind in a family which has interest enough to prefer him, and will quicken his diligence to make him *deserve* preferment. And if such a one wanted anything of that requisite politeness, which some would naturally expect from scholars of better fortune, might not that be supplied to the youth by the conversation of parents, relations, and visitors, in conjunction with those other helps which young men of family and large expectations constantly have, and which few learned tutors can give him.

I say not this, dear sir, to countenance the wretched niggardliness (which this gentleman justly censures) of those who grudge a handsome consideration to so necessary and painful a labour as that of a tutor, which, where a deserving man can be met with, cannot be too genteelly

rewarded, nor himself too respectfully treated. I only take the liberty to deliver my opinion, that a low condition is as likely as any other, with a mind not ungenerous, as I said, to produce a man who has these good qualities, as well for the reasons I have hinted at, as for others which might be mentioned.

But Mr. Locke proceeds with his difficulties in this particular: 'To form a young gentleman as he should 'be,' *says he,* ''tis fit his governor should be well-bred, 'understand the ways of carriage, and measures of 'civility, in all the variety of *persons, times,* and *places;* 'and keep his pupil, as far as his age requires, constantly 'to the observation of them. This is an art,' *continues he,* 'not to be learnt or taught by books. Nothing can 'give it but good company and observation joined to-'gether.'

And in another place, 'Besides being well-bred, the tutor 'should know the world well; the ways, the humours, the 'follies, the cheats, the faults of the age he has fallen into, 'and particularly of the country he lives in. These he 'should be able to show to his pupil, as he finds him 'capable; teach him skill in men and their manners; 'pull off the mask, which their several callings and pre-'tences cover them with; and make his pupil discern what 'lies at the bottom, under such appearances, that he may 'not, as unexperienced young men are apt to do, if they 'are unwarned, take one thing for another, judge by the 'outsides, and give himself up to show, and the insinuation 'of a fair carriage, or an obliging application: teach him 'to guess at, and beware of, the designs of men he hath to 'do with, neither with too much suspicion, nor too much 'confidence.'

This, dear sir, is excellently said: 'tis noble theory; and if the tutor be a man void of resentment and caprice, and will not be governed by partial considerations in his own judgment of persons and things, all will be well. But if otherwise, may he not take advantage of the confidence placed in him, to the injury of some worthy person, and by

degrees monopolise the young gentleman to himself, and govern his passions as absolutely, as I have heard some first ministers have done those of their prince, equally to his own personal disreputation, and to the disadvantage of his people? But,

All this, and much more, according to Mr. Locke, is the duty of a tutor; and on the finding out such a one depends his scheme of a home education. No wonder, then, that he himself says, 'When I consider the scruples and cautions 'I here lay in your way, methinks it looks as if I advised 'you to something, which I would have offered at, but in 'effect not done,' &c. Permit me, dear sir, in this place, to express my fear that it is hardly possible for any one, of talents inferior to those of Mr. Locke himself, to come up to the rules he has laid down upon this subject; and 'tis to be questioned whether even *he*, with all that vast stock of natural reason, and solid sense, for which, as you tell me, sir, he was so famous, had attained to these perfections at his first setting out into life.

Now, therefore, dear sir, you can't imagine how these difficulties perplex me, as to my knowing how to judge which is best, a *home* or a *school* education.—For hear what this excellent author justly observes on the latter, among other things no less to the purpose: 'I am sure 'he who is able to be at the charge of a tutor at home, 'may there give his son a more genteel carriage, more 'manly thoughts, and a sense of what is worthy and be-'coming, with a greater proficiency in learning into the 'bargain, and ripen him up sooner into a man, than any at 'school can do. Not that I blame the schoolmaster, in 'this, *says he*, or think it to be laid to his charge. The 'difference is great between two or three pupils in the 'same house, and three or four score boys lodged up and 'down: for let the master's industry and skill be ever so 'great, it is impossible he should have fifty or one hundred 'scholars under his eye any longer than they are in the 'school together.' But then, sir, if there be such a difficulty, as Mr. Locke says, to meet with a proper tutor for

the home education which he thus prefers, what a perplexing thing is this!

But, still, according to this gentleman, another difficulty attends a home education, and that is, what I hinted at before in my second article: the necessity of keeping the youth out of the company of the meaner servants, who may set him bad examples. For thus he says: 'Here is 'another great inconvenience, which children receive from 'the ill examples which they meet with from the meaner 'servants. They are *wholly*, if possible, to be kept from 'such conversation: for the contagion of these ill pre-'cedents, both in civility and virtue, horribly infects chil-'dren as often as they come within the reach of it. They 'frequently learn from unbred or debauched servants such 'language, untowardly tricks and vices, as otherwise they 'would be ignorant of all their lives. 'Tis a hard matter 'wholly to prevent this mischief, *continues he;* you will 'have very good luck if you never have a clownish or vicious 'servant, and if from them your children never get any 'infection.'

Then, sir, my third point (which I mentioned in the beginning of this letter) makes a still stronger objection, as it may happen, against a home education; to wit, the example of the parents themselves, if they be not very circumspect and discreet.

All these difficulties being put together, let me, dear sir, humbly propose it, as a matter for your consideration and determination, Whether there be not a middle way to be found out in a school-education that may remedy some of these inconveniences? For suppose you cannot get a tutor so qualified as Mr. Locke thinks he ought to be, for your Billy, as he grows up. Suppose there is danger from your meaner servants; and suppose we his parents should not be able to lay ourselves under the requisite restraints, in order to form his mind by our own examples; which, I hope, by God's grace, however, will not be the case—Cannot some master be found out, who shall be so well rewarded for his care of a *few* young gentle-

men, as shall make it worth his while to be contented with those *few?* suppose five, six, seven, or eight at most, whose morals and breeding he may attend to, as well as to their learning? The farther this master lives from the young gentleman's friends, the better it may be. We will hope that he is a man of a mild disposition, but strict in his discipline, and who shall make it a rule not to give correction for small faults, or till every other method has been tried; who carries such a just dignity in his manner, without the appearance of tyranny, that his looks may be of greater force than the words of some; and his words than the blows of others; and who will rather endeavour to shame than terrify a youth out of his faults. Then, sir, suppose this gentleman was to allot a particular portion of time for the *more learned* studies; and before the youth was tired with *them,* suppose another portion was allotted for the *writing* and *arithmetic* parts; and then, to relieve his mind from both, suppose the *dancing-master* should take his part; and innocent exercises of mere diversion, to fill up the rest, at his own choice; in which, diverted by such a rotation of employments (all thus rendered delightful by their successive variety), he would hardly wish to pass much time. For the dancing of itself, with the dancing-master's instructions, if a well-bred man, will answer both parts, that of breeding, and that of exercise; and thus different studies, at one time, may be mastered.

Moreover, the emulation which will be inspired, where there are several young gentlemen, will be of inconceivable use both to tutor and pupil, in lessening the trouble of the one, and advancing the learning of the other, which cannot be expected where there is but a single youth to be taken care of.

Such a master will know it to be his interest, as well as his duty, to have a watchful eye over the conduct and behaviour of his servants. His assistants, in the different branches of science and education, will be persons of approved prudence, for whom he will think himself answerable, since his own *reputation,* as well as his *livelihood,* will

depend upon their behaviour. The young gentlemen will have young gentlemen for their companions, all under the influence of the same precepts and directions; and if some chosen period were fixed, once a week, as a reward for some excellence, where, at a little desk, raised a step or two above the other seats, the excelling youth should be set to read, under the master's direction, a little portion from the best translations of the Greek and Roman historians, and even from the best English authors; this might, in a very engaging manner, initiate them into the knowledge of the history of past times, and of their own country, and give them a curiosity to pass some of their vacant hours in the same laudable pursuit: for, dear sir, I must still insist that rewards and innocent gratifications, as also little honours and distinctions, must needs be very attractive to the minds of youth.

For don't you think, dear sir, that the pretty ride, and dairy-house breakfasting,* by which Miss Goodwin's governess distinguishes the little ladies who excel in their allotted tasks, is a fine encouragement to their ductile minds?—Yes, it is, to be sure!—And I have often thought of it with pleasure, and have, in a manner, partaken of the delight with which I have supposed their pretty hearts must be filled on that occasion. And why may not such little triumphs be, in proportion, as incentive to children, to make them endeavour to master laudable tasks, as the Roman triumphs, of different kinds, and their mural and civic crowns, all which I have heard you speak of, were to their heroes and warriors of old? For Mr. Dryden well observes, that

> Men are but children of a larger growth,
> Our appetites are apt to change as theirs,
> And full as craving too, and full as vain.

Permit me, sir, to transcribe four or five lines more for the beauty of the thought:

* See vol. ii. p. 132.

And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing:
But, like a mole on earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's open view——

Improving the thought; methinks I can see the dear little miss who has, in some eminent task, borne away the palm, make her public entry, as I may call it, after her dairy breakfast and pretty airing, into the governess's courtyard, through a row of her school-fellows, drawn out on each side, to admire her; her governess and assistants receiving her at the porch, their little capitol, and lifting her out with applauses and encomiums, with a *Thus shall it be done to the miss whom her governess delighteth to honour!* I see not, my Mr. B——, why the dear miss, in this case, as she moves through her admiring school-fellows, may not have her little heart beat with as much delight, be as gloriously elated, proportionably, as that of the greatest hero in his triumphal car, who has returned from exploits perhaps much less laudable.

But how I ramble!—Yet, surely, sir, you don't expect method or connection from your girl. The education of our sex will not permit that, where it is best. We are forced to struggle for knowledge, like the poor feeble infant in the month; who, as I described in my first letter on this subject, is pinned and fettered down upon the nurse's lap; and who if its little arms happen, by chance, to escape its nurse's observation, and offer but to expand themselves, are immediately taken into custody, and pinioned down to their passive behaviour. So, when a poor girl, in spite of her narrow education, breaks out into notice, her genius is immediately tamed by trifling employments, lest perhaps she should become the envy of one sex and the equal of the other. But you, sir, act more nobly with your Pamela; for you throw in her way all the opportunities of improvement that can offer; and she has only to regret, that she cannot make a better use of them, and, of consequence, render herself more worthy of your generous indulgence.

I know not how, sir, to recover my thread, and so must break off with that delight which I always take when I come near the bottom of my letters to your dear self; because then I can boast of the honour which I have in being

Your ever dutiful

P. B——.

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LETTER XCIII.

Mrs. B—— to Mr. B——.

WELL, but, my dear Mr. B——, you will perhaps think, from my last rambling letter, that I am most inclined to a *school* education for your Billy, some years hence, if it shall please God to spare him to us. But indeed I cannot say that I am: I only lay several things together in my usual indigested and roving way, to take your opinion upon which, as it ought, will always be decisive with me. And indeed I am so thoroughly convinced by Mr. Locke's reasons where the behaviour of servants can be so well answered for, as that of yours can be, and where the example of the parents will be, as I hope, rather edifying than otherwise, that without being swayed, as I think, by maternal fondness in this case, I must needs give a preference to the home education; and the little scheme I presumed to form in my last, was only, as you will be pleased to remember, on a supposition that those necessary points could not be so well secured.

In my observations on this head, I shall take the liberty, in one or two particulars, a little to differ from an author that I admire exceedingly: and that is the present design of my writing these letters; for I shall hereafter, if God spare my life, in my little book (when you have kindly decided upon the points in which I presume to differ from

that gentleman), show you, sir, my great reverence and esteem for him; and shall then be able to let you know all my sentiments on this important subject, and that more undoubtingly, as I shall be more improved by years, and your conversation; especially, sir, if I have the honour and happiness of a foreign tour with you, of which you give me hope; so much are you pleased with the delight I take in these improving excursions, which you have now favoured me with at times, through more than half the kingdom.

Well then, sir, I will proceed to consider a little more particularly the subject of a home education, with an eye to those difficulties of which Mr. Locke takes notice, as I mentioned in my last.

As to the first, that of finding a qualified tutor; we must not expect so much perfection, I doubt, as Mr. Locke lays down as necessary. What, therefore, I humbly conceive is best to be done, will be to avoid choosing a man of bigoted and narrow principles, who yet shall not be tainted with sceptical or heterodox notions; who shall not be a mere scholar or pedant; who has travelled, and yet preserved his moral character untainted; and whose behaviour and carriage is easy, unaffected, unformal, and genteel, as well acquiredly as naturally so, if possible; who shall not be dogmatical, positive, overbearing on one hand, nor too yielding, suppliant, fawning, on the other; who shall study the child's natural bent, in order to direct his studies to the point in which he is most likely to excel. In order to preserve the respect due to his own character from every one, he must not be a busybody in the family, a whisperer, a tale-bearer, but be a person of a benevolent turn of mind, ready to compose differences: who shall avoid, of all things, that foppishness of dress and appearance which distinguishes the petit-maitres and French ushers (that I have seen at some boarding-schools) for coxcombs rather than guides of education: for as I have heard you, my best tutor, often observe, the peculiarities of habit, where a person aims at something

fantastic, or out of character, are an undoubted sign of a wrong head: for such a one is so kind, as always to hang out on his sign what sort of furniture he has in his shop, to save you the trouble of asking questions about him; so that one may as easily know by his outward appearance what he *is*, as one can know a widow by her weeds.

Such a person as I have thus negatively described, may be found without very much difficulty perhaps, because some of these requisites are personal, and others are such as are obvious at first sight to a common penetration; or, where not so, may be found out, by inquiry into his general character and behaviour: and to the care of such a one, dear sir, let me for the present suppose your Billy is committed: and so we acquit ourselves of the first difficulty as well as we can, that of the tutor; who, to make himself more perfect, may form himself, as to what he wants, by Mr. Locke's excellent rules on that head.

But before I quit this subject, will you give me leave, sir, to remind you of your own opinion upon it, in a conversation that passed between you and Sir George Stuart, and his nephew, in London; in which you seemed to prefer a Scottish gentleman for a tutor, to those of your own nation, and still more than to those of France? Don't you remember it, dear sir? And how much those gentlemen were pleased with your facetious freedom with their country, and said you made them amends for that, in the preference you gave to their learned and travelled youth? If you have forgot it, I will here transcribe it from my *records*, as I call my book of memorandums; for every time I am pleased with a conversation, and have leisure before it goes out of my memory, I enter it down as near the very words as I can; and now you have made me your correspondent, I shall sometimes perhaps give you back some valuables from your own treasure.

Miss Darnford, and Mr. Turner, and Mr. Fanshawe were present, I well remember. These are your words, as I have written them down:

'Since the union of the two kingdoms, we have many 'persons of condition, who have taken tutors for their 'sons from Scotland; which practice, to speak impar- 'tially, has been attended with some advantageous cir- 'cumstances that should not be overlooked. For, Sir 'George, it must be confessed that, notwithstanding your 'narrow and stiff manner of education in Scotland, a spirit 'of manly learning, a kind of poetic liberty, as I may call 'it, has begun to exert itself in that part of the island. 'The blustering north, forgive me, gentlemen, seems to 'have hardened the foreheads of her hungry sons; and 'the keenness with which they set out for preferment in 'the kindlier south, has taught them to know a good deal 'of the world betimes. Through the easy terms on which 'learning is generally attained there, as it is earlier incul- 'cated, so it may probably take deeper root: and since 'tis hardly possible (forgive me, dear Sir George, and 'Mr. Stuart) they can go to a worse country on this side 'Greenland, than some of the northern parts of Scotland, 'so their education, with a view to travel, and to better 'themselves by settlements in other countries, may per- 'haps be so many reasons for them to take greater pains 'to qualify themselves for this employment, and may 'make them succeed better in it; especially when they 'have been able to shake off the fetters which are riveted 'upon them under the narrow influences of a too tyran- 'nical kirk-discipline, which you, Sir George, have just 'now so freely censured.

'To these considerations, when we add the necessity 'which these remote tutors lie under, of behaving well, 'because, in the first place, they seldom wish to return to 'their own country; and in the next, because *that* cannot 'prefer them, if it would; and, thirdly, because it would 'not, if it could, if the gentleman be of an enlarged genius, 'and generous way of thinking; I say, when we add to 'the premises these considerations, they all make a kind 'of security for their good behaviour: while those of our 'own country have often friends or acquaintance on

'whose favour they are apt to depend, and for that reason 'give less attention to the duties requisite for this impor- 'tant office.

'Besides, as their kind friend Æolus, who is accustomed 'to spread and strengthen the bold muscles of the strong- 'featured Scot, has generally blown away that inauspicious 'bashfulness which hangs a much longer time, commonly, 'on the faces of the southern students; such a one (if he 'fall not too egregiously into the contrary extreme, so as 'to become insufferable) may still be the more eligible 'person for a tutor, as he may teach a young gentleman, 'betimes, that necessary presence of mind, which those who 'are confined to a private education sometimes want.

'But, after all, if a gentleman of this nation be chosen 'for this employment, it may be necessary that he should 'be one who has had as genteel and free an education 'himself, as his country and opportunities will afford; and 'has had, moreover, the native roughness of his climate 'filed off and polished by travel and conversation; who 'has made, at least, the tour of France and Italy, and has 'a taste for the politeness of the former nation; for, from 'the natural boisterousness of a North Briton, and the 'fantastic politeness of a Frenchman, if happily blended, 'such a mixture may result as may furnish out a more 'complete tutor than either of the two nations, singly, may 'be able to produce. But it ought to be remembered, 'that this person should by all means have conquered his 'native brogue, as I may call it, and be a master of the 'English pronunciation: otherwise his conversation will be 'very disagreeable to an English ear.

'And permit me, gentlemen, to add, that as an acquaint- 'ance with the muses contributes not a little to soften the 'manners, and to give a graceful and delicate turn to the 'imagination, and a kind of polish to severer studies, I 'believe it would not be amiss that he should have a taste 'for poetry, although perhaps it were not to be wished he 'had such strong inclinations that way, as to make that 'lively and delectable amusement his predominant passion:

'for we see very few poets whose warm imaginations do 'not run away with their judgments. And yet, in order 'to learn the dead languages in their purity, it will be 'necessary, as I apprehend, to inculcate both the love and 'the study of the ancient poets, which cannot fail of giving 'the youth a taste for poetry in general.'

Permit me, dear sir, to ask you whether you advanced this for argument-sake, as sometimes you love to amuse and entertain your friends in an uncommon way? For I should imagine that our two universities, which you have been so good as to show me, and for which I have ever since had even a greater reverence than I had before, are capable of furnishing as good tutors as any nation in the world: for here the young gentlemen seem to me to live both in the *world* and in the *university;* and we saw several gentlemen who had not only fine parts, but polite behaviour, and deep learning, as you assured me; some of whom you entertained, and were entertained by, in so elegant a manner, that no travelled gentleman, if I may be allowed to judge, could excel them? And besides, my dear Mr. B——, I know who is reckoned one of the politest and best bred gentlemen in England by everybody, and learned, as well as polite, and yet had his education in one of those celebrated seats of learning. I wish your Billy never may fall short of the gentleman I mean, in all these acquirements; and he will be a very happy creature, I am sure!

But how I wander again from my subject!—I have no other way to recover myself, when I thus ramble, but by bringing back myself to that one delightful point of reflection, that I have the honour to be, dearest sir,

Your ever dutiful and obliged

P. B——.

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LETTER XCIV.

Mrs. B—— to Mr. B——.

DEAREST SIR,—I now resume my subject. I had gone through the article of the tutor as well as I could; and now let me trouble you with a few lines upon what Mr. Locke says, that children are wholly, if possible, to be kept from the conversation of the meaner servants; whom he suppoes to be, as too frequently they are, *unbred and debauched,* to use his own words.

Now, sir, let me observe on this head, that I think it is very difficult to keep children from the conversation of servants at all times. The care of personal attendance, especially in the child's early age, must fall upon servants of one denomination or other, who, little or much, must be conversant with the inferior servants, and so be liable to be tainted by their conversation; and it will be difficult in this case to prevent the taint being communicated to the child. Wherefore it will be a *surer,* as well as a more *laudable* method, to insist upon the regular behaviour of the whole family, than to expect the child, and its immediate attendant or tutor, should be the only good ones in it.

Nor is this so difficult a thing to bring about as may be imagined. Your family, dear sir, affords an eminent instance of it: the good have been confirmed, the remiss have been reformed, the passionate have been tamed; and there is not a family in the kingdom, I will venture to say, to the honour of every individual of it, more uniform, more regular, and freer from evil, and more regardful of what they say and do, than yours. And I believe, sir, you will allow, that though they were always honest, yet they were not always so laudably, so exemplarily virtuous, as of late: which I mention only to show the practicableness of a reformation, even where bad habits have taken place—

For your Pamela, sir, arrogates not to herself the honour of this change: 'tis owing to the divine grace shining upon hearts naturally good; for else an example so easy, so plain, so simple, from so young a mistress, who, moreover, had been exalted from their own station, could not have been attended with such happy effects.

You see, dear sir, what a master and mistress's example could do, with a poor soul so far gone as Mrs. Jewkes. And I dare be confident, that if, on the hiring of a new servant, sobriety of manners and a virtuous conversation were insisted upon; and they were told that a general inoffensiveness in words as well as actions was expected from them, as indispensable conditions of their service; and that a breach of that kind would be no more passed over than a wilful fraud, or act of dishonesty; and if, added to these requisites, their principals take care to support these injunctions by their own example; I say, in this case, I dare be confident, that if such a service did not *find* them good, it would *make* them so.

And why indeed should we not think this a very practicable scheme, when it is considered that the servants we take are at years of discretion, and have the strong tie of *interest* superadded to the obligations we require of them; and which they must needs know (let them have what bad habits they will) are right for *themselves* to discharge, as well as for *us* to exact?

We all know of how much force the example of superiors is to inferiors. It is generally and too justly said, that the courts of princes abound with the most profligate of men, insomuch that you cannot well give a man a more significantly bad title than by calling him a COURTIER: yet, even among these, one shall see the force of *example*, as I have heard you, sir, frequently observe: For, let but the land be blest with a pious and religious prince, who makes it a rule with him to countenance and promote men of virtue and probity; and to put the case still stronger, let such a one even succeed to the most libertine reign, wherein the manners of the people have seemed to be wholly

depraved; yet a wonderful change will be immediately effected. The flagitious livers will be chased away, or reformed; or at least will think it their duty, or their *interest*, which is a stronger tie with such, to *appear* reformed; and not a man will seek for the favour or countenance of his prince, but by laudable pretences, or by worthy actions.

There was a time, the reign of King Richard III., when, as I have read, deformity of body was the fashion, and the nobility and gentry of the court thought it an indispensable requisite of a graceful form to pad for themselves a round shoulder, because the king was crooked. And can we think human nature so absurdly wicked, that it would not much rather have tried to imitate a personal perfection, than a deformity so shocking in its appearance in people who were naturally straight?

'Tis a melancholy thing to reflect that, of all professions of men, the mariners, who most behold the wonders of Almighty power displayed in the great deep (a sight that has struck me with awe and reverence only from a coast prospect), and who every moment of their lives, while at sea, have but one frail plank betwixt themselves and inevitable destruction; are yet, generally speaking, as I have often heard it observed, the most abandoned invokers and blasphemers of the name of that God whose mercies they every moment unthankfully, although so visibly, experience. Yet, as I heard it once remarked at your table, sir, on a particular occasion, we have now living one commander in the British navy, who, to his honour, has shown the force of an excellent example supporting the best precepts: for on board of his ship not an oath or curse was to be heard; while vollies of both (issued from impious mouths in the same squadron, out of his knowledge) seemed to fill the sails of other ships with guilty breath, calling aloud for that perdition to overtake them, which perhaps his worthy injunctions and example in his own, might be of weight to suspend.

If such, then, dear sir, be the force of a good example,

what have parents to do who are disposed to bring up a child at home under their own eye, according to Mr. Locke's advice, but first to have a strict regard to *their own* conduct? This will not want its due influence on the servants; especially if a proper inquiry be made into their characters before they are entertained, and a watchful eye be had over them, to keep them up to those characters afterwards. And when they know they must forfeit the favour of a worthy master, and their places too (which may be thought to be the best of places, because a *uniform* character must make all around it easy and happy), they will readily observe such rules and directions as shall be prescribed to them.—Rules and directions which their own consciences will tell them are *right* to be prescribed; and even *right* for them to follow, were they *not* insisted upon by their superiors. And this conviction must go a great way towards their *thorough* reformation: for a person, wholly convinced, is half reformed. And thus the hazard a child will run of being corrupted by conversing with the servants, will be removed, and all Mr. Locke's other rules better enforced.

I have the boldness, sir, to make another objection; and that is, to the distance which Mr. Locke prescribes to be kept between children and servants: For may not this be a means to fill the minds of the former with a contempt of those below them, and an arrogance that is not warranted by any rank or condition, to their inferiors of the same species?

I have transcribed* what Mr. Locke has enjoined in relation to this distance, where he says, That the children are by all means to be kept *wholly* from the conversation of the meaner servants.—But how much better advice does the same author give for the behaviour of children to servants in the following words: which, I humbly presume to think are not so entirely consistent with the former, as might be expected from so admirable an author!

'Another way,' *says he* (§ 111), "to instil sentiments of 'humanity, and to keep them lively in young folks, will be

* See pages 307, 308.

'to accustom them to civility in their language and deport-
'ment towards their inferiors, and the meaner sort of people,
'particularly servants. It is not unusual to observe the
'children in gentlemen's families treat the servants of the
'house with domineering words, names of contempt, and
'an imperious carriage, as if they were of another race, or
'species beneath them. Whether ill example, the advantage
'of fortune, or their natural vanity, inspire this haughtiness,
'it should be prevented or weeded out; and a gentle, cour-
'teous, affable carriage, towards the lower ranks of men,
'placed in the room of it. No part of their superiority,'
continues this excellent author, 'will be hereby lost, but the
'distinction increased, and their authority strengthened,
'when love in inferiors is joined to outward respect, and an
'esteem of the person has a share in their submission: and
'domestics will pay a more ready and cheerful service, when
'they find themselves not spurned because fortune has laid
'them below the level of others at their master's feet.'

These, dear sir, are certainly the sentiments of a generous and enlarged spirit. But I hope I shall be forgiven, if I observe that the great distance Mr. Locke before enjoins to be kept between children and servants, is not very consistent with the above cited paragraph: For if we would prevent this undue contempt of inferiors in the temper of children, the best way, as I humbly presume to think, is not to make it so unpardonable a fault for them, especially in their early years, to be in their company. For can one make the children shun the servants, without rendering them odious or contemptible to them, and representing them to the children in such disadvantageous lights, as must needs make the servants vile in their eyes, and themselves lofty and exalted in their own? and thereby cause them to treat them with 'domineering words, and an imperious 'carriage, as if they were of another race, or species beneath 'them; and so,' as Mr. Locke *says,* 'nurse up their natural 'pride into a habitual contempt of those beneath them: 'And then,' *as he adds,* 'where will that probably end, but 'in oppression and cruelty?'—But this matter, dear sir, I

presume to think, will all be happily accommodated and reconciled, when the servants' good behaviour is secured by the example and injunctions of the principals.

Upon the whole, then, of what Mr. Locke has enjoined, and what I have taken the liberty to suggest on this head, it shall be my endeavour, in that early part of your dear Billy's education which your goodness will intrust to me, to inculcate betimes in his mind the principles of universal benevolence and kindness to others, especially to inferiors.

Nor, dear sir, shall I fear that the little dear will be wanting to himself in assuming, as he grows up, an air of superiority and distance of behaviour equal to his condition, or that he will descend too low for his station. For, sir, there is a pride and self-love natural to human minds, that will seldom be kept so low as to make them humbler than they ought to be.

I have observed, before now, instances of this in some of the families we visit, between the young masters or misses, and those children of lower degree, who have been brought to play with them, or divert them. On the masters and misses side, I have always seen they lead the play and prescribe the laws of it, be the diversion what it will; while, on the other hand, their lower-rank playfellows have generally given in to their little humours, though ever so contrary to their own; and the difference of dress and appearance, and the notion they have of the more eminent condition of their playfellows' parents, have begot in them a kind of awe and respect that perhaps more than sufficiently secures the superiority of the one, and the subordination of the other.

The advantage of this universal benevolence to a young gentleman, as he grows up, will be, as I humbly conceive, that it will so diffuse itself over his mind, as to influence all his actions, and give a grace to everything he does or says, and make him admired and respected from the best and most durable motives: and will be of greater advantage to him for his attaining a handsome address and behaviour (for it will make him conscious that he *merits*

the distinction he will meet with, and encourage him still *more* to merit it), than the best rules that can be given him for that purpose.

I will therefore teach the little dear courteousness and affability, from the properest motives I am able to think of; and will instruct him in only one piece of pride, that of being above doing a mean or low action. I will caution him not to behave in a lordly or insolent manner, even to the lowest servants. I will tell him, as I do my dear Miss Goodwin, That that superiority is the most commendable, and will be best maintained, that is owing to humanity and kindness, and which is grounded on the perfections of the *mind*, rather than on the *accidental* advantages of *fortune* and *condition:* That, if his conduct be such as it ought to be, there will be no occasion to tell a servant that he will be observed and respected: That *humility*, as I once told my Miss Goodwin,* is a charming grace, and most conspicuously charming in persons of distinction; for that the poor, who are humbled by their condition, cannot glory in it, as the rich may; and that it makes the lower ranks of people love and admire the high-born, who can so condescend: whereas *pride*, in such, is meanness and insult, as it owes its boast and its being to accidental advantages; which, at the same time, are seldom of *his* procuring, who can be so mean as to be proud: That I would even sooner forgive pride in a low degree than in a high; for it may be a security in the first against doing a base thing: But in the rich, it is a base thing itself, and an impolitic one too; for the more distinction a proud mind grasps at, the less it will have; and every poor despised person can whisper such a one in the ear, when surrounded with, and adorned by, all his glittering splendours, that he *was* born, and *must* die, in the *same manner* with those whom he despises.

Thus will the doctrine of benevolence and affability, implanted early in the mind of a young gentleman, and duly cultivated as he grows up, inspire him with the requisite

* See p. 276.

conduct to command respect from *proper* motives; and at the same time that it will make the servants observe a decorum towards him, it will oblige them to have a guard upon their words and actions in the presence of one, whose manner of education and training-up would be so great a reproach to them, if they were grossly faulty: so that hereby, as I conceive, a mutual benefit will flow to the manners of each, and *his* good behaviour will render him, in some measure, an instructive monitor to the whole family.

But permit me, sir, to enlarge on the hint I have already given, in relation to the example of parents, in case a preference be given to the home education. For if this point cannot be secured, I should always imagine it were best to put the child to such a school as I have taken the liberty to mention.* But yet the subject might be spared by me in the present case, as I write with a view only to your family; though you will remember that while I follow Mr. Locke, whose work is public, I must be considered as if I was directing myself to the generality of the world: for, sir, I have the pleasure to say, that your conduct in your family is unexceptionable; and the pride to think that mine is no disgrace to it. No one hears a word from your mouth unbecoming the character of a polite gentleman; and I shall always endeavour to be very regardful of what falls from mine. Your temper, sir, is equal and kind to all your servants, and they love you, as well as awfully respect you: and well does your generosity, and bountiful and considerate mind, deserve it of them all. And they, seeing I am watchful over my own conduct, so as not to behave unworthy of your kind example, regard me as much as I could wish they should; for well do they know that their beloved master will have it so, and greatly honours and esteems me himself.—Your table-talk is such as persons of the strictest principles may hear and join in. Your guests and your friends are, generally speaking, persons of the genteellest life, and of the best manners:

* See p. 308.

—so that Mr. Locke would have advised *you,* of all gentlemen, had he been living, and known you, to give your children a home education, and assign these and still stronger reasons for it.

But, dear sir, were we to speak to the generality of parents, it is to be feared this would be an almost insuperable objection to a home education. For (I am sorry to say it) when one turns one's eyes to the bad precedents given by the heads of some families, it is hardly to be wondered at that there is so little virtue and religion among men. For can those parents be surprised at the ungraciousness of their *children,* who hardly ever show them that their *own* actions are governed by reasonable or moral motives? Can the gluttonous father expect a self-denying son? With how ill a grace must a man who will often be disguised in liquor, preach sobriety? A passionate man, patience? An irreligious man, piety? How will a parent, whose hands are seldom without cards or dice in them, be observed in lessons against the pernicious vice of gaming? Can the profuse father, who is squandering away the fortunes of his children, expect to be regarded in a lesson of frugality? 'Tis impossible he should, except it were that the youth, seeing how pernicious his father's example is, should have the grace to make a proper use of it, and look upon it as a sea-mark, as it were, to enable him to shun the dangerous rocks on which he sees his father splitting. And even in this *best* case, let it be considered how much shame and disgrace this thoughtless parent ought to take to himself, who can admonish his child by nothing but the *odiousness* of his own vice; and how little it is owing to him, that his guilt is not *doubled* by his son's treading in his steps! Let such an unhappy parent duly weigh this, and think how likely he may be, by his bad example, to be the cause of his child's perdition, as well as his own, and stand unshocked and unamended, if he can!

Give me leave to add, that it is then of no avail to wish for discreet servants, if the conduct of the parent is faulty.

If the fountain-head be polluted, how shall the under-currents run clear? That master and mistress, who would exact from their servants a behaviour which they themselves don't practise, will be but ill observed. And that child, who discovers great excesses and errors in his parents, will be found to be less profited by their good precepts, than prejudiced by their bad examples. Excessive fondness this hour, violent passions, and perhaps execrations, the next; unguarded jests, an admiration of fashionable vanities, rash censures, are perhaps the best that the child sees in, or hears from, those who are most concerned to inculcate good precepts into his mind. And where it is so, a home education is not by any means, surely, to be chosen.

Having thus, as well as my slender abilities will permit, presumed to deliver my opinion upon three great points, viz., The qualifications of a tutor; the necessity of having an eye to the morals of servants; and the example of parents (all which, being taken care of, will give a preference, as I imagine, to a home education); permit me, dear sir, to speak a little further to a point that I have already touched upon.

It is that of *emulation;* which I humbly conceive to be of great efficacy to lead children on in their duties and studies. And how, dear sir, shall this advantage be procured for a young master who has no school-fellows, and who has no example to follow but that of his tutor, whom he cannot, from the disparity of years, and other circumstances, without pain (because of this disparity), think of emulating? And this, I conceive, is a very great advantage to such a school education, as I mentioned in my former letter,* where there are no more scholars taken in than the master can with ease and pleasure instruct.

But one way, in my humble opinion, is left to answer this objection, and still preserve the reason for the preference which Mr. Locke gives to a home education; and that is, what I formerly hinted to you, dear sir,† to take

* See p. 309. † See p. 153.

into your family the child of some honest neighbour of but middling circumstances, and like age of your own, but who should give apparent indications of his natural promptitude, ingenuous temper, obliging behaviour, and good manners; and to let him go hand-in-hand with yours in his several studies and lessons under the same tutor.

This child would be sensible of the benefit, as well as of the distinction he received, and consequently of what was expected from him, and would double his diligence, and exert all his good qualities, which would inspire the young gentleman with the wished-for emulation; and, as I imagine, would be so promotive of his learning, that it would greatly compensate the tutor for his pains with the additional scholar; for the young gentleman would be ashamed to be outdone by one of like years and stature with himself. And little rewards might be proposed to the greatest proficient, in order to heighten the emulation.

Then, sir, permit me to add, that the *generosity* of such a method, to a gentleman of your fortune and beneficent mind, would be its own reward, were there no other benefit to be received from it.

Moreover, such an ingenious youth might, by his good morals and industry, hereafter be of service in some place of trust in the family; or it would be easy for a gentleman of your interest in the world, if such a thing offered not, to provide for the youth in the navy, in some of the public offices, or among your private friends.—If he proved faulty in his morals, his dismission would be in your own power, and would be punishment enough.

But if, on the other hand, he proved a sober and hopeful youth, such a one would make an excellent companion for your Billy in riper years; as he would be, in a manner, a corroborator of his morals; for as his circumstances would not support him in any extravagance, so those circumstances would be a check upon his inclinations; and this being seconded by the hopes of future preferment from your favour and interest, which he could not expect but upon the terms of his perseverance in virtue, he would

find himself under a necessity of setting such an example as might be of great benefit to his companion: who should be watched, as he grew up, that he did not (if his ample fortune became dangerous to his virtue) contribute, out of his affluence, to draw the other after him into extravagance. And to this end, as I humbly conceive, the noble doctrine of *independence* should be early instilled into both their minds, and upon all occasions inculcated and enforced; which would be an inducement for the one to endeavour to *improve* his fortune by his honest industry, lest he should never be enabled to rise out of a state of dependence; and to the other, to *keep*, if not to *improve*, his own, lest he should ever fall into such a servile state, and thereby lose the glorious power of conferring happiness on the deserving; which surely is one of the highest pleasures that a generous mind can know; a pleasure, sir, which you have oftener experienced than thousands of gentlemen: and which, may you still continue to experience for a long, long, and happy succession of years to come, is the prayer of one, the most obliged of all others in her own person, as well as in the persons of her dearest relations; and who owes to this glorious beneficence the honour she boasts of being

Your ever affectionate and grateful

P. B——.

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LETTER XCV.

Mrs. B—— to Mr. B——.

But now, my dear Mr. B——, if you will indulge me in a letter or two more, preparative to my little book that I mentioned, I will take the liberty to touch upon one or two other places wherein I differ from this learned gentleman. But, first, permit me to observe that if parents are, above all things, to avoid giving bad examples to their children, they will be no less careful to shun the practice of such fond fathers and mothers as are wont to indulge their children in bad habits, and give them their head, at a time when, like wax, their tender minds may be moulded into what shape they please. This is a point that, if it please God, I will carefully attend to, because it is the foundation on which the superstructure of the whole future man is to be erected. For, according as he is indulged or checked in his childish follies, a ground is laid for his future happiness or misery; and if once they are suffered to become habitual to him, it cannot but be expected that they will grow up with him, and that they will hardly ever be eradicated. 'Try it,' says Mr. Locke, speaking to this very point, 'in a dog, or a horse, or any other creature, and see 'whether the ill and resty tricks they have learned when 'young, are easily to be mended when they are knit: 'and yet none of these creatures are half so wilful and 'proud, or half so desirous to be masters of themselves, as 'men.'

And this brings me, dear sir, to the head of *punishments*, in which, as well as in the article of *rewards*, which I have touched upon, I have a little objection to what Mr. Locke advances.

But permit me, however, to premise that I am exceedingly pleased with the method laid down by this excellent writer, rather to shame the child out of his fault than beat

him; which latter serves generally for nothing but to harden his mind.

Obstinacy, and telling a *lie*, and committing a *wilful* fault, and then *persisting* in it, are, I agree with this gentleman, the only causes for which the child should be punished with stripes: and I admire the reasons he gives against a too rigorous and severe treatment of children.

But I will give Mr. Locke's words, to which I have some objection.

'It may be doubted,' says he, 'concerning whipping, 'when, as the *last* remedy, it comes to be necessary, at '*what time*, and by *whom*, it should be done; whether 'presently, upon the committing the fault, whilst it is yet 'fresh and hot—I think it should not be done presently,' adds he, 'lest passion mingle with it; and so, though it 'exceed the just proportion, yet it lose of its due weight: 'for even children discern whenever we do things in a 'passion.'

I must beg leave, dear sir, to differ from Mr. Locke in this point; for I think it ought rather to be a rule with parents, who shall chastise their children, to conquer what would be extreme in *their own* passion on this occasion (for those parents who cannot do it, are very unfit to be punishers of the wayward passions of their children) than to *defer* the punishment, especially if the child knows its fault has reached its parent's ear. It is otherwise, methinks, giving the child, if of an obstinate disposition, so much more time to harden its mind, and bid defiance to its punishment.

Just now, dear sir, your Billy is brought into my presence, all smiling, crowing to come to me, and full of heart-cheering promises; and the subject I am upon goes to my heart. Surely, surely, I can never beat your Billy! —Dear little life of my life! how can I think that thou canst ever deserve it, or that I can ever inflict it!— No, my baby, that shall be thy papa's task, if ever thou art so heinously naughty; and whatever *he* does, must

be right.—Pardon my foolish fondness, dear sir!—I will proceed.

If, then, the fault be so atrocious as to deserve whipping, and the parent be resolved on this exemplary punishment, the child ought not, as I imagine, to come into one's presence without meeting with it: for else, a fondness too natural to be resisted, will probably get the upper-hand of one's resentment, and how shall one be able to whip the dear creature one had ceased to be angry with? Then, after he has once seen one without meeting his punishment, will he not be inclined to hope for connivance at his fault, unless it should be repeated? And may he not be apt (for children's resentments are strong) to impute to cruelty, a correction (when he thought the fault had been forgotten) that should always appear to be inflicted with reluctance, and through motives of love?

If, from anger at his fault, one should go *above the due proportion* (I am sure I might be trusted for this!) let it take its course!—How barbarously, methinks, I speak!—He ought to *feel* the lash, first, because he *deserves* it, poor little soul! Next, because it is *proposed* to be exemplary. And, lastly, because it is not intended to be *often* used. And the very passion or displeasure one expresses (if it be not enormous), will show one is in earnest, and create in him a necessary awe, and make him be afraid to offend again. The *end* of the correction is to show him the difference between right and wrong. And as it is proper to take him at his first offer of a full submission and repentance (and not before), and instantly dispassionate one's self, and show him the difference by acts of pardon and kindness (which will let him see that one punishes him out of necessity rather than choice), so one would not be afraid to make him smart so sufficiently, that he should not soon forget the severity of the discipline, nor the disgrace of it. There's a cruel mamma for you, Mr. B——! What my *practice* may be, I can't tell; but this *theory*, I presume to think, is right.

As to the *act* itself, I much approve of Mr. Locke's

advice, to do it by pauses, mingling stripes and expostulations together, to shame and terrify the more; and the rather, as the parent, by this slow manner of inflicting the punishment, will less need to be afraid of giving too violent a correction; for those pauses will afford *him*, as well as the *child*, opportunities for consideration and reflection.

But as to the *person* by whom the discipline should be performed, I humbly conceive that this excellent author is here also to be objected to.

'If you have a discreet servant,' says he, 'capable of 'it, and has the place of governing your child (for if you 'have a tutor, there is no doubt), I think it is the best the 'smart should come immediately from another's hand, 'though by the parent's order, who should see it done, 'whereby the parent's authority will be preserved, and the 'child's aversion for the pain it suffers, rather be turned 'on the person that immediately inflicts it: for I would 'have a father seldom strike a child, but upon very urgent 'necessity, and as the last remedy.'

'Tis in such an urgent case, dear sir, that we are supposing it should be done at all. If there be not a reason strong enough for the father's whipping the child himself, there cannot be any sufficient for his ordering any other to do it, and standing by to see it done: but I humbly presume to think, that if there be a necessity for it, no one can be so fit as the father himself to do it. The child cannot dispute his authority to punish, from whom he receives and expects all the good things of this life. He cannot question *his* love to him; and after the smart is over, and his obedience secured, must believe that so tender, so indulgent a father, could have no other end in whipping him, but his good. Against *him*, he knows he has no remedy, but must passively submit; and when he is convinced he *must*, he will in time conclude that he *ought*.

But to have this severe office performed by a servant, though at the father's command; and that professedly, that the aversion of the child for the pain it suffers should be turned on the person who immediately inflicts it, is, I

am humbly of opinion, the *reverse* of what ought to be done. And *more* so if this servant has any direction of the child's education; and still much *more* so, if it be his tutor, notwithstanding Mr. Locke says, 'There is no doubt, if 'there be a tutor, that it should be done by him.'

For, dear sir, is there no doubt that the tutor should lay himself open to the aversion of the child, whose manners he is to form? Is it not the best method a tutor can take, in order to enforce the lessons he would inculcate, to endeavour to attract the love and attention of his pupil by the most winning, mild, and inviting ways that he can possibly think of? And yet is *he*, this very tutor, *out of all doubt*, to be the instrument of doing a harsh and disgraceful thing, and that in the last resort, when all other methods are found ineffectual; and that too, because he ought to incur the child's resentment and aversion, rather than the father? No, surely, sir, it is not reasonable it should be so: quite contrary, in my humble notion, there can be no doubt, but that it should be *otherwise*.

It should, methinks, be enough for a tutor, in case of a fault in a child, to threaten to complain to his father; but yet not to make such complaint without the child obstinately persists in his error, which, too, should be of a nature to merit such an appeal: and this, methinks, would highly contribute to preserve the parent's authority; who on this occasion, should never fail of extorting a promise of amendment, or of instantly punishing him with his own hands. And to soften the distaste he might conceive in resentment of too rigid complainings, it might not, possibly, be amiss, that his interposition in the child's favour, if the fault were not too flagrant, should be permitted to save him once or twice from the impending discipline.

'Tis certain that the passions, if I may so call them, of affection and aversion, are very early discoverable in children; insomuch that they will, even before they can speak, afford us marks for the detection of a hypocritical appearance of love to it before the parents' faces. For the fondness or averseness of the child to some servants, as I have

observed in other families, will at any time let one know, whether their love to the baby is uniform and the same, when one is absent, as present. In one case the child will reject with sullenness all the little sycophancies that are made to it in one's sight; while, on the other, its fondness of the person, who generally obliges it, is an infallible rule to judge of such a one's sincerity behind one's back. This little observation shows the strength of a child's resentments, and its sagacity, at the earliest age, in discovering who obliges, and who disobliges it: and hence one may infer, how improper a person *he* is, whom we would have a child to love and respect, or by whose precepts we would have it directed, to be the punisher of its faults, or to do any harsh or disagreeable office to it.

For my own part, dear sir, I must take the liberty to declare, that if the parent were not to inflict the punishment himself, I think it much better it should be given him, in the parent's presence, by the servant of the lowest consideration in the family, and whose manners and example one would be the least willing of any other he should follow. Just as the common executioner, who is the lowest and most flagitious officer of the commonwealth, and who frequently deserves, as much as the criminal, the punishment he is chosen to inflict, is pitched upon to perform, as a mark of greater ignominy, those sentences which are intended as examples to deter others from the commission of heinous crimes. And this was the method the Almighty took, when He was disposed to correct severely His chosen people: for in that case He generally did it by the hands of the most profligate nations around them, as we read in many places of the Old Testament.

But the following rule, among a thousand others equally excellent, I admire in Mr. Locke: 'when,' says he ('for 'any misdemeanour), the father or mother looks sour on 'the child, every one else should put on the same coldness 'to him, and nobody give him countenance till forgiveness 'asked, and a reformation of his fault has set him right 'again, and restored him to his former credit. If this

'were constantly observed,' adds he, 'I guess there would 'be little need of blows or chiding: their own ease or 'satisfaction would quickly teach children to court com- 'mendation, and avoid doing that which they found every- 'body condemned, and they were sure to suffer for, without 'being chid or beaten. This would teach them modesty 'and shame, and they would quickly come to have a natural 'abhorrence for that which they found made them slighted 'and neglected by everybody.'

This affords me, dear sir, a pretty hint: for if ever your charming Billy shall be naughty, what will I do but proclaim throughout your worthy family that the little dear is in disgrace! And one shall shun him; another shall decline answering him; a third shall say, No, master, I cannot obey you, till your mamma is pleased with you: a fourth, Who shall mind what little masters bid them do, when little masters won't mind what their mammas say to them? And when the dear little soul finds this, he will come in my way (and I see, pardon me, my dear Mr. B——, he has some of his papa's spirit already, indeed he has!), and I will direct myself with double kindness to your beloved Davers, and to my Miss Goodwin, and take no notice at all of the dear creature, if I can help it, till I can see his *papa* (forgive my boldness) banished from his little sullen brow, and all his *mamma* rise to his eyes. And when his musical tongue shall be unlocked to own his fault, and promise amendment—Oh, then, how shall I clasp him to my bosom! and tears of joy, I know, will meet his tears of penitence!

How these flights, dear sir, please a body!—What delights have those mammas (which some fashionable ladies are quite unacquainted with) who can make their dear babies, and their first educations, their entertainment and diversion! To watch the dawnings of reason in them, to direct their little passions, as they show themselves, to this or that particular point of benefit and use; and to prepare the sweet virgin soil of their minds to receive the seeds of virtue and goodness so early, that, as they grow up, one need only

now a little pruning, and now a little watering, to make them the ornaments and delights of the garden of this life! And then their pretty ways, their fond and grateful endearments, some new beauty every day rising to observation—oh, my dearest Mr. B——! whose enjoyments and pleasures are so great, as those of such mothers as can bend their minds, two or three hours every day, to the duties of the nursery!

I have a few other things to observe upon Mr. Locke's Treatise, which, when I have done, I shall read, admire, and improve by the rest, as my years and experiences advance; of which, in my proposed little book, I shall give you better proofs than I am able to do at present; raw, crude, and indigested as the notions of so young a mamma must needs be.

But these shall be the subjects of another letter; for now I am come to the pride and the pleasure I always have, when I subscribe myself, dearest sir,

Your ever dutiful and grateful

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER XCVI.

Mrs. B—— to Mr. B——.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Locke gives a great many very pretty instructions relating to the play-games of children; but I humbly presume to object to what he says in one or two places.

He would not indulge them in any playthings, but what they make themselves, or endeavour to make. 'A smooth 'pebble, a piece of paper, the mother's bunch of keys, or 'anything they cannot hurt themselves with,' he rightly says, 'serves as much to divert little children, as those

'more chargeable and curious toys from the shops, which 'are presently put out of order and broken.'

These playthings may certainly do well enough, as he observes, for little ones: but, methinks, to a person of easy circumstances, since the making these toys employs the industrious poor, the buying them for the child might be dispensed with, though they *were* easily broken; and especially as they are of all prices, and some less costly and more durable than other.

'Tops, gigs, battledores,' Mr. Locke observes, 'which are 'to be used with labour, should indeed be procured them '—not for variety, but exercise; but if they had a top, 'the scourge-stick and leather-strap should be left to their 'own making and fitting.'

But may I presume to say, That whatever be the good Mr. Locke proposes by this, it cannot be equal to the mischief children may do themselves in making these playthings? For must they not have implements to work with? and is not a knife, or other edged tool, without which it is impossible they can make or shape a scourge-stick, or *any* of their playthings, a fine instrument in a child's hands? This advice is the reverse of the caution warranted from all antiquity, *that it is dangerous to meddle with edged tools:* And I am afraid the tutor must often act the surgeon, and follow the indulgence with a styptic and a plaster; and the young gentleman's hands might be so often bound up, that it might indeed perhaps be one way to cure him of his earnest desire to play; but I can hardly imagine any other good that it can do him. For, I doubt the excellent consequences proposed by our author from this doctrine, such as to teach the child moderation in his desires, application, industry, thought, contrivance, and good husbandry; qualities that, as he observes, will be useful to him when he is a man, are too remote to be engrafted upon such beginnings: although it must be confessed that, as Mr. Locke wisely observes, good habits and industry cannot be too early inculcated.

But then, sir, may I ask, are not the very plays and

sports to which children accustom themselves, whether they make their own playthings or not, equivalent to the work or labour of grown persons? Yes, sir, I will venture to say they are, and more than equivalent to the exercises and labour of many.

Mr. Locke advises, that the child's playthings should be as few as possible, in which I entirely agree with him: that they should be in his tutor's power, who is to give him but one at once. But since it is the nature of the human mind to covet most what is prohibited, and to set light by what is in its own power; I am half doubtful, (only that Mr. Locke says it, and the matter may not be so very important, as other points, in which I have taken the liberty to differ from that gentleman) whether the child's absolute possession of his own playthings in some little repository, of which he may be permitted to keep the key, especially if he make no bad use of the privilege, would not make him more indifferent to them: while the contrary conduct might possibly enhance his value of them. And if, when he had done with any plaything, he were obliged to put it into its allotted place, and were accustomed to keep account of the number and places of them severally, this would teach him order, and at the same time instruct him to keep a proper account of them, and to avoid being a squanderer or waster. And if he should omit to put his playthings in their places, or be careless of them, the taking them away for a time, or threatening to give them to others, would make him be more heedful.

Mr. Locke says, 'That he has known a child so dis-'tracted with the number and variety of his playthings, 'that he tired his maid every day to look them over: and 'was so accustomed to abundance, that he never thought 'he had enough, but was always asking, What more? 'What new thing shall I have? A good introduction,' adds he ironically, 'to moderate desires, and the ready way 'to make a contented happy man!'

All that I shall offer to this is, that there are few *men* so philosophical as one would wish them to be; much less

children. But no doubt that this variety engaged the child's activity; which, of the two, might be turned to better purposes than sloth or indolence; and if the maid was tired, it might be because she was not so much *alive* as the child; and perhaps this part of the grievance might not be so great, because, if she was his attendant, 'tis probable she had nothing else to do.

However, in the main, as Mr. Locke says, it is no matter how few playthings the child is indulged with: but yet I can hardly persuade myself, that plenty of them can have such bad consequences as the gentleman apprehends; and the rather, because they will excite his attention and promote his industry and activity. His inquiry after new things, let him have few or many, is to be expected as a consequence of those natural desires which are implanted in him, and will every day increase: but this may be observed, that as he grows in years, he will be above some playthings, and so the number of the old ones will be always reducible, perhaps in a greater proportion than the new ones will increase.

Mr. Locke observes, on the head of good-breeding, that 'There are two sorts of ill-breeding; the one a sheepish 'bashfulness, and the other a misbecoming negligence and 'disrespect in our carriage; both which,' says he, 'are 'avoided by duly observing this one rule, not to think 'meanly of ourselves, and not to think meanly of others.' I think, as Mr. Locke explains this rule, it is an excellent one. But on this head I would beg leave to observe, that however discommendable a bashful temper is, in some instances, where it must be deemed a weakness of the mind; yet, in my humble opinion, it is generally the mark of an ingenuous one, and is always to be preferred to an undistinguishing and hardy confidence, which, as it seems to me, is the genuine production of invincible ignorance.

What is faulty in it, which Mr. Locke calls *sheepishness*, should indeed be shaken off, as soon as possible, because it is an enemy to merit in its advancement in the world: But, sir, were I to choose a companion for your Billy, as

he grows up, I should not think the worse of the youth who, not having had the opportunities of knowing men, or seeing the world, had this defect. On the contrary, I should be apt to look upon it as an outward fence or enclosure, as I may say, to his virtue, which might keep off the lighter attacks of immorality, the *Hussars* of vice, as I may say, who are not able to carry on a formal siege against his morals; and I should expect such a one to be docile, humane, good-humoured, diffident of himself, and therefore most likely to improve as well in mind as behaviour: while a hardened mind, that never doubts itself, must be a stranger to its own infirmities, and, suspecting none, is impetuous, overbearing, incorrigible; and if rich, a tyrant: if not, possibly an invader of other men's properties; or, at least, such a one as allows itself to walk so near the borders of injustice, that, where *self* is concerned, it hardly ever does right things.

Mr. Locke proposes (§ 148) a very pretty method to cheat children, as it were, into learning: but then he adds, 'There may be dice and playthings with the letters 'on them, to teach children the alphabet by playing.' And in another place (§ 151), 'I know a person of great 'quality—who by pasting the six vowels (for in our lan-'guage *y* is one) on the six sides of a die, and the remain-'ing eighteen consonants on the sides of three other dice, 'has made this a play for his children, that *he* shall win, 'who at one cast throws most words on these four dice; 'whereby his eldest son, yet in coats, has *played* himself '*into spelling* with great eagerness, and without once having 'been chid for it, or forced to it.'

I must needs say, my dear Mr. B.——, that I had rather your Billy should be a twelvemonth backwarder for want of this method, than forwarded by it. For what may not be apprehended from so early allowing, or rather inculcating, the use of dice and gaming upon the minds of children? Let Mr. Locke himself speak to this in his § 208, and I should be glad to be able to reconcile the two passages in this excellent author.—'As to cards and dice,' says he, 'I

'think the safest and best way is never to learn any play 'upon them, and so to be incapacitated for these dangerous 'temptations, and encroaching wasters of useful time'— and he might have added, of the noblest estates and fortunes; while sharpers and scoundrels have been lifted into distinction upon their ruins. Yet, in § 153, Mr. Locke proceeds to give particular directions in relation to the dice he recommends.

But, after all, if some innocent plays were fixed upon to cheat children into reading, that, as he says, should look as little like a task as possible, it must needs be of use for that purpose. But let every gentleman, who has a fortune to lose, and who, if he games, is on a foot with the vilest company, who generally have nothing at all to risk, tremble at the thoughts of teaching his son, though for the most laudable purposes, the early use of dice and gaming.

But, dear sir, permit me to say, how much I am charmed with a hint in Mr. Locke, which makes your Pamela hope she may be of greater use to your children, even as they *grow up*, than she could ever have flattered herself to be. —'Tis a charming paragraph! I must not skip one word of it. Thus it begins, and I will observe upon it as I go along. '§ 177. But under whose care soever a child is 'put to be taught,' says Mr. Locke, 'during the tender and 'flexible years of his life, this is certain, it should be one 'who thinks Latin and language the least part of edu-'cation.'

How agreeable is this to my notions; which I durst not have avowed, but after so excellent a scholar! For I have long had the thought, that a great deal of precious time is wasted to little purpose in the attaining of Latin. Mr. H——, I think, says, he was ten years in endeavouring to learn it, and as far as I can find, knows nothing at all of the matter neither!—Indeed he lays that to the wicked picture in his grammar which he took for granted (as he has said several times, as well as once written), was put there to teach boys to rob orchards, instead of improving their minds in learning, or common honesty.

But (for this is too light an instance for the subject) Mr. Locke proceeds — 'One who knowing how much 'virtue and a well-tempered soul is to be preferred to any 'sort of *learning* or *language*' [What a noble writer is this!] "makes it his chief business to form the mind of 'his scholars, and give that a right disposition.' [Ay, there, dear sir, is the thing!] 'Which if once got, though all 'the rest should be neglected' [charmingly observed], 'would in *due time*' [without wicked dice, I hope] 'pro-'duce all the rest; and which, if it be not got and settled, 'so as to keep out ill and vicious habits, *languages* and '*sciences*, and all the other accomplishments of education, 'will be to no purpose, but to make the worse or more 'dangerous man.' [Now comes the place I am so much delighted with!] 'And indeed whatever stir there is 'made about getting of Latin, as the great and difficult 'business, his mother' [Oh, thank you, thank you, dear sir, for putting this excellent author into my hands!] 'may 'teach it him herself, if she will but spend two or three 'hours in a day with him'—[If she will! Never fear, dear sir, but I will, with the highest pleasure in the world!] 'and make him read the Evangelists in Latin to her. [How I long to be five or six years older, as well as my dearest babies, that I may enter upon this charming scheme!] 'For she need but buy a Latin Testament, and having got 'somebody to mark the last syllable but one, where it is 'long, in words above two syllables (which is enough to 'regulate her pronunciation and accenting the words), 'read daily in the Gospels, and then let her avoid under-'standing them in Latin, if she can.'

'Why, dearest, dear sir, you have taught me almost all this already; and you, my best and most beloved tutor, have told me often, I read and pronounce Latin more than tolerably, though I don't understand it: But this method will teach *me*, as well as your dear *children*. But thus the good gentleman proceeds: 'And when she understands 'the Evangelists in Latin, let her in the same manner read 'Æsop's Fables, and so proceed on to Eutropius, Justin,

'and such other books. I do not mention this,' adds Mr. Locke, 'as an imagination of what I fancy may do, but as 'of a thing I have known done, and the Latin tongue got 'with ease this way.'

Mr. Locke proceeds to mention other advantages, which the child may receive from his mother's instruction, which I will endeavour more and more to qualify myself for: particularly, after he has intimated, that 'at the same time 'that the child is learning French and Latin, he may be 'entered also in arithmetic, geography, chronology, history, 'and geometry too; for if,' says he, 'these be taught him, 'in French or Latin, when he begins once to understand 'either of these tongues, he will get a knowledge in these 'sciences, and the language to boot.' After he has intimated this, I say, he proceeds: 'Geography, I think, should 'be begun with: for the learning of the figure of the 'globe, the situation and boundaries of the four parts of 'the world, and that of particular kingdoms and countries, 'being only an exercise of the eyes and memory, a child 'with pleasure will learn and retain them. And this is so 'certain, that I now live in a house with a child whom his 'mother has so well instructed this way in geography,' [But had she not, do you think, dear sir, some of this good gentleman's kind assistance?] 'that he knew the limits of 'the four parts of the world; would readily point, being 'asked, to any country upon the globe, or any county in 'the map of England; knew all the great rivers, promontories, straits, and bays in the world, and could find the 'longitude and latitude of any place, before he was six 'years old.'

There's for you, dear sir!—See what a mother can do if she pleases!

I remember, sir, formerly, in that sweet* chariot conference, at the dawning of my hopes, when all my dangers were happily over (a conference I shall always think of with pleasure), that you asked me, How I would bestow my time, supposing the neighbouring ladies would be above

* See vol. i. pp. 289-302.

being seen in my company; when I should have no visits to receive or return; no parties of pleasure to join in; no card-tables to employ my winter evenings?

I then, sir, transported with my opening prospects, prattled to you, how well I would endeavour to pass my time in the family management and accounts, in visits now and then to the indigent and worthy poor; in music sometimes; in reading, in writing, in my superior duties—and I hope I have not behaved quite unworthily of my promises.

But I also remember, dear sir, what once you said on a certain occasion, which *now*, since the fair prospect is no longer distant, and that I have been so long your happy, thrice happy wife, I may repeat, without those blushes which then covered my face: Thus then, with a *modest* grace, and with that *virtuous* endearment, that is so *beautiful* in *your* sex, as well as in *ours*, whether in the character of lover or husband, maiden or wife, you were pleased to say, 'And I hope, my Pamela, to have superadded to all 'these, such an employment'—as—in short, sir, I am now blessed with, and writing of; no less than the useful part I may be able to take in the first education of your beloved babies!

And now I must add, that this pleasing hope sets me above all other diversions: I wish for no parties of pleasure but with you, my dearest Mr. B——! and these are parties that will improve me, and make me more capable of the other, and more worthy of your conversation, and of the time you pass (beyond what I could ever have promised to my utmost wishes) in such poor company as mine, for no other reason but because I love to be instructed, and take my lessons well, as you are pleased to say: and indeed I must be a sad dunce if I did not, from so skilful and so beloved a master.

I want no card-table amusements: for I hope, in a few years (and a proud hope it is), to be able to teach your dear little ones the first rudiments, as Mr. Locke points

the way, of Latin, of French, and of geography and arithmetic.

Oh my dear Mr. B——! by your help and countenance, what may I not be able to teach them! and how may I prepare the way for a tutor's instructions, and give him up minds half cultivated to his hands!—And all this time improve myself too, not only in science, but in nature, by tracing in the little babes what all mankind are, and have been, from infancy to riper years, and watching the sweet dawnings of reason, and delighting in every bright emanation of that ray of Divinity lent to the human mind, for great and happy purposes, when rightly pointed and directed!

There is no going further in this letter, after these charming recollections and hopes: for they bring me to that grateful remembrance, to whom, under God, I owe them all, and also what I have been for so happy a period, and what I am, which is, what will ever be my pride and my glory; and well it may, when I look back to my beginning, which I ever shall, with humble acknowledgment, and can call myself, dearest Mr. B——,

Your honoured and honouring,

And, I hope I may say, in time, useful wife,

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER XCVII.

Mrs. B—— to Mr. B——.

My dearest Mr. B——,—Having in my former letters said as much as is necessary to let you into my notion of the excellent book you put into my hands, and having touched those points in which the children of both sexes may be concerned (with some *art* in my intention, I own), in hopes that they would not be so much out of the way, as to make you repent of the honour and pleasure you have done me in committing the dear Miss Goodwin to my care; I shall now very quickly set myself about the little book which I have done myself the honour to mention to you.

You have been so good as to tell me (at the same time that you have not disapproved these my specimen letters, as I may call them), that you will kindly accept of my intended present, and you encourage me to proceed in it; and as I shall leave one side of the leaf blank for your corrections and alterations, those corrections will be a fine help and instruction to me in the pleasing task which I propose to myself, of assisting in the early education of the dear children which it has pleased God to give you. And as, possibly, I may be years in writing it, as the dear babies improve, and as I myself improve, by the opportunities which their advances in years will give me, and the experience I shall gain, I shall then perhaps venture to give my notions and observations on the more material and nobler parts of education, as well as the inferior: for (but that I think the subjects above my present abilities) Mr. Locke's book would lead me into several remarks, that might not be unuseful; and which appear to me entirely new; though that may be owing to my slender reading and opportunities perhaps.

But what, my dearest Mr. B——, I would now touch

upon, is a word or two still more particularly upon the education of my own sex; a topic which naturally rises to me from the subject of my last letter. For there, dear sir, we saw that the mothers might teach the child *this* part of science and *that* part of instruction; and who, I pray, as our sex is generally educated, shall teach the *mothers*? How, in a word, shall *they* come by their knowledge?

I know you'll be apt to say that Miss Goodwin gives all the promises of becoming a fine young lady, and takes her learning, and loves reading, and makes very pretty reflections upon all she reads, and asks very pertinent questions and is as knowing, at her years, as most young ladies. This is very true, sir: but it is not every one that can boast Miss Goodwin's capacity, and goodness of temper, which have enabled her to get up a good deal of *lost* time, as I must call it; for the first four years in the dear child were a perfect blank as far as I can find, just as if the pretty dear was born the day she was four years old: for what she had to *unlearn* as to temper and will, and such things, set against what little improvements she had made, might very fairly be compounded for as a blank.

I would indeed have a girl brought up to her needle; but I would not have *all* her time employed in samplers, and learning to mark, and to do those unnecessary things which she will never, probably, be called upon to practise.

And why, pray, my dear Mr. B——, are not girls entitled to the same *first* education, though not to the same plays and diversions, as boys; so far, at least, as it is supposed by Mr. Locke a mother can instruct them?

Would not this lay a foundation for their future improvement, and direct their inclinations to useful subjects, such as would make them above the imputations of some unkind gentlemen, who allot to their parts common tea-table prattle, while they do all they can to make them fit for nothing else, and then upbraid them for it? And would not the men find us better and more suitable companions and assistants to them in every useful purpose of life?—Oh, that your lordly sex were all like my dear Mr. B——!

I don't mean that they should all take raw, uncouth, unbred, lowly girls, as I was, from the cottage, and destroying all distinction, make such their wives. I cannot mean this: because there is a far greater likelihood that such a one, when she comes to be lifted up into so dazzling a sphere, would have her head made giddy with her exaltation, than that she would balance herself well in it: and then to what a blot, over all the fair page of a long life, would this little drop of dirty ink spread itself! What a standing disreputation to the choice of a gentleman!

But *this* I mean, That after a gentleman had entered into the marriage state with a young creature (saying nothing at all of birth or descent), far inferior to him in learning, in parts, in knowledge of the world, and in all the graces which make conversation agreeable and improving, he would, as you do, endeavour to make her fit company for himself, as he shall find she is *willing* to improve, and *capable* of improvement: That he would direct her taste, point out to her proper subjects for her amusement and instruction; travel with her now and then, a month in a year perhaps; and show her the world, after he has encouraged her to put herself forward at his own table, and at the houses of his friends, and has seen that she will not do him great discredit anywhere. What obligations and opportunities too, will this give her to love and honour such a husband, every hour, more and more! as she will see his wisdom in a thousand instances, and experience his indulgence to her in ten thousand (for which otherwise no opportunity could have so fitly offered), to the praise of his politeness, and the honour of them both!—And then, when select parties of pleasure or business engaged him not abroad, in his home conversation, to have him, as my dear Mr. B—— does, delight to instruct and open her views, and inspire her with an ambition to enlarge her mind, and more and more to excel! What an intellectual kind of married life, as I may call it, would such persons find theirs; and how suitable to the rules of policy and self-love in the gentleman! for is not the wife and are not her

improvements, all *his own?—Absolutely,* as I may say, *his own?* And does not every excellence she can be adorned by, redound to her husband's honour, because she is *his*, even more than *to her own?*—In like manner, as no dishonour affects a man so much as that which he receives from a bad wife.

But where, would some say, were they to see what I write, is such a gentleman as Mr. B—— to be met with? Look around and see where, with all the advantages of sex, of education, of travel, of conversation in the open world, a gentleman of his abilities to instruct and inform, is to be found? And there are others who, perhaps, will question the capacities or inclinations of our sex in general, to improve in useful knowledge, were they to meet with such kind instructors, either in the characters of parents or husbands.

As to the first, I grant, that it is not easy to find such a gentleman. But for the second (if it would be excused in me, who am one of the sex, and so may be thought partial to it), I could, by comparisons drawn from the gentlemen and ladies within the circle of my own acquaintance, produce instances, which are so flagrantly in their favour, as might make it suspected that it is policy more than justice, in those who would keep our sex unacquainted with that more eligible turn of education, which gives the gentlemen so many advantages over us in *that;* and which will show they have none at all in *nature* or *genius.*

I know you will pardon me, dear sir; for you are so exalted above your Pamela, by nature and education too, that you cannot apprehend any inconvenience from bold comparisons. I will take the liberty, therefore, to mention a few instances among our friends, where the ladies, notwithstanding their more cramped and confined education, make *more* than an equal figure with the gentlemen in all the graceful parts of conversation, in spite of the contempts poured out upon our sex by some witty gentlemen, whose writings I have in my eye.

To begin then with Mr. Murray, and Miss Darnford that

was: Mr. Murray has the reputation of scholarship, and has travelled too; but how infinitely is he surpassed in every noble and useful quality, and in greatness of mind and judgment, as well as wit, by the young lady I have named! This we saw, when last at the Hall, in fifty instances, where the gentleman was, you know, sir, on a visit to Sir Simon and his lady.

Next, dear sir, permit me to observe that my good Lord Davers, with all his advantages, born a counsellor of the realm, and educated accordingly, does not surpass his lady.

My countess, as I delight to call her, and Lady Betty, her eldest daughter, greatly surpass the earl, and her eldest brother, in every point of knowledge, and even learning, as I may say, although both ladies owe that advantage principally to their own cultivation and acquirement.

Let me presume, sir, to name Mr. H——; and when I *have* named him, shall we not be puzzled to find anywhere in our sex, one remove from vulgar life, a woman that will not outdo Mr. H——?

Lady Darnford, upon all useful subjects, makes a much brighter figure than Sir Simon, whose knowledge of the world has not yet made him acquainted with himself.—Mr. Arthur excels not his lady.

Lady Towers, a maiden lady, is an overmatch for half a dozen of the neighbouring gentlemen I could name, in what is called wit and politeness, and not inferior to any of them in judgment.

I could multiply instances of this nature, were it needful, to the confutation of that low, and I had almost said, *unmanly* contempt, with which a certain celebrated genius treats our sex in general, in most of his pieces that I have seen; particularly in his 'Letter of Advice to a New Married Lady.' A letter writ in such a manner as must disgust, instead of instructing; and looks more like the advice of an enemy to the sex, and a bitter one too, than a friend to the *particular lady*. But I ought to beg pardon for this my presumption, for two reasons, First, Because of the truly admirable talents of this writer; and, next,

Because we know not what ladies the ingenious gentleman may have fallen among in his younger days.

Upon the whole, therefore, I conclude, that Mr. B—— is almost the only gentleman who excels *every* lady that I have seen; so *greatly* excels, that even the emanations of his excellence irradiate a low cottage-born girl, and make her pass among ladies of birth and education for somebody.

Forgive my pride, dear sir; but it would be almost a crime in your Pamela not to exult in the mild benignity of those rays, by which her beloved Mr. B—— endeavours to make her look up to his own sunny sphere; while she, by the advantage only of his reflected glory, in his absence, which makes a dark night to her, glides along with her paler and fainter beaminess, and makes a distinguishing figure among such lesser planets, as can only poorly twinkle and glimmer, for want of the aid she boasts of.

I dare not, sir, conjecture whence arises this more than parity in the genius of the sexes, among the persons I have mentioned, notwithstanding the disparity of education, and the difference in the opportunities of each. This might lead one into too proud a thought in favour of a sex too contemptuously treated by some *other* wits I could name; who indeed are the less to be regarded, as they love to jest upon all God Almighty's works. Yet might I better do it, too, than anybody, since, as I have intimated above, I am so infinitely transcended by my husband, that no competition, pride, or vanity, could be apprehended from me.

But, however, I would only beg of the gentlemen who are so free in their contempts of us, that they would, for *their own sakes* (and that, with such, generally goes a great way), rather try to *improve* than *depreciate* us: we should then make better daughters, better wives, better mothers, and better mistresses. And who (permit me, sir, to ask these people) would be so much the better for these opportunities and amendments, as our upbraiders themselves?

On reperusing what I have written, I must repeatedly beg your excuse, dear sir, for these proud notions in behalf of my sex. I can truly say that they are not, if I know my-

self, owing to partiality, because I have the honour to be one of it; but to a better motive by far: for what does this contemptuous treatment of one half, if not the better half, of the human species naturally produce, but libertinism and abandoned wickedness? For does it not tend to make the daughters, the sisters, the wives of gentlemen, the subjects of profligate attempts?—Does it not render the sex vile in the eyes of the most vile? And when a lady is no longer beheld by such persons with that dignity and reverence, with which perhaps the graces of her person, and the innocence of her mind should sacredly, as it were, encompass her, do not her very excellences become so many incentives for base wretches to attempt her virtue, and bring about her ruin?

What then may not wicked wit have to answer for, when its possessors prostitute it to such unmanly purposes? And as if they had never had a mother, a sister, a daughter of their own, throw down, as much as in them lies, those sacred fences which may lay the fair enclosure open to the invasions of every clumsier and viler beast of prey, who, though destitute of *their* wit, yet corrupted by it, shall fill their mouths, as well as their hearts, with the borrowed mischief, and propagate it, from one to another, to the end of time; and who, otherwise, would have passed by the uninvaded fence, and only showed their teeth, and snarled at the well-secured fold within it!

You cannot, my dearest Mr. B——, I know you cannot, be angry at this romantic painting; since you are not affected by it: for when you were at worst, you acted (more dangerously, 'tis true, for the poor innocents) a *principal* part, and were as a lion among beasts—do, dear sir, let me say *among*, this one time—you scorned to borrow any man's wit; * and if nobody had followed your example till they had had your qualities, the number of rakes would have been but small. Yet, dearest sir, don't mistake me neither: I am not so mean as to bespeak your favour by extenuating your failings: if I *were*, you would deservedly despise me.

* See vol. i. page 306.

For undoubtedly (I *must* say it, sir) your faults were the greater for your perfections: and such talents misapplied, as they made you more capable of mischief, so did they increase the evil of your practices. All then that I mean by saying you are not affected by this painting, is that you are not affected by the description I have given of clumsy and sordid rakes, whose *wit* is *borrowed*, and their *wickedness* only what they may call *their own*.

Then, dear sir, since that noble conversation which you held with me at Tunbridge, in relation to the consequence that might, had it not been for God's grace intervening have followed the masquerade affair, I have the pleasure the inexpressible pleasure, to find a thorough reformation from the *best* motives, taking place; and your joining with me in my closet (as opportunity permits) in my evening duties, is the charming confirmation of your kind and voluntary, and I am proud to say, your *pious* assurances so that this makes me fearless of your displeasure, while rather triumph in my joy, for your precious soul's sake than presume to think of recriminating; and when (only this one time for all, and for ever) I take the liberty of looking back from the delightful *now*, to the painful *formerly!*

But what a rambler am I again! You command me sir, to write to you all I think, without fear. I obey; and as the phrase is, do it without either *fear* or *wit*.

If you are not displeased, it is a mark of the true nobleness of your nature, and the sincerity of your late pious declarations.

If you *are*, I shall be sure I have done wrong in having applied a corrosive to eat away the *proud flesh* of a *wound* that is not yet so thoroughly *digested* as to bear a painful application, and requires balsam and a gentler treatment But when we were at Bath, I remember what you said once of the benefit of retrospection; and you charged me, whenever a *proper* opportunity offered, to remind you, by that one word, *retrospection*, of the charming conversation we had there, on our return from the rooms.

If this be not one of those *proper* opportunities, forgive, dearest sir, the unseasonableness of your very impertinent, but, in intention and resolution,

Ever dutiful,

P. B——.

—o— –

LETTER XCVIII.

Mrs. B—— to her Father and Mother.

EVER DEAR, AND EVER HONOURED!—I must write this one letter to you, although I have had the happiness to see you so lately; because Mr. B—— is now about to honour me with the tour he so kindly promised to me when with you; and it may therefore be several months perhaps, before I have again the pleasure of paying you the like dutiful respects.

You know his kind promise that he would, for every dear baby I present him with, take an excursion with me afterwards, in order to establish and confirm my health.

The task I have undertaken of dedicating all my writing amusements to the dearest of men; the full employment I have, when at home; the frequent rambles he has been so often pleased to indulge me in, with my dear Miss Goodwin, to Kent, to London, to Bedfordshire, to Lincolnshire, and to my Lady Davers's, take from me the necessity of writing to your honoured selves, to my Miss Darnford that was, and to Lady Davers, so often as I formerly thought myself obliged to do, when I saw all my worthy friends so seldom; the same things, moreover, with little variation, occurring this year, as to our conversations, visits, friends, employments, and amusements, that fell out the last; as must be the case in a family so uniform and methodical as ours.

I have, for these reasons, more leisure to pursue n domestic duties, which are increased upon me; and when have said that I am every day more and more happy my beloved Mr. B——, in Miss Goodwin, my Billy, a my Davers; and now, newly, in my sweet little Pame (for so, you know, Lady Davers would have her call rather than by her own name), what can I say more?

As to the tour I spoke of, you know the first part Mr. B——'s obliging scheme is to carry me to France; he has already travelled with me over the greatest part England; and I am sure, by my passage last year to t Isle of Wight, I shall not be afraid of crossing the wa from Dover thither; and he will, when we are at Paris, says, take *my* further directions (that was his kind expr sion) whither to go next.

My Lord and Lady Davers are so good as to promise accompany us to Paris, provided Mr. B—— will give th his and my company to Aix la Chapelle, for a month six weeks, whither my lord is advised to go. And M H——, if he can get over his fear of crossing the salt wat is to be of the party.

Lady G——, Miss Darnford that was (who likewise h lately lain-in of a fine daughter), and I, are to correspon as opportunity offers; and she is so good as to promise send to you what I write, as formerly: but I have refus to say one word in my letters of the manners, custom curiosities, &c., of the places we see: because, first, I sha not have leisure; and next, because those things are much better described in books already printed, written b persons who made stricter and better observations tha I can pretend to make: so that what I shall write wi relate only to our private selves, and shall be as brief a possible.

If we are to do as Mr. B—— has it in his thoughts, h intends to be out of England two years—but how can bear that, if for your sakes only, and for those of my dea babies!—But this must be my time, my *only* time, Mr B—— tells me, to ramble and see distant places and coun

tries; for he is pleased to say, That as soon as his little ones are capable of my instructions, and begin to understand my looks and signs, he will not spare me from them a week together; and he is so kind as to propose that my dear bold boy (for every one sees how greatly he resembles his papa in his dear forward spirit) shall go with us; and this pleases Miss Goodwin highly, who is very fond of *him*, and of my little Davers; but vows she will never love so well my pretty black-eyed Pamela.

You see what a sweet girl miss is, and you admired her much: did I tell you what she said to me, when first she saw you both, with your silver hairs and reverend countenances?—Madam, said she, I daresay your papa and mamma *honoured their father and mother.* They did, my dear; but what is your reason for saying so?—Because, replied she, *they have lived so long in the land which the Lord their God has given them.* I took the charmer in my arms, and kissed her three or four times, as she deserved; for was not this very pretty in the child?

I must, with inexpressible pleasure, write you word how happily God's providence has now, at last, turned that affair which once made me so uneasy, in relation to the fine countess (who has been some time abroad) of whom you had heard, as you told me, some reports which, had you known at the time, would have made you very apprehensive for Mr. B——'s morals as well as for my repose.

I will now (because I can do it with the highest pleasure, by reason of the event which it has produced) give you the particulars of that dark affair, so far as shall make you judges of my present joy: although I had hitherto avoided entering into that subject to you. For now I think myself, by God's grace, secure of the affection and fidelity of the best of husbands, and that from the worthiest motives; as you shall hear.

There was but one thing wanting, my dear parents, to complete all the happiness I wished for in this life: and that was, the remote hope I had entertained that, one day

my dear Mr. B——, who from a licentious gentlem became a moralist, would be so touched by the Divi grace, as to become in time more than a moral, a *religio* man, and that he would at last join in the duties which I had the goodness to countenance.

For this reason I began with mere *indispensables.* crowded not his gate with objects of charity: I visit them at their homes, and relieved them; distinguishi the worthy indigent (made so by unavoidable accidents a casualties) from the wilfully, or perversely, or sottishly suc by *greater* marks of my favour.

I confined my morning and evening devotions to my ov closet, as privately as possible, lest I should give offen and discouragement to so gay a temper, so unaccustom (poor gentleman) to acts of devotion and piety; while met his household together, only on mornings and evenin of the Sabbath-day, to prepare them for their publ duties in the one, and in hopes to confirm them in wh they had heard at church in the other; leaving them their own reflections for the rest of the week; after I ha suggested to them a method I wished to be followed b themselves, and in which they constantly obliged me.

This good order had its desired effect, and our Sabbat day assemblies were held with so little parade, that we wer hardly any of us missed. All, in short, was done wit cheerful ease and composure; and every one of us wa better disposed to our domestic duties by this method: I to attend the good pleasure of my best friend; and they, t attend that of us both.

In this manner we went on very happily, my neigh bourly visits of charity taking up no more time than common airings, and passing, many of them, for such; my *private duties* being only between my First, my Heavenly Benefactor, and myself, and my family ones (personally) confined to the day, separated for the best of services; and Mr. B——, pleased with my manner, beheld the good effects, and countenanced me by his praises and his endear-ments, *as* acting discreetly, *as* not falling into enthusiasm,

and (as he used to say) *as* not aiming at being *righteous over-much.*

But still I wanted, and I waited for, with humble impatience, and I made it part of my constant prayers, that the Divine grace would at last touch his heart, and make him *more* than a countenancer, *more* than an applauder, of my duties: that he might, for his own dear sake, become a partaker, a partner in them; and then, thought I, when we can hand in hand, heart in heart, one spirit, as well as one flesh, join in the same closet, in the same prayers and thanksgivings, what a happy creature shall I be!

I say *closet*, for I durst not aspire so high as to hope he would favour me with his company among his servants in our Sunday devotions.—I knew it would be going too far, in *his* opinion, to expect it from him. In *me*, their mistress, had I been ever so high-born, it was not amiss, because I, and they, *every one* of us, were *his*; I in one degree, Mr. Longman in another, Mrs. Jervis in another—but from a man of his high temper and manner of education, I knew I could never hope for it; so would not lose *every*thing, by grasping at *too much.*

But in the midst of all these comfortable proceedings, and my further charming hopes, a nasty masquerade threw into the dear gentleman's way a temptation which for a time blasted all my prospects, and indeed made me doubt my own head almost. For judge what my disappointment must be, when I found all my wishes frustrated, all my prayers rendered ineffectual! His very morality, which I had flattered myself, in time, I should be a humble instrument to exalt into religion, shocked, and in danger; and all the good work to begin again, if offended grace should ever again offer itself to the dear wilful trespasser!

But who shall pretend to scrutinise the councils of the Almighty?—For out of all this *evil appearance* was to proceed the *real good* I had been so long and so often supplicating for!

The dear man *was* to be on the brink of relapsing: it was proper that I should be so very uneasy, as to assume a

conduct not natural to my temper, and to raise his generous concern for me: and, in the very crisis, Divine grace interposed, made him sensible of his danger, made him resolve against his error before it was yet too late; and his sliding feet, quitting the slippery path he was in, collected new strength, and he stood the firmer and more secure for his peril.

For, my dear parents, having happily put an end to that affair, and by his uniform conduct for a considerable length of time, showed me that I had nothing to apprehend from it, he was pleased, when we were last at Tunbridge together, and in very serious discourse upon divine subjects, to say to this effect: Is there not, my Pamela, a text, *That the unbelieving husband shall be saved by the believing wife, while he beholds her chaste conversation coupled with fear?*

I need not tell you, my dear Mr. B——, that there is, nor where it is.

Then, my dear, I begin to hope *that* will be my case: for, from a former affair of which this spot of ground puts me more in mind, I see so much reason to doubt my own strength, which I had built, and, as I thought, securely, on *moral* foundations, that I must look out for a *better* guide to conduct me, than the proud word *honour* can be in the general acceptation of it among us lively young gentlemen.

How often, my dearest love, continued he, have I promised (and I never promised, but I intended to perform) that I would be faithfully and only yours! How often have I declared, that I did not think I could possibly deserve my Pamela, till I could show her, in my own mind, a purity as nearly equal to hers as my past conduct would admit of!

But I depended too much upon my own strength: and I am now convinced, that nothing but

RELIGIOUS CONSIDERATIONS,

and a resolution to watch over the very *first* appearances

of evil, and to check them as they arise, can be of sufficient weight to keep steady to his good purposes, a vain young man, too little accustomed to restraint, and too much used to play upon the brink of dangers, from a temerity and love of intrigue, natural to enterprising minds.

I would not, my best love, make this declaration of my convictions to you, till I had thoroughly examined myself, and had reason to hope that I should be enabled to make it good. And now, my Pamela, from this instant you shall be my guide; and only taking care that you do not, all at once, by injunctions too rigorous, damp and discourage the rising flame, I will leave it to you to direct as you please, till by degrees it may be deemed worthy to mingle with your own.

Judge, my dear parents, how rapturous my joy was upon this occasion, and how ready I was to bless God for a danger (so narrowly escaped) which was attended with the *very* consequences that I had so long prayed for; and which I little thought the Divine Providence was bringing about by the very means that, I apprehended, would put an end to all my pleasing hopes and prospects of that nature.

It is in vain for me to think of finding words to express what I felt, and how I acted on this occasion. I heard him out with twenty different and impatient emotions; and then threw myself at his feet, embracing his knees, with arms the most ardently clasping; my face lifted up to heaven, and to his face, by turns; my eyes overflowing with tears of joy, which half choked up the passage of my words.—At last his kind arms clasping my neck, and kissing my tearful cheek, I could only say—My prayers, my ardent prayers, are at last—at last—heard—May God Almighty, dear sir, confirm your pious purposes!—And, oh! what a happy Pamela have you at your feet!

I wept for joy till I sobbed again—and he raising me to his kind arms, when I could speak, I said, To have this *heavenly* prospect, oh best beloved of my heart! added to all my *earthly* blessings!—how shall I contain my joy!—

For, oh! to think that my dear Mr. B—— is, and will be, mine, and I his, through the mercies of God, when this transitory life is past and gone, to all eternity; what a rich thought is this!—Methinks I am already, dear sir, ceasing to be mortal, and beginning to taste the perfection of those joys, which this thrice welcome declaration gives me hope of hereafter!—But what shall I say, obliged as I was beyond expression before, and now doubly obliged in the rapturous view you have opened to me, into a happy futurity!

He was pleased to say he was delighted with me beyond expression; that I was his ecstatic charmer!—That the love I showed for his future good was the moving proof of the purity of my heart, and my affection for him. And that very evening he was pleased to join with me in my retired duties; and at all proper opportunities, favours me with his company in the same manner; listening attentively to all my lessons, as he calls my cheerful discourses on serious subjects.

And now, my dear parents, do you not rejoice with me, in this charming, charming appearance! For, *before,* I had the most generous, the most beneficent, the most noble, the most affectionate; but, *now,* I am likely to have the most *pious* of husbands! What a happy wife, what a happy daughter, is *his* and *your* Pamela!—God of His infinite mercy continue and improve the ravishing prospect!

I was forced to leave off here, to enjoy the charming reflections, which this lovely subject and my blessed prospects, filled me with: and now proceed to write a few lines more.

I am under some concern on account of our going to travel into Roman Catholic countries, for fear we should want the public opportunities of divine service. For I presume the ambassador's chapel will be the only Protestant place of worship allowed of; and Paris the only city in France where there is one. But we must endeavour

to make it up in our private and domestic duties: for, as the phrase is, when we are at Rome, we must do as they do at Rome; that is to say, so far as not to give offence, on the one hand, to the people we are among; nor scandal, on the other, by compliances hurtful to one's conscience. But my protector knows all these things so well (no place in what is called the grand tour being new to him), that I have no reason to be very uneasy on these accounts.

And now, my dearest dear honoured parents, let me by letter, as I did on my knees at parting, beg the continuance of your prayers and blessings, and that God will preserve us to one another, and give us, and all our worthy friends, a happy meeting again.

Kent, you may be sure, will be our first visit, on our return, for your sakes, for my dear Davers's sake, and for my little Pamela's sake, who will be both sent down, and put into your protection; while my Billy, and Miss Goodwin (for, since I began this letter, it is so determined) are to be my delightful companions; for Mr. B—— declared his boy shall not be one day out of my presence, if he can help it; because, he is pleased to say, his temper wants looking after, and his notices of everything are strong and significant.

Poor little dear! he has indeed a little sort of perverseness and headstrongness, as one may say, in his will: but he is but a baby; and I shall, I hope, manage him pretty well; for he takes great notice of all I say, and of every look of mine already—He is, besides, very good-humoured, and willing to part with anything for a kind word; and this gives me hope of a docile and benevolent disposition, as he grows up.

I thought, when I began the last paragraph but one, that I was within a line of concluding; but it is *to* you, and *of* my babies, I am writing! so shall go on to the bottom of this new sheet, if I do not directly put an end to my scribbling: which I do, with assuring you both, my dear good parents, that wherever I am, I shall always be

thoughtful of you, and remember you in my prayers, a becomes

Your ever-dutiful daughter,

P. B——.

My respects to all your good neighbours in general Mr. Longman will visit you now and then. Mrs Jervis will take one journey to Kent, she says, and i shall be to accompany my babies, when they are car ried down to you. Poor Jonathan, and she, good folks! seem declining in their health, which much grieves me.—Once more, God send us all a happy meeting, if it be His blessed will! Adieu, adieu, my dear parents!

Your ever dutiful, &c.

—o—

LETTER XCIX.

Mrs. B—— to Lady G——.

My dear Lady G——,—I received your last letter at Paris, as we were disposing everything for our return to England, after an absence of near two years; in which, as I have informed you from time to time, I have been a great traveller, into Holland, the Netherlands, through the most considerable provinces of France into Italy; and in our return to Paris again (the principal place of our residence), through several parts of Germany.

I told you of the favours and civilities we received at Florence from the then Countess Dowager of ——, who, with her humble servant Lord C—— (that had so assiduously attended her for so many months in Italy), accompanied us from Florence to Innspruck.

Her ladyship made that worthy lord happy in about a month after she parted from us; and the noble pair gave us an opportunity at Paris, in their way to England, to return some of the civilities which we received from them in Italy: and they are now arrived at her ladyship's seat on the Forest.

Her lord is exceedingly fond of her, as he well may; for she is one of the most charming ladies in England; and behaves to him with so much prudence and respect that they are as happy in each other as can be wished. And let me just add, that both in Italy and at Paris, Mr. B——'s demeanour and her ladyship's to one another, was so nobly open, and unaffectedly polite, as well as highly discreet, that neither Lord C——, who had once been jealous of Mr. B——, nor the *other party*, who had had a tincture of the same yellow evil, as you know, because of the countess, had so much as a shadow of uneasiness remaining on that occasion.

Lord Davers has had his health (which had begun to decline in England) so well, that there was no persuading Lady Davers to return before now; although I begged and prayed I might not have another little Frenchman, for fear they should, as they grew up, forget, as I pleasantly used to say, the obligations which their parentage lays them under to dearer England.

And now, my dearest friend, I have shut up my rambles for my whole life; for three little English folks and one little Frenchman (but a charming baby, as well as the rest, Charley by name), and a near prospect of a further increase, you will say, are family enough to employ all my cares at home.

I have told you, from time to time, although I could not write to you so often as I would, because of our being constantly in motion, what was most worthy of your knowledge relating to our particular, and how happy we have all been in one another. And I have the pleasure to confirm to you what I have several times written, that Mr. B—— and my Lord and Lady Davers are all that I could

wish and hope for, with regard to their first duties. Indeed, indeed, we are a happy family, united by the best and most solid ties!

Miss Goodwin is a charming young lady!—I cannot express how much I love her! She is a perfect mistress of the French language, and speaks Italian very prettily! And as to myself, I have improved so well under my dear tutor's lessons, together with the opportunity of conversing with the politest and most learned gentry of different nations, that I will hold a conversation with you in two or three languages, if you please, when I have the happiness to see you. There's a learned boaster for you, my dear friend (if the knowledge of different languages makes one learned). But I shall bring you a heart as entirely English as ever, for all that!

We landed on Thursday last at Dover, and directed our course to the dear farmhouse; and you can better imagine than I express, what a meeting we had with my dear father and mother, and my beloved Davers and Pamela, who are charming babies.—But is not this the language of every fond mamma?

Miss Goodwin is highly delighted now with my sweet little Pamela, and says, She shall be her sister indeed! For, madam, said she, miss is a beauty!—And we see no French beauties like master Davers and miss.

Beauty! my dear Miss Goodwin, said I; what is beauty, if she be not a good girl!—Beauty is but a specious, and as it may happen, a dangerous recommendation, a mere skin-deep perfection; and if, as she grows up, she is not as good as my Miss Goodwin, she shall be none of my girl.

What adds to my pleasure, my dear friend, is to see them both so well got over the small-pox. It has been as happy for them as it was for their mamma and her Billy, that they had it under so skilful and kind a manager in that distemper, as my dear mother. I wish, if it please God, it was as happily over with my little pretty Frenchman.

Everybody is surprised to see what the past two years have done for Miss Goodwin and my Billy.—Oh my dear

friend! they are both of them almost—nay, quite, I think, for their years, all that I wish them to be.

In order to make them keep their French, which miss so well speaks, and Billy so prettily prattles, I oblige them, when they talk to one another, and are in the nursery, to speak nothing else: but at table, except on particular occasions, when French *may* be spoken, they are to speak in English; that is to say, when they *do* speak: for I tell them that little masters must do nothing but ask questions for information, and say Yes, or No, till their papas or mammas give them leave to speak; nor little ladies neither, till they are sixteen; for, my dear loves, cry I, you would not speak before you know *how:* and knowledge is obtained by *hearing*, and not by *speaking*. And setting my Billy on my lap, in miss's presence, Here, said I, taking an ear in the fingers of each hand, are two ears, my Billy; and then pointing to his mouth, but one tongue, my love: so you must be sure to mind that you *hear* twice as much as you *speak*, even when you grow a bigger master than you are now.

You have so many pretty ways to learn one, madam, says miss, now and then, that it is impossible we should not regard what you say to us!

Several French tutors, when we were abroad, were recommended to Mr. B——. But there is one English gentleman, now on his travels with young Mr. R——, with whom Mr. B—— has agreed; and, in the meantime, my best friend is pleased to compliment me that the children will not suffer for want of a tutor, while I can take the pains I do: which he will have to be too much for me; especially that now, on our return, my Davers and my Pamela are added to my cares. But what mother can take too much pains to cultivate the minds of her children?—If, my dear Lady G——, it were not for these *frequent* lyings-in!—But this is the time of life—Though little did I think, so early, I should have so many careful blessings!

I have as great credit as pleasure from my little family. All our neighbours here in Bedfordshire admire us more

and more. You'll excuse my seeming (for it is but seeming) vanity; I hope I know better than to have it real—Never, says Lady Towers, who is still a single lady, did I see before, a lady so much advantaged by her residence in that fantastic nation (for she loves not the French), and who brought home with her nothing of their affectations!—She will have it that the French politeness, and the English frankness and plainness of heart, appear happily blended in all we say and do. And she makes me a thousand compliments upon Lord and Lady Davers's account, who, she would fain persuade me, owe a great deal of improvement (my lord in his conversation, and my lady in her temper) to living in the same house with us.

Indeed my Lady Davers is exceeding kind and good to me, is always magnifying me to everybody, and says she knows not how to live from me; and that I have been a means of saving half a hundred souls, as well as her dear brother's. On an indisposition of my lord's at Montpelier, which made her ladyship very apprehensive, she declared, that were she to be deprived of his lordship, she would not let us rest till we had consented to her living with us; saying that we had room enough in Lincolnshire, and she would enlarge the Bedfordshire seat at her own expense.

Mr. H—— is Mr. H—— still; and that's the best I can say of him: for I verily think he is more an ape than ever. His *whole* head is now French. 'Twas *half* so before. We had great difficulties with him abroad: his aunt and I endeavouring to give him a serious and religious turn, we had like to have turned him into a Roman Catholic. For he was pleased much with the showy part of that religion, and the fine pictures and decorations in the churches of Italy; and having got into company with a Dominican at Padua, a Franciscan at Milan, and a Jesuit at Paris, they lay so hard at him, in their turns, that we had like to have lost him to each assailant; so were forced to let him take his own course; for, his aunt would have it, that he had no other defence from the attacks of persons to make him embrace a faulty religion, than to permit him

to continue as he was: that is to say, to have none at all. So she suspended attempting to proselyte the thoughtless creature till he came to England. I wish her ladyship success here: but I doubt he will not be a credit to any religion for a great while. And as he is very desirous to go to London, as he has always been, it will be found, when there, that any fluttering coxcomb will do more to make him one of that class in an hour, than his aunt's lessons to make him a good man in a twelvemonth. *Where much is given, much is required.* The contrary of this, I doubt, is all poor Mr. H—— has to trust to.

Just now we have a messenger to tell us that his father, who has been long ill, is dead. So now he is a lord indeed! He flutters and struts about most strangely, I warrant, and is wholly employed in giving directions relating to his mourning equipage.—And now there will be no holding of him in, I doubt; except his new title has so much virtue in it, as to make him a wiser and a better man.

He will now have a seat in the House of Peers of Great Britain; but I hope for the nation's sake, he will not meet with many more like himself there!—For to me that is one of the most venerable assemblies in the world; and it appears the more so, since I have been abroad; for an English gentleman is respected, if he be anything of a man, above a foreign nobleman; and an English nobleman above some petty sovereigns.

If our travelling gentry duly considered this distinction in their favour, they would, for the honour of their country, as well as for their own credit, behave in a better manner in their foreign tours, than, I am sorry to say it, some of them do. But what can one expect from the unlicked cubs, pardon the term, sent abroad with only stature to make them look like men, and equipage to attract respect, without one other qualification to enforce it?

Here let me close this with a few tears to the memory of my dear Mrs. Jervis, my other mother, my friend, my

adviser, my protectress, in my single state, and my faithful second and partaker in the comforts of my higher life, and better fortunes!

What would I have given to have been present, as it seems she so earnestly wished, to close her dying eyes! I should have done it with the piety and the concern of a truly affectionate daughter. But that melancholy happiness was denied to us both; for, as I told you in the letter on the occasion, that the dear good woman (who now is in the possession of her blessed reward, and rejoicing in God's mercies) was no more, when the news reached me so far off as at Heidelburgh, of her last illness and wishes.

I cannot forbear, every time I enter her parlour (where I used to see, with so much delight, the good woman sitting, always employed in some useful or pious work), shedding a tear to her memory: and in my Sabbath duties, missing *her*, I miss half a dozen friends, methinks; and I sigh in remembrance of her; and can only recover that cheerful frame, which the performance of those duties always gave me, by reflecting that she now is reaping the reward of that sincere piety which used to edify and encourage us all.

The servants we brought home with us, and those we left behind us, melt in tears at the name of Mrs. Jervis. Mr. Longman, too, lamented the loss of her in the most moving strain. And all I can do now, in honour of her memory and her merit, is to be a friend to those she loved most, as I have already begun to be; and none of them shall suffer in those concerns that can be answered, now she is gone. For the loss of so excellent a friend and relation, is loss enough to all who knew her and claimed kindred with her.

Poor worthy Jonathan too ('tis almost a misery to have so soft, so susceptible a heart as I have, or to have such good servants and friends, as one cannot lose without such emotions as I feel for the loss of them!) his silver hairs, which I have beheld with so much delight, and

thought I had a father in presence, when I saw them adorning so honest and comely a face, how are they now laid low!—Forgive me, my dear Lady G——! Jonathan was not a common servant; neither are *any* of ours so: but Jonathan excelled all that excelled in his class!—I am told that these two worthy folks died within two days of one another; a circumstance you mentioned not in your letter to me; on which occasion I could not help saying to myself, in the words of David over Saul and his son Jonathan, the namesake of our worthy butler, *They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.*

I might have continued on in the words of the Royal Lamenter; for surely never did one fellow-servant love another, in my maiden state, nor servant love a mistress in my exalted condition, better than Jonathan loved me! I could see in his eyes a glistening pleasure, whenever I passed by him. If at such times I spoke to him, as I seldom failed to do, with a *God bless you, too!* in answer to his repeated blessings, he had a kind of rejuvenescence (may I say?) visibly running through his whole frame: and now and then, if I laid my hand upon his folded ones, as I passed by him on a Sunday morning or evening, praying for me, with a *How do you, my worthy old acquaintance?* his heart would spring to his lips in a kind of rapture, and his eyes would run over.

Oh my beloved friend! how the loss of those two worthies of my family oppresses me at times!

Mr. B—— likewise showed a generous concern on the occasion: and when all the servants welcomed us in a body, on our return, Methinks, my dear, said the good gentleman, I miss your Mrs. Jervis, and honest Jonathan. A starting tear, and they are happy, dear honest souls! and a sigh, were the tribute I paid to their memories, on their beloved master's so kindly repeating their names.

Who knows, had I been here—But, away, too painful reflection! They lived to a good old age, and fell like fruit fully ripe: They *died the death of the righteous;* I must

follow them in time, God knows how soon: And, *oh! that my latter end may be like theirs!*

Once more, forgive me, my dear friend, this small tribute to their memories: and believe that I am not so ungrateful for God's mercies, as to let the loss of these dear good folks lessen with me the joy, and the delight I have still (more than any other happy creature) left me, in the health, and the love of the best of good husbands, and good men; in the children, charming as ever mother could boast of! charming, I mean principally, in the dawning beauties of their minds, and in the pleasure their towardliness of nature gives me; including, as I always do, my dear Miss Goodwin, and have reason to do, from her dutiful love, as I may call it, of me, and observation of all I say to her: in the preservation to me of the best and worthiest of parents, hearty, though aged as they are; in the love and friendship of good Lord and Lady Davers; and my excellent friend Lady G——; not forgetting even worthy Mr. Longman. God preserve all these to me, as I am truly thankful for His mercies!—And then, notwithstanding my affecting losses, as above, who will be so happy as I?

That you, my dear Lady G——, may long continue so, likewise in the love of a worthy husband, and the delights of an increasing hopeful family, which will make you some amends for the heavy losses you also have sustained, in the two last years, of an affectionate father, and a most worthy mother; and in Mrs. Jones, of a good neighbour; prays

Your ever affectionate friend and servant,

P. B——.

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LETTER C.

Mrs. B—— to Lady G——.

My beloved Lady G——!—You will excuse my long silence, when I shall tell you the occasions of it.

In the first place, I was obliged to pay a dutiful and concerning visit to Kent, where my good father was taken ill of a fever, and my mother of an ague: and think, madam, how this must affect me, at their time of life!——

Mr. B—— kindly accompanied me, apprehending that his beloved presence would be necessary, if the recovery of them both, in which I thankfully rejoice, had not happened; especially as a circumstance I am, I think, *always* in, added more weight to his apprehensions.

I had hardly returned from Kent to Bedfordshire, and looked around, when I was obliged to set out to attend Lady Davers, who sent me word that she should *die*, that was her strong term, if she saw me not, to comfort and recover, by my counsel and presence (so she was pleased to express herself), her sick lord, who was just got out of an intermittent fever, which left him without any spirits, and was occasioned by fretting at the conduct of her *stupid nephew*; those also were her words.

For you must have heard (everybody hears when a man of quality does a foolish thing!) and it has been in all the newspapers, that 'On Wednesday last the Right Honour-'able John (Jackey, they should have said), Lord H——, 'nephew to the Right Honourable William Lord Davers, 'was married to the Honourable Mrs. P——, relict to 'J. P——, of Twickenham, Esq., a lady of celebrated 'beauty and ample fortune.'

Now, my dear friend, you must know that this celebrated lady is, 'tis true, of the —— family, whence her title of *Honourable*; but is indeed so *celebrated*, that every fluttering coxcomb in town can give some account of her,

even before she was in keeping of the Duke of ——, who had cast her off to the town he had robbed of her.

In short, my dear, she is quite a common woman; has no fortune at all, as one may say, only a small jointure incumbered, and is much in debt.—She is a shrew into the bargain, and the poor wretch is a father already; for he has had a girl of three years old (her husband has been dead seven) brought him home, which he knew nothing of, nor ever inquired whether his widow had a child!—And he is now employed in paying the mother's debts, and trying to make the best of his bargain.

This is the fruit of a London journey, so long desired by him, and his fluttering about there with his new title.

He was drawn in by a brother of his lady, and a friend of that brother's, two town sharpers, gamesters and bullies. —Poor Sir Joseph Wittol! That was his case, and his character, it seems, in London.

Shall I present you with a curiosity? 'Tis a copy of his letter to his uncle, who had, as you may well think, lost all patience with him, on occasion of this abominable folly.

'My Lord Davers,—'For iff you will nott call mee 'neffew, I have no reason to call you unkell. Shurely you 'forgett who it was you held up youre kane to: I have as 'little reason to valew your displeassure, as you have mee; 'for I am, God be thanked, a lord, and a peere of the 'realme, as well as you: and as to youre nott owneing me, 'nor youre brother B—— nott looking upon me, I care 'nott a fardinge; and bad as you thinke I have done, I 'have marry'd a woman of family.—Take thatt among 'you!

'As to youre personall abuses of her, take care whatt 'you say. You know the stattute will defende us as well 'as you—and, besides, she has a brother thatt won't lett 'her good name be call'd in question—mind thatt!

'Some thinges I wish had been otherwise.—Perhapps I 'do—what then?—Must you, my lord, make more mis-

'chieff, and adde to my plagues, iff I have any?—Is this 'your unkelship?

'Butt I shan't want your advise. I have as good an 'estate as you have, and am as much a lord as yourselfe. 'Why the devill, then, am I to be treated as I am?—Why 'the plague—but I won't sware neither.—I desire not to 'see you, any more then you doe me, I can tell you thatt. 'And iff we ever meet under one roofe with my like-'ing, it must be att the House of Peeres, where I shall 'be upon a parr with you in everything, that's my 'cumfurte.

'As to my Lady Davers, I desire not to see her lady-'shipp; for she was always plaguy nimbel with her 'fingers; but lett my false stepp be what itt will, I have, 'in other respectes, marry'd a lady, who is as well de-'scended as herselfe, and no disparagement neither; so 'have nott that to answer for to her pride; and who has as 'good a spiritt too, if they were to come face to face, or I 'am mistaken: nor will shee take affruntes from any one. 'So, my lord, leave mee to make the best of my matters, as 'I will you of youres. So no more, but that I am

'Youre servante,

'H——.'

'*P.S.* I meane no affrunte to Mrs. B——. She is the 'best of yee all—by G—!'

I will not take up your time with further observations upon this poor creature's bad conduct. His reflection must proceed from *feeling;* and will, that's the worst of it, come too late, come *when* or *how* it will. I will only say, I am sorry for it on his own account, but more for that of Lord and Lady Davers, who take the matter very heavily, and wish he had married the lowest-born creature in England (so she had been honest and virtuous), rather than done as he has done.

But I suppose the poor gentleman was resolved to shun,

at all adventures, Mr. B——'s fault, and keep up to the pride of descent and family;—and so married the *only* creature, as I hope (since it cannot be helped), that is so great a disgrace to both! For I presume to flatter myself, for the sake of my sex, that among the poor wretches who are sunk so low as the town-women are, there are very few of birth or education; but such, principally, as have had their necessities or their ignorance taken advantage of by base men; since birth and education must needs set the most unhappy of the sex above so sordid and so abandoned a guilt, as the hourly wickedness of such a course of life subjects them to.

But let me pursue my purpose of excusing my long silence. I had hardly returned from Lord and Lady Davers's, and recovered my family management, and resumed my nursery duties, when my fourth dear boy, my Jemmy—(for I think I am going on to make out the number Lady Davers allotted * me)—pressed upon me in such a manner, as not to be refused, for one month or six weeks' close attention. And then a journey to Lord Davers's, and that noble pair accompanying us to Kent; and daily and hourly pleasures crowding upon us, narrow and confined as our room there was (though we went with as few attendants as possible), engrossed *more* of my time. So that I hope you will forgive me on all these accounts; because, as soon as I returned, I set about writing this, as an excuse for myself, in the first place; to promise you the subject you insist upon in the next; and to tell you that I am incapable of forgetfulness or negligence to such a friend as Lady G——. For I must always be, dear madam,

Your faithful and affectionate humble servant,

P. B——.

* See page 66.

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LETTER CI.

Mrs. B—— to Lady G——.

My dear Lady G——,—The remarks which your Cousin Fielding tells you I have made on the subject of young gentlemen's travelling, and which you request me to communicate to you, are part of a little book upon education which I wrote for Mr. B——'s correction and amendment, on occasion of his putting Mr. Locke's treatise on that subject into my hands, and requiring my observations upon it.

I cannot flatter myself that they will answer your expectation; for I am sensible they must be unworthy even of the opportunities I have had in the excursions, in which I have been indulged by the best of men.

But your requests are so many laws to me; and I will give you a short abstract of what I read to Miss Fielding, who has so greatly overrated it to you.

That gentleman's book contains many excellent rules on the subject of education: but this of travel I will only refer you to at present. You will there see his objections against the age at which young gentlemen are sent abroad, from sixteen to twenty-one, the time, in all their lives, he says, in which young men are the least suited to these improvements, and in which they have the least fence and guard against their passions.

The age he proposes is from seven to fourteen, because of the advantage they will then have to master foreign languages, and to form their tongue to the true pronunciation; as well as that then they will be more easily directed by their tutors or governors. Or else he proposes that more sedate time of life, when the gentleman is able to travel without a tutor, and to make his own observations; and when he is thoroughly acquainted with the laws and fashions, the natural and moral advantages and defects of his own

country; by which means, as Mr. Locke wisely observes, the traveller will have something to exchange with those abroad, from whose conversation he hopes to reap any knowledge. This gentleman supports his opinion by excellent reasons, to which I refer you.

What I have written in my little book, which I have not yet quite finished, on *this* head, relates principally to *home travelling*, which Mr. B—— was always resolved his sons should undertake before they entered upon a foreign tour. I have there observed that England abounds with curiosities, both of art and nature, worth the notice of a diligent inquirer, and equal with some of those we admire in foreign parts; and that if the youth be not sent abroad at Mr. Locke's earliest time, from seven to fourteen (which I can hardly think will be worth while, merely for the sake of attaining a perfection in the languages), he may with good advantage begin, at fourteen or fifteen, the tour of Great Britain, now and then by excursions in the summer months, between his other studies, and as a diversion to him.

This I should wish might be entered upon in his papa's company, as well as his tutor's, if it could conveniently be done; who thus initiating both the governed and the governor in the methods he would have observed by both, will obtain no small satisfaction and amusement to himself.

For the father would by this means be an eye-witness of the behaviour of the one and the other, and have a specimen how fit the young man was to be trusted, or the tutor to be depended upon, when they went abroad, and were out of his sight; as *they* would of what was expected from them by the father. And hence a thousand benefits, as I humbly conceive, would arise to the young gentleman from the observations and reflections he would receive from his father, as occasion offered, with regard to expense, company, conversation, hours, and such like.

If the father could not himself accompany his son, he might appoint the stages the young gentleman should take,

and enjoin both tutor and son to give, at every stage, an account of whatever they observed curious and remarkable, not omitting the minutest occurrences. By this means, and the probability that he might hear of them and their proceedings, from his friends, acquaintance, and relations, who might fall in with them, or at whose seats they might sometimes be entertained, they would have a greater regard to their conduct; and so much the more, if the young gentleman were to keep an account of his expenses, which, upon his return, he might lay before his father.

By seeing thus the different customs, manners, and economy of different persons and families (for in so mixed a nation as ours is, there is as great a variety of that sort to be met with as in most), and from their different treatment at their several stages, a great deal of the world may be learned by the young gentleman. He would be prepared to go abroad with more delight to himself, as well as more experience, and greater reputation to his family and country. In such excursions as these, the tutor would see the temper and inclination of the young gentleman, and might give proper notices to the father if anything was amiss, that it might be set right while the youth was yet in his reach, and more under his inspection than he would be in a foreign country: And the observations the young gentleman would make at his return, as well as in his letters, would show how fit he was to be trusted, and how likely to improve when at a greater distance.

After England and Wales, as well the inland parts as the sea coasts, let them, if they behave according to expectation, take a journey into Scotland and Ireland, and visit the principal islands, as Guernsey, Jersey, &c., the young gentleman continuing to write down his observations all the way, and keeping a journal of occurrences: and let him employ the little time he will be on board of ship in these small trips from island to island, or coastwise, in observing upon the noble art of navigation; of the theory of which it will not be amiss that he has some notion, as well as of the curious structure of a ship, its tackle, and

furniture: a knowledge very far from being insignificant to a gentleman who is an islander, and has a stake in the greatest maritime kingdom in the world: and hence he will be taught to love and value that most useful and brave set of men, the British sailors, who are the natural defence and glory of the realm.

Hereby he will confirm his theory of the geography of the British dominions in Europe: he will be apprised of the situation, conveniences, interests, and constitution of his own country; and will be able to lay a ground-work for the future government of his thoughts and actions, if the interest he bears in his native country should call him to the public service in either house of parliament.

With this foundation, how excellently would he be qualified to go abroad! and how properly then would he add to the knowledge he had attained of his own country, that of the different customs, manners, and forms of government of others! How would he be able to form comparisons, and to make all his inquiries appear pertinent and manly! All the occasions of that ignorant wonder, which renders a novice the jest of all about him, would be taken away. He would be able to ask questions, and to judge without leading-strings. Nor would he think he has seen a country, and answered the ends of his father's expense, and his own improvement, by running through a kingdom, and knowing nothing of it but the inns and stages at which he stopped to eat and drink. For, on the contrary, he would make the best acquaintance, and contract worthy friendships with such as would court and reverence him as one of the rising geniuses of his country.

Whereas most of the young gentlemen, who are sent abroad raw and unprepared, as if to wonder at everything they see, and to be laughed at by all that see them, do but expose themselves and their country. And if at their return, by interest of friends, by alliances or marriages, they should happen to be promoted to places of honour or profit, their unmerited preferment will only serve to make those foreigners, who were eye-witnesses of their weak-

ness and follies, when among them, conclude greatly in disfavour of the whole nation; or, at least, of the prince and his administration, who could find no fitter subjects to distinguish.

This, my dear friend, is a brief extract from my observations on the head of qualifying young gentlemen to travel with honour and improvement. I doubt you'll be apt to think me not a little out of my element; but since you *would* have it, I claim the allowances of a friend; to which my ready compliance with your commands the rather entitles me.

I am very sorry Mr. and Mrs. Murray are so unhappy in each other. Were he a generous man, the heavy loss the poor lady has sustained, as well as her sister, my beloved friend, in so excellent a mother, and so kind a father, would make him bear with her infirmities a little.

But really I have seen on twenty occasions, that notwithstanding all the fine things gentlemen say to ladies before marriage, if the latter do not *improve* upon their husbands' hands, their imputed graces, when single, will not protect them from indifference, and probably from worse; while the gentleman perhaps thinks *he* only, of the two, is entitled to go backward in acts of kindness and complaisance. A strange and shocking difference, which too many ladies experience, who, from fond lovers prostrate at their feet, find surly husbands trampling upon their necks!

You, my dear friend, were happy in your days of courtship, and are no less so in your state of wedlock. And may you continue to be so to a good old age, prays

Your affectionate and faithful friend,

P. B——.

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LETTER CII.

Mrs. B—— to Lady G——

My dear Lady G——,—I will cheerfully cause to be transcribed for you the conversation you desire, between myself, Lady Towers, and Lady Arthur, and the three young ladies, their relations, in presence of the dean and his daughter, and Mrs. Brooks; and glad I shall be if it may be of use to the two thoughtless misses your neighbours; who, you are pleased to tell me, are great admirers of my story and my example; and will therefore, as you say, pay greater attention to what I write, than to the more passionate and interested lessons of their mamma.

I am only sorry that you should have been under any concern about the supposed trouble you give me, by having mislaid my former relation of it. For, besides obliging my dear Lady G——, the hope that I may be able to do service by it to a family so worthy, in a case so nearly affecting its honour, as to make two headstrong young ladies recollect what belongs to their sex and their characters, and what their filial duties require of them, affords me high pleasure; and if it shall be attended with the wished effects, it will be an addition to my happiness.

I said, *cause* to be transcribed; because I hope to answer a double end by it; for, after I had reconsidered it, I set Miss Goodwin to transcribe it, who writes a very pretty hand, and is not a little fond of the task, nor indeed of any task I set her; and will be more affected as she performs it, than she could be by *reading* it only; although she is a very good girl at present, and gives me hopes that she will continue to be so.

As soon as it is done I will enclose it, that it may be read to the parties without this introduction, if you think fit. And you will forgive me for having added a few observations to this transcription, with a view to the cases of your

inconsiderate young ladies, and for having corrected the former narrative in several places.

My dear Lady G——,—The papers you have mislaid, relating to the conversation between me and the young ladies, relations of Lady Towers, and Lady Anne Arthur, in presence of these two last-named ladies, Mrs. Brooks, and the worthy dean, and Miss L—— (of which, in order to perfect your kind collection of my communications, you request another copy), contained as follows:

I first began with apprising you that I had seen these three ladies twice or thrice before, as visitors, at their kinswomen's houses; so that they and I were not altogether strangers to one another: and my two neighbours acquainted me with their respective tastes and dispositions, and gave me their histories, preparatory to this visit, to the following effect:

'That Miss Stapylton is overrun with the love of poetry 'and romance, and delights much in flowery language and 'metaphorical flourishes; is about eighteen; wants not 'either sense or politeness; and has read herself into a 'vein that is more amorous (that was Lady Towers's 'word) than discreet; has extraordinary notions of a '*first-sight* love; and gives herself greater liberties, with 'a pair of fine eyes (in hopes to make sudden conquests 'in pursuance of that notion), than is pretty in her sex 'and age; which makes those who know her not, con-'clude her bold and forward; and is more than sus-'pected, with a mind thus prepared for instantaneous 'impressions, to have experienced the argument to her 'own disadvantage, and to be *struck* by (before she has '*stricken*) a gentleman whom her friends think not at all 'worthy of her, and to whom she was making some indis-'creet advances, under the name of Philoclea to Phi-'loxenus, in a letter which she intrusted to a servant of 'the family, who, discovering her design, prevented her 'indiscretion for that time.

'That, in other respects, she has no mean accomplish-

'ments, will have a fine fortune, is genteel in her person, 'though with some visible affectation, dances well, sings 'well, and plays prettily on several instruments; is fond 'of reading, but affects the action and air, and attitude, 'of a tragedian; and is too apt to give an emphasis in the 'wrong place, in order to make an author mean more 'significantly than it is necessary he should, even where 'the occasion is common, and in a mere historical fact, 'that requires as much simplicity in the reader's accent, 'as in the writer's style. No wonder, then, that when 'she reads a play she will put herself into a sweat, as Lady 'Towers says; distorting very agreeable features, and 'making a *multitude* of wry mouths, with *one* very pretty 'one, in order to convince her hearers what a near neigh-'bour her heart is to her lips.

'Miss Cope is a young lady of nineteen, lovely in her 'person, with a handsome fortune in possession, and great 'prospects; has a soft and gentle turn of mind, which 'disposes her to be easily imposed upon; is addressed by 'a libertine of quality, whose courtship, while permitted, 'was imperiousness; and whose tenderness, insult; having 'found the young lady too susceptible of impression, open 'and unreserved, and even valuing him the more, as it 'seemed, for treating her with ungenerous contempt; for 'that she was always making excuses for slights, ill 'manners, and even rudeness, which no other young lady 'would forgive.

'That this facility on her side, and this insolence on his, 'and an over-free, and even indecent degree of ramping, 'as it is called, with her, which once her mamma sur-'prised them in, made her papa forbid *his* visits, and *her* 'receiving them.

'That this, however, was so much to Miss Cope's 'regret, that she was detected in a design to elope to him 'out of the private garden-door; which, had she effected, 'in all probability the indelicate and dishonourable Peer 'would have triumphed over her innocence, having given 'out since, that he intended to revenge himself on the

'daughter, for the disgrace he had received from the 'parents.

'That though she was convinced of this, 'twas feared 'she still loved him, and would throw herself in his way 'the first convenient opportunity; urging, that his rash 'expressions were the effect only of his passion; for that 'she knows he loves her too well to be dishonourable to 'her: and, by the same degree of favourable prepossess-'sion, she will have it, that his brutal roughness is the 'manliness of his nature; that his most shocking expres-'sions are sincerity of heart; that his boasts of his former 'lewdness are but instances that he knows the world; 'that his freedoms with her person are but excess of love, 'and innocent gaiety of temper; that his resenting the 'prohibition he has met with, and his threats, are other 'instances of his love and his courage; and peers of the 'realm ought not to be bound down by little narrow 'rules, like the vulgar; for, truly, their *honour*, which is 'regarded, in the greatest cases, as equal with the *oath* of 'a common gentleman, is a security that a lady may trust 'to, if he is not a profligate indeed; and that Lord P—— '*cannot* be.

'That, excepting these weaknesses, miss has many 'good qualities; is charitable, pious, humane, humble; 'sings sweetly; plays on the spinnet charmingly; is meek, 'fearful, and never was resolute or courageous enough to 'step out of the regular path, till her too flexible heart 'became touched with a passion that is said to polish the 'most brutal temper, and therefore her rough peer has 'none of it; and to animate the dove, of which Miss Cope 'has too much.

'That Miss Sutton, a young lady of the like age with 'the two former, has too lively and airy a turn of mind; 'affects to be thought well read in the histories of king-'doms, as well as in polite literature; speaks French 'fluently; talks much upon all subjects; and has a great 'deal of that flippant wit, which makes more enemies than

'friends: however, is innocent, and unsuspectedly vir-
'tuous hitherto; but makes herself cheap and accessible
'to fops and rakes, and has not the worse opinion of a
'man for being such; listens eagerly to stories told
'to the disadvantage of individuals of her own sex;
'though affecting to be a great stickler for the honour of
'the sex in general; will unpityingly propagate such
'stories; thinks (without considering to what the impru-
'dence of her own conduct may subject her) the woman
'that slips inexcusable; and the man who seduces her,
'much less faulty; and, by this means, encourages the
'one sex in their vileness, and gives up the other for their
'weakness, in a kind of silly affectation to show her
'security in her own virtue; at the very time that she is
'dancing upon the edge of a precipice, presumptuously
'inattentive to her own danger.'

The worthy dean, knowing the ladies' intention in this visit to me, brought his daughter with him, as if by accident: for Miss L——, with many good qualities, is of a remarkably soft temper, though not so inconsiderately soft as Miss Cope: but is too credulous; and as her papa suspects, entertains more than a liking to a wild young gentleman, the heir to a noble fortune, who makes visits to her, full of tenderness and respect, but without declaring himself. This gives the dean a good deal of uneasiness, and he is very desirous that his daughter should be in my company on all occasions: as she is so kind to profess a great regard to my opinion and judgment.

'Tis easy to see the poor young lady is in love; and she makes no doubt that the young gentleman loves *her:* but, alas! why then (for he is not a bashful man, as you shall hear) does he not say so?—He has deceived already two young creatures. His father has cautioned the dean against his son: has told him that he is sly, subtle, full of stratagem, yet has so much command of himself (which makes him more dangerous), as not to precipitate his

designs; but can wait with patience till he thinks himself secure of his prey, and then pulls off the mask at once; and, if he succeeds, glories in his villany.

Yet does the father beg of the dean to permit his visits; for he would be glad he would marry Miss L——, though greatly unequal in fortune to his son; wishing for nothing so much as that he *would* marry. And the dean, owing his principal preferment to the old gentleman, cares not to disoblige him, or affront his son, without some apparent reason for it, especially as the father is wrapt up in him, having no other child, and being himself half afraid of him, lest, if too much thwarted, he should fly out entirely.

So here, madam, are four young ladies of like years, and different inclinations and tempers; all of whom may be said to have dangers to encounter, resulting from their respective dispositions: and who, professing to admire my character, and the example I had set, were brought to me, to be benefited, as Lady Towers was pleased to say, by my conversation: and all was to be as if accidental, none of them knowing how well I was acquainted with their several characters.

How proud, my dear Lady G——, would this compliment have made me, from such a lady as Lady Towers, had I not been as proud as proud could be before, of the good opinion of four beloved persons, Mr. B——, Lady Davers, the Countess of C——, and your dear self!

We were attended only by Polly Barlow, who was as much concerned as anybody in some of the points that came before us. And as you know this was in the time of the visit paid us by Lord and Lady Davers, and that noble countess, 'tis proper to say they were abroad together upon a visit, from which, knowing how I was to be engaged, they excused me.

The dean was well known to, and valued by, all the ladies; and therefore was no manner of restraint upon the freedom of our conversation.

I was above in my closet when they came; and Lady

Towers, having presented each young lady to me when I came down, said, being all seated, I can guess at your employment, Mrs. B——. Writing, I daresay? I have often wished to have you for a correspondent; for every one who can boast of that favour, exalts you to the skies, and says, Your letters exceed your conversation; but I always insisted upon it, that *that* was impossible.

Lady Towers, said I, is always saying the most obliging things in the world of her neighbours: but may not one suffer, dear madam, for these kind prepossessions, in the opinion of greater strangers, who will judge more impartially than your favour will permit you to do?

That, said Lady Arthur, will be so soon put out of doubt when Mrs. B—— begins to speak, that we will refer to that, and so put an end to everything that looks like compliment.

But, Mrs. B——, said Lady Towers, may one ask, what particular subject was at this time your employment?

I had been writing (you must know, Lady G——) for the sake of suiting Miss Stapylton's flighty vein, a little sketch of the style she is so fond of; and hoped for some such opportunity as this question gave me, to bring it on the carpet; for my only fear, with her and Miss Cope, and Miss Sutton, was, that they would deem me too grave; and so what should fall in the course of conversation, would make the less impression upon them. For even the best instructions in the world, you know, will be ineffectual, if the method of conveying them is not adapted to the taste and temper of the person you would wish to influence. And, moreover, I had a view in it, to make this little sketch the introduction to a future occasion for some observations on the stiff and affected style of romances, which might put Miss Stapylton out of conceit with them, and make her turn the course of her studies another way; as I shall mention in its place.

I answered, That I had been meditating upon the mis-
tune of a fine young lady, who had been seduced and

betrayed by a gentleman she loved; and who, notwithstanding, had the grace to stop short (indeed later than were to be wished), and to abandon friends, country, lover, in order to avoid any further intercourse with him; and that God had blessed her penitence and resolution, and she was now very happy in a neighbouring dominion.

A fine subject! said Miss Stapylton.—Was the gentleman a man of wit, madam? Was the lady a woman of taste?

The gentleman, madam, was all that was desirable in man, had he been virtuous: the lady, all that was excellent in woman, had she been more circumspect. But it was a first love on both sides; and little did she think he could have taken advantage of her innocence and her affection for him.

A sad, sad story! said Miss Cope. But, pray, madam, did their friends approve of their visits? For danger sometimes, as I have heard, arises from the cruelty of friends, who force lovers upon private and clandestine meetings: when perhaps there can be no material objection why the gentleman and lady may not come together.

Well observed, Miss Cope! thought I. How we are for making every case applicable to our own, when our hearts are fixed upon a point!

It cannot be called *cruelty* in friends, madam, said I, when their cautions, or even *prohibitions*, are so well justified by the event, as in *this* case—and, *generally*, by the wicked arts and practices of seducers. And how happy is it for a lady, when she suffers herself to be convinced that those who have lived *forty* years in the world, may know twice as much, at least, of that world, as she can possibly know at *twenty;* ten of which, moreover, are almost a blank! If they do *not*, the one must be supposed very ignorant; the other, very knowing.

But, madam, the lady whose hard case I was considering, *hoped* too much, and *feared* too little; that was her fault; which made her give opportunities to the gentleman, which neither *liberty* nor *restraint* could justify in

her. She had not the discretion, poor lady! in this o great point of all, that the ladies I have in my eye, I da say, would have had in her case.

I beg pardon, said Miss Cope, and blushed; I know n the case, and ought to have been silent.

Ay, thought I, so you would, had not you thoug yourself more affected by it than it were to be wished y were.

I think, said Miss Sutton, the lady was the less to pitied, as she must know what her character required her; and that men will generally deceive when they a trusted. There are very few of them, who *pretend* to l virtuous; and it is allowed to be *their* privilege to ask, it is the *lady's* to deny.

So, madam, replied I, you are supposing a continu state of warfare between the two sexes; one offensive, th other defensive: and indeed I think the notion not alt gether amiss; for a lady will assuredly be in less dange where she rather *fears* an *enemy* in the acquaintance sh has of that sex, than *hopes* a *friend;* especially as so muc depends upon the issue, either of her doubt, or of he confidence.

I don't know *neither*, madam, returned Miss Sutto very briskly, whether the men should be set out to us a such bugbears as our mothers generally represent them It is making them too considerable; and is a kind of reflec tion upon the discretion and virtue of our sex, and suppose us weak indeed.

The late czar, I have read, continued she, took a bette method with the Swedes, who had often beat him; whe after a great victory he made his captives march i procession, through the streets of his principal city, t familiarise them to the Russes, and show them they wer *but* men.

Very well observed, replied I: but then, did you no say, that this was thought necessary to be done becaus the Russes had been often *defeated* by these Swedes, an thought *too highly* of them; and when the Swedes, takin

advantage of that prepossession, had the *greater contempt* of the Russes?

She looked a little disconcerted; and, being silent, I proceeded:

I am very far, madam, from thinking the generality of men very formidable, if our sex do justice to themselves, and to what their characters require of them. Nevertheless, give me leave to say, that the men I thought contemptible, I would not think worthy of my company, nor give it to them when I could avoid it. And as for those, who are more to be regarded, I am afraid, that when they can be assured that a lady allows it to be their privilege to sue for favours, it will certainly embolden them to solicit, and to think themselves acting in character when they put the lady upon hers, to refuse them. And yet I am humbly of opinion with the poet:

'He comes *too near*, who comes to be *deny'd*.'

For these reasons, madam, I was pleased with your notion, that it would be best to look upon that sex, especially if we allow them the privilege you speak of, in a hostile light.

But permit me to observe, with regard to the most contemptible of the species, fops, coxcombs, and pretty fellows, that many a *good* general has been defeated, when trusting to his great strength and skill, he has despised a *truly weak* enemy.

I believe, madam, returned she, your observation is very just: I have read of such instances. But, dear madam, permit me to ask, whether we speak not too generally, when we condemn every man who dresses well, and is not a sloven, as a fop or a coxcomb?

No doubt we do, when this is the case. But permit me to observe that you hardly ever in your life saw a man who was *very* nice about his person and dress, that had anything he thought of *greater* consequence to himself to regard. 'Tis natural it should be so; for should not the

man of *body* take the greatest care to set out and adorn the part for which he thinks himself most valuable? And will not the man of *mind* bestow his principal care in improving that mind? perhaps to the neglect of dress and outward appearance, which is a fault. But surely, madam, there is a middle way to be observed, in these, as in most other cases; for a man need not be a sloven, any more than a fop. He need not show an utter disregard to dress, nor yet think it his first and chief concern; be ready to quarrel with the wind for discomposing his peruke, or fear to put on his hat, lest he should oppress his foretop: more dislike a spot upon his clothes than in his reputation: be a self-admirer, and always at the glass, which he would perhaps never look into, could it show him the deformity of his mind, as well as the finery of his person: who has a tailor for his tutor, and a milliner for his schoolmistress: who laughs at men of sense (excusably enough perhaps, in revenge, because they laugh at him); who calls learning pedantry; and looks upon the knowledge of the fashions, as the only useful science to a fine gentleman.

Pardon me, ladies: I could proceed with the character of this species of men; but I need not; because every lady present, I am sure, would despise such a one as much as I do, were he to fall in her way: and the rather, because it is certain that he who admires himself, will never admire his lady as he ought; and if he maintains his niceness after marriage, it will be with a preference to his own person: if not, will sink, very probably, into the worst of slovens. For whoever is capable of one extreme (take almost all the cases in human life through), when he recedes from that, if he be not a man of prudence, will go over into the other.

But to return to the former subject (for the general attention encouraged me to proceed), permit me, Miss Sutton, to add, that a lady must run great risks to her reputation, if not to her virtue, who will admit into her company any gentleman who shall be of opinion, and *know*

it to be *hers*, that it is *his* province to ask a favour which it will be *her* duty to deny.

I believe, madam, I spoke these words a little too carelessly: but I meant *honourable* questions, to be sure.

There can be but *one* honourable question, replied I; and that is seldom asked, but when the affair is brought near a conclusion, and there is a probability of its being granted; and which a single lady, while she has parents or guardians, should never think of permitting to be put to herself, much less of approving, nor perhaps as the case may be, of denying. But I make no doubt, madam, that you meant honourable questions. A young lady of Miss Sutton's good sense, and worthy character, could not mean otherwise. And I have said perhaps more than I needed to say upon this subject, because we all know how ready the presuming of the other sex are, right or wrong, to construe the most innocent meanings in favour of their own views.

Very true, said she; but appeared to be under an agreeable confusion, every lady, by her eye, seeming to think she had met with a deserved rebuke; and which not seeming to expect, it abated her liveliness all the time after.

Lady Towers seasonably relieved us both from a subject too *applicable*, if I may so express it, saying, But, dear Mrs. B——, will you favour us with the result of your meditation, if you have committed it to writing, on the unhappy case you mentioned?

I was rather, madam, exercising my fancy than my judgment, such as it is, upon the occasion. I was aiming at a kind of allegorical or metaphorical style, I know not which to call it; and it is not fit to be read before such judges, I doubt.

Oh pray, dear madam, said Miss Stapylton, favour us with it *to choose*; for I am a great admirer of that style.

I have a great curiosity, said Lady Arthur, both from the *subject* and the *style*, to hear what you have written: and I beg you will oblige us all.

It is short and unfinished. It was written for the sake

of a friend who is fond of such a style; and what I sh
add to it will be principally some slight observations up
this way of writing. But let it be ever so censurable,
should be *more* so, if I made any difficulties after such
unanimous request. So, taking it out of my letter-case
read as follows:

'While the *banks* of *discretion* keep the *proud waves*
'*passion* within their natural channel, all calm and sere
'glides along the silver current, enlivening the adjace
'meadows as it passes, with a brighter and more flowe
'verdure. But if the *torrents* of *sensual love* are permitted
'descend from the *hills* of *credulous hope*, they may so sw
'the gentle stream, as to make it difficult, if not impossib
'to be retained within its usual bounds. What then w
'be the consequence?—Why, the *trees of resolution*, a
'the *shrubs of cautious fear*, which grew upon the fr
'mound, and whose intertwining roots had contributed
'support it, being loosened from their hold, *they*, and
'that would swim of the *bank* itself, will be seen floating
'the surface of the triumphant waters.

'But here, a dear lady, having unhappily failed,
'enabled to set her *foot* in the *new made* breach, while y
'it is *possible* to stop it, and to say, with little variation, i
'the language of that power which only could enable *her*
'say it, *Hither, ye proud waves of dissolute love, althoug*
'*you* HAVE *come, yet no farther* SHALL *ye come*; is such a
'instance of magnanimous resolution and self-conquest,
'is very rarely to be met with.'

Miss Stapylton seemed pleased (as I expected) with wh
I read; and told me, that she should take it for a hig
favour if I would permit her, if it were not improper, to s
the whole letter, when I had finished it.

I said, I would oblige her with all my heart. But yo
must not expect, madam, that although I have writte
what I have read to you, I shall approve of it in m
observations upon it; for I am convinced that no styl

can be proper, which is not plain, simple, easy, natural, and unaffected.

She was sure, she was pleased to say, that whatever my observations were, they would be equally just and instructive.

I too, said the dean, will answer for that; for I daresay, by what I have already heard, that Mrs. B—— will distinguish properly between the style (and the matter too), which captivates the imagination, and that which informs the judgment.

Our conversation, after this, took a more general turn, as to the air of it, if I may say so; which I thought right, lest the young ladies should imagine it was a designed thing against them: but yet it was such that every one of them found her character and taste, little or much, concerned in it: and all seemed, as Lady Towers afterwards observed to me, by their silence and attention, to be busied in private applications.

The dean began it, with a high compliment to me; having a view, no doubt, by his kind praises, to make my observations have the greater weight upon the young ladies. He was pleased to say, that it was matter of great surprise to him that, my tender years considered, I should be capable of making those reflections, by which persons of twice my age and experience might be instructed. You see, madam, said he, how attentive we all are when your lips begin to open; and I beg we may have nothing to do, but to *be* attentive.

I have had such advantages, sir, replied I, from the observations and cautions of my late excellent lady, that did you but know half of them, you would rather wonder I had made *no greater* improvement than that I have made *so much*. She used to think me pretty, and not ill-tempered, and *of course* not incredulous, where I conceived a good opinion; and was always arming me on that side, as believing I might be the object of wicked attempts; and the rather, as my low fortunes subjected me to danger. For had I been born to rank and condition, as these young

ladies here, I should have had reason to think of myself as justly, as, no doubt, *they* do, and, of consequence, beyond the reach of any vile intriguer; as I should have been above the greatest part of that species of mankind, who, for want of understanding, or honour, or through pernicious habits, give themselves up to libertinism.

These were great advantages, no doubt, said Miss Sutton; but in *you* they met with a surprising genius, 'tis very plain, madam; and there is not, in my opinion, a lady in England of your years, who would have improved by them as you have done.

I answered that I was much obliged to her for her good opinion: and that I had always observed that the person who admired any good qualities in another, gave a kind of *natural* demonstration that she had the same in an eminent degree herself, although perhaps her modest diffidence would not permit her to trace the generous principle to its source.

The dean, in order to bring us back again to the subject of *credulity*, repeated my remark, that it was safer, in cases where so much depended upon the issue, as a lady's honour and reputation, to *fear* an *enemy* than to *hope* a *friend;* and praised my observation that even a *weak* enemy is not to be too much despised.

I said, I had very high notions of the honour and value of my own sex, and very mean ones of the gay and frothy part of the other; insomuch, that I thought they could have no strength but what was founded in our weakness: That, indeed, the difference of education must give men advantages, even where the genius is naturally equal: That besides, they have generally more hardness of heart, which makes women, where they meet not with men of honour, to engage with that sex upon very unequal terms; for that it is so customary with them to make vows and promises, and to set light by them *when made,* that an innocent lady cannot guard too watchfully against them; and, in my opinion, should believe nothing they said, or even *vowed,* but what carried demonstration with it.

I remember, continued I, my lady used often to observe, that there is a time of life in all young persons, which may properly be called *The Romantic*, which is a very dangerous period, and requires therefore a great guard of prudence: that the risk is not a little augmented by reading novels and romances; and that the poetical tribe have much to answer for on this head, by reason of their heightened and inflaming descriptions, which do much hurt to thoughtless minds and lively imaginations. For to those, she would have it, are principally owing the rashness and indiscretion of *soft* and *tender* dispositions; which, in breach of their duty, and even to the disgrace of their sex, too frequently set them upon enterprises like those they have read in those pernicious writings, which not seldom make them fall a sacrifice to the base designs of some vile intriguer: and even in cases where their precipitation ends the best, that is to say, in *marriage*, they too frequently (in direct opposition to the cautions and commands of their *tried*, their *experienced*, and *unquestionable* friends) throw themselves upon an *almost stranger*, who, had he been worthy of them, would not, nor *needed* to have taken indirect methods to obtain their favour.

And the misfortune is, continued I, the most innocent are generally the most credulous. Such a lady would do no harm to others herself, and cannot think others would do her any. And with regard to the particular person who has obtained perhaps a share in her confidence, *he* cannot, surely, she thinks, be so *ungrateful* as to return irreparable mischief for her good-will to him. Were all the men in the world, besides, to prove false, the *beloved* person cannot. 'Twould be unjust to *her own merit*, as well as to *his vows* to suppose it: and so *design* on his side, and *credulity* and *self-opinion* on the lady's, at last enrol the unhappy believer in the list of the too-late repenters.

And what, madam, said the dean, has not that wretch to answer for, who makes sport of destroying a virtuous character, and delights in being the wicked means of throwing perhaps upon the town, and into the dregs of prostitution,

a poor creature, whose love for him, and confidence in h was all her crime? And who otherwise might have m a worthy figure at the head of some reputable family, a so have been a useful member of the commonwealth, p pagating good examples, instead of ruin and infamy, mankind? To say nothing of what is still worse, dreadful crime of occasioning the loss of a soul; since fi impenitence too generally follows the first sacrifice wh the poor wretch is seduced to make of her honour!

There are several gentlemen in our neighbourho said Mrs. Brooks, who might be benefited by this touchi reflection, if it was represented in the same strong ligl from the pulpit. And permit me to say, Mr. Dean, tha think you should give us a sermon upon this subject, f the sake of both sexes; one for caution, the other f conviction.

I will think of it, replied he. But I am sorry to sa that we have too many among our younger gentry, wl would think themselves pointed at, were I to touch th subject ever so cautiously.

I am sure, said Lady Towers, there cannot well be more useful one; and the very reason the dean gives, is convincing proof of it to me.

When I have had the pleasure of hearing the furth sentiments of such an assembly as this upon the delicat subject, replied this polite divine, I shall be better enable to treat it. And pray, ladies, proceed; for it is from you conversation that I must take my hints.

You have nothing to do then, said Lady Towers, but t engage Mrs. B—— to speak: and you may be sure w will all be as attentive to *her* as we shall be to *you*, whe we shall have the pleasure to hear so fine a genius improv ing upon her hints, from the pulpit.

I bowed (as the dean did) to Lady Towers; and know ing that she praised me, with the dean's view, in order t induce the young ladies to give the greater attention t what she wished I should speak, I said, It would be a great presumption in me, after so high a compliment, t

open my lips: nevertheless, as I was sure, by speaking, I should have the benefit of instruction, whenever it made *them* speak, I would not be backward to enter upon any subject; for that I should consider myself as a young counsel, in some great cause, who served but to open it, and prepare the way for those of greater skill and abilities.

I beg then, madam, said Miss Stapylton, you will *open the cause,* be the subject what it will. And I could almost wish that we had as many gentlemen here as ladies, who would have reason to be ashamed of the liberties they take in censuring the conversations of the tea-table; since the pulpit, as the worthy dean gives us reason to hope, may be beholden to that of Mrs. B——.

Nor is it much wonder, replied I, when the dean himself is with us, and it is graced by so distinguished a circle.

If many of our young gentlemen were here, said Lady Towers, they might improve themselves in all the graces of polite and sincere complaisance. But compared to this, I have generally heard such trite and coarse stuff from our race of would-be-wits, that what they say may be compared to the fawnings and salutations of the ass in the fable, who, emulating the lap-dog, merited a cudgel rather than encouragement.

But, Mrs. B——, continued she, begin, I pray you, to *open* and *proceed* in the cause; for there will be no counsel employed but you, I can tell you.

Then give me a subject that will suit me, ladies, and you shall see how my obedience to your commands will make me run on.

Will you, madam, said Miss Stapylton, give us a few cautions and instructions on a theme of your own. That a young lady should rather *fear* too much than hope too much? A necessary doctrine perhaps; but a difficult one to be practised by one who has begun to love, and who supposes all truth and honour in the object of her favour.

Hope, madam, said I, in my opinion, should never be unaccompanied by *fear;* and the more reason will a lady

ever have to fear, and to suspect herself, and doubt lover, when she once begins to find in her own brea inclination to him. For then her danger is doubled, she has *herself* (perhaps the more dangerous enemy of two) to guard against as well as *him.*

She may secretly wish the best indeed; but what *been* the fate of others *may be* her own; and though thinks it not *probable,* from such a faithful protester a appears to her to be, yet while it is *possible,* she sh never be off her guard: nor will a prudent woman t to his mercy or honour, but to her own discretion; the rather, because, if he mean well, he *himself* will v her the more for her caution, since every man desire have a virtuous and prudent wife: if not well, she detect him the sooner; and so, by her prudence, frust all his base designs.

The ladies seeming, by their silence, to approve wha said, I proceeded.

But let me, my dear ladies, ask, what that passion which generally we dignify by the name of *love?* a which, when *so* dignified, puts us upon a thousand ext vagancies? I believe, if it were to be examined into would be found too generally to owe its original to *governed fancy;* and were we to judge of it by the con quences that usually attend it, it ought rather to be cal *rashness, inconsideration, weakness;* anything but *lo* for very seldom, I doubt, is the *solid judgment* so mu concerned in it as the *airy fancy.* But when once dignify the wild misleader with the name of *love,* all t absurdities which we read in novels and romances ta place, and we are induced to follow examples that seldo end happily but in *them.*

But permit me further to observe, that love, as we c it, operates differently in the two sexes, as to its effec For in woman it is a *creeping* thing, in man an *encroache* and this ought, in my humble opinion, to be very serious attended to. Miss Sutton intimated thus much, whe she observed that it was the man's province to ask, t

lady's to deny. Excuse me, madam, the observation was just, as to the men's notions; although, methinks, I would not have a lady allow of it, except in cases of caution to themselves.

The doubt, therefore, proceeded I, which a lady has of her *lover's* honour, is needful to preserve *her own* and *his* too. And if she does him wrong, and he should be too just to deceive her, she can make him amends by instances of greater confidence, when she pleases. But if she has been accustomed to grant him little favours, can she easily recall them? and will not the *encroacher* grow upon her indulgence, pleading for a favour to-day, which was not refused him yesterday, and reproaching her want of confidence as a want of esteem; till the poor lady, who perhaps has given way to this *creeping, insinuating* passion, and has avowed her esteem for him, puts herself too much in his power, in order to manifest, as she thinks, the *generosity* of her affection; and so, by degrees, is carried farther than she intended, or nice honour ought to have permitted; and all because, to keep up to my theme, she *hopes* too much, and *doubts* too little? And permit me, ladies, to add, that there have been cases where a man himself, pursuing the dictates of his *encroaching* passion, and finding a lady *too conceding,* has taken advantages, of which probably at first he did not presume to think.

Miss Stapylton said, that *virtue* itself spoke when *I* spoke; and she was resolved, when she came home, to recollect as much of this conversation as she could, and write it down in her Commonplace Book, where it would make a better figure than anything she had there.

I suppose, miss, said Lady Towers, your chief collections are flowers of rhetoric, picked up from the French and English poets, and novel-writers. I would give something for the pleasure of having it two hours in my possession.

Fie, madam! replied she, a little abashed, How can you expose your kinswoman thus, before the dean and Mrs. B——?

Lady Towers, madam, said I, only says this to pro you to show your collections. I wish I had the plea of seeing them. I doubt not but your Commonp Book is a storehouse of wisdom.

There is nothing bad in it, I hope, replied she; b would not that Mrs. B—— should see it for the w But let me tell you, madam (to Lady Towers), there many beautiful things, and good instructions, to be lected from novels, and plays, and romances: and from poetical writers particularly, light as you are pleased make of them. Pray, madam (to me), have you ever b at all conversant in such writers?

Not a great deal in the former: there were very novels and romances that my lady would permit me read; and those I did, gave me no great pleasure; either they dealt so much in the *marvellous* and *improba* or were so unnaturally *inflaming* to the *passions*, and full of *love* and *intrigue*, that hardly any of them l seemed calculated to *fire* the *imagination*, rather than *inform* the *judgment*. Tilts and tournaments, breaking spears in honour of a mistress, swimming over rive engaging with monsters, rambling in search of adventur making unnatural difficulties, in order to show the knigl errant's prowess in overcoming them, is all that is requir to constitute the *hero* in such pieces. And what pri cipally distinguishes the character of the *heroine*, is, wh she is taught to consider her father's house as an enchant castle, and her lover as the hero who is to dissolve t charm, and to set her at liberty from one confinement, order to put her into another, and too probably a wors to instruct her how to climb walls, drop from windo leap precipices, and do twenty other extravagant things, order to show the mad strength of a passion she ought be ashamed of: to make parents and guardians pass f tyrants, and the voice of reason to be drowned in that indiscreet love, which exalts the other sex, and debases h own. And what is the instruction that can be gather from such pieces, for the conduct of common life?

Then have I been ready to quarrel with these writers for another reason; and that is, the dangerous notion which they hardly ever fail to propagate, of a *first-sight love.* For there is such a susceptibility supposed on both sides (which, however it may pass in a man, very little becomes the female delicacy), that they are smitten with a glance; the fictitious blind god is made a *real* divinity; and too often prudence and discretion are the first offerings at his shrine.

I believe, madam, said Miss Stapylton, blushing, and playing with her fan, there have been many instances of people loving at first sight, which have ended very happily.

No doubt of it, replied I: but there are three chances to one that so precipitate a liking does not. For where can be the room for caution, for inquiry, for the display of merit and sincerity, and even the assurance of a *grateful return* to a lady who thus suffers herself to be prepossessed? Is it not a random shot? Is it not a proof of weakness? Is it not giving up the negative voice which belongs to the sex, even while she is not sure of meeting with the affirmative one from him whose affection she wishes to engage?

Indeed, ladies, continued I, I cannot help concluding (and I am the less afraid of speaking my mind, because of the opinion I have of the prudence of every lady that hears me), that where this weakness is found, it is no way favourable to a lady's character, nor to that discretion which ought to distinguish it. It looks to me as if a lady's *heart* were too much in the power of her *eye,* and that she had permitted her *fancy* to be much more busy than her *judgment.*

Miss Stapylton blushed, and looked around her.

But I have generally observed, Mrs. B——, said Lady Towers, that whenever you censure any indiscretion, you seldom fail to give cautions how to avoid it: and pray let us know what is to be done in this case? That is to say, how a young lady ought to guard against and overcome the first favourable impressions?

What I imagine, replied I, a young lady ought to do any the *least* favourable impressions of this kind, is im diately to *withdraw into herself*, as one may say; to re upon what she owes to her parents, to her family, to character, and to her sex; and to resolve to check su random prepossession, which may much more probably I hinted, make her a prey to the undeserving than otl wise, as there are so many of that character to one ma real merit.

The most that I apprehend a *first-sight* approbation do, is to inspire a *liking*; and a liking is conquerable the person will not brood over it, till she hatches it i *love*. Then every man and woman has a black an white side; and it is easy to set the imperfections of person against the supposed perfections, while it is onl *liking*. But if the busy fancy be permitted to work a pleases, unchecked, uncontrolled; then, 'tis very lik were the lady but to keep herself in countenance receiving first impressions, she will see perfections in object, which no living soul can see but herself. An will hardly be expected but that, as a consequence of first indiscretion, she will confirm, as an act of her ju ment, what her wild and ungoverned fancy had misled to think of with so much partial favour. And too late, it may probably happen, she will see and lament her fa and perhaps undutiful error.

We are talking of the ladies only, added I (for I s Miss Stapylton was become very grave), but I believe fi sight love often operates too powerfully in both sexes: a where it does so, it will be very lucky if either gentlem or lady find reason, on cool reflection, to approve a cho which they were so ready to make without thought.

'Tis allowed, my dear Mrs. B——, said Lady Towe that rash and precipitate love may operate pretty mu alike in the rash and precipitate of both sexes; and whi soever loves, generally exalts the person beloved above or her merits: but I am desirous, for the sake of us maid ladies, since it is a science in which you are so great

adept, to have your advice how we should watch and guard against its first encroachments; and that you will tell us what you apprehend gives the men most advantage over us.

Nay, now, Lady Towers, you rally my presumption indeed!

I admire you, madam, replied she, and everything you say and do; and I won't forgive you to call what I so seriously *say* and *think* raillery. For my own part, continued she, I never was in love yet, nor, I believe, were any of these young ladies—(Miss Cope looked a little silly upon this)—and who can better instruct us to guard *our hearts*, than a lady who has so well defended *her own?*

Why then, madam, if I must speak, I think what gives the other sex the greatest advantage over even many of the most deserving of ours, is that dangerous foible, the *love of praise*, and the desire to be *flattered* and *admired:* a passion that I have observed to predominate, more or less, from sixteen to sixty, in most of our sex. We are too generally delighted with the company of those who extol our graces of person or mind; for will not a *grateful* lady study hard to return a *few* compliments to a gentleman who makes her so *many?* She is concerned to *prove* him a man of distinguishing sense, or a polite man at least, in regard to what she *thinks* of herself; and so the flatterer shall be preferred to such of the sincere and worthy, as cannot say what they do not think. And, by this means, many an excellent lady has fallen a prey to some sordid designer.

Then, I think, nothing gives gentlemen so much advantage over our sex, as to see how readily a virtuous lady can forgive the capital faults of the most abandoned of the other; and that sad, sad notion, *that a reformed rake makes the best husband;* a notion that has done more hurt, and discredit too, to our sex (as it has given more encouragement to the profligate, and more discouragement to the sober gentlemen), than can be easily imagined. A fine thing indeed! As if the wretch who had run through a course of iniquity to the endangering of soul and body, was to be deemed the best companion for life, to an inno-

cent and virtuous young lady, who is to owe the kindn of his treatment of her, to his having never before acco panied with a modest woman; nor, till his interest on c hand (to which his extravagance perhaps compels him attend), and his impaired constitution on the other, obl him to it, so much as *wished* to accompany with one; a who always made a jest of the married state, and perh of everything either serious or sacred!

You observe very well, my dear Mrs. B——, said La Towers; but people will be apt to think that you have l reason than any of our sex, to be severe against the noti you speak of: for who was a greater rake than a certa gentleman, and who is a better husband?

Madam, replied I, the gentleman you mean never wa common town-rake: he is a man of sense and fine und standing; and his reformation, *secondarily*, as I may s has been the natural effect of those extraordinary qualiti But besides, madam, I will presume to say that that gent man, as he has not many equals in the nobleness of l nature, so is not likely, I doubt, to have many followe in a reformation begun in the bloom of youth, upon *se conviction*, and altogether, humanly speaking, *spontaneo* —Those young ladies who would plead his example, support of this pernicious notion, should find out the sar generous qualities in the man, before they trust to it; a it will then do less harm: though, even then, I could n wish it to be generally entertained.

It is really unaccountable, said Lady Towers, after a as Mrs. B——, I remember, said on another occasio that our sex should not as much insist upon virtue ar sobriety in the character of a man, as the man, be he ev such a rake, does in that of a lady. And 'tis certainly great encouragement to libertinism, that a worn-out d bauchee shall think himself at any time good enough for husband, and have the confidence to imagine that a mode woman will accept of his address with a *preference* of hi to any other.

I can account for it but one way, said the dean: an

that is, that a modest woman is apt to be *diffident* of her own merit and understanding, and she thinks this diffidence an imperfection. A rake *never is* troubled with it: so he has in perfection a quality she thinks she wants; and knowing *too little* of the world, imagines she mends the matter by accepting of one who knows *too much*.

That's well observed, Mr. Dean, said Lady Towers: but there is another fault in our sex which Mrs. B—— has not touched upon; and that is, the foolish vanity some women have, in the hopes of reforming a wild fellow: and that they shall be able to do more than any of their sex before them could do: a vanity that often costs them dear; as I know in more than one instance.

Another weakness, said I, might be produced against some of our sex; who join too readily to droll upon, and sneer at the misfortune of any poor young creature who has shown too little regard for her honour: and who (instead of speaking of it with concern, and inveighing against the seducer) too lightly sport with the unhappy person's fall; industriously spread the knowledge of it—[I would not look upon Miss Sutton, while I spoke this]—and avoid her, as one infected; and yet scruple not to admit into their company the vile aggressor; and even to smile with him, at his barbarous jests upon the poor sufferer of their own sex.

I have known three or four instances of this in my time, said Lady Tower, that Miss Sutton might not take it to herself; for she looked down and was a little serious.

This, replied I, puts me in mind of a little humorous copy of verses, written, as I believe, by Mr. B——. And which, to the very purpose we are speaking of, he calls

BENEFIT OF MAKING OTHERS' MISFORTUNES OUR OWN.

Thou'st heard it, or read it, a million of times,
That men are made up of falsehoods and crimes:
Search all the old authors, and ransack the new,
Thou'lt find, in love stories, scarce one mortal true.

Then why this complaining? And why this wry face?
Is it 'cause thou'rt affected *most* with thy own case?
Hadst thou sooner made *others'* misfortunes thy own,
Thou never, *thyself*, this disaster hadst known;
Thy *compassionate caution* had kept thee from evil,
And thou mightst have defy'd mankind and the devil.

The ladies were pleased with the lines; but La Towers wanted to know, she said, at what time of M B——'s life they could be written. Because, added she, never suspected before, that the good gentleman ever to pains to write cautions or exhortations to our sex, to avc the delusions of his own.

These verses, and this facetious but severe remark Lady Towers, made every young lady look up with cheerful countenance; because it pushed the ball frc *self:* and the dean said to his daughter, So, my de you that have been so attentive, must let us know wh useful inferences you can draw from what Mrs. B—— a the other ladies have so excellently said?

I observe, sir, said she, from the faults the ladies ha so justly imputed to some of our sex, that the advanta the gentlemen *chiefly* have over us, is from our own wea ness; and that it behoves a prudent woman to gua against *first impressions* of favour, since she will thi herself obliged, in compliment to *her own* judgment, find reasons, if possible, to confirm them.

But I would be glad to know, ladies, added she, there be any way that a woman can judge whether a ma means honourably or not, in his address to her?

Mrs. B—— can best inform you of that, Miss L—— said Lady Towers. What say you, Mrs. B——?

There are a few signs, answered I, easy to be know and, I think, almost infallible.

Pray let's have 'em, said Lady Arthur; and they a were very attentive.

I lay it down as an undoubted truth, said I, that tru love is one of the most *respectful* things in the world. I strikes with awe and reverence the mind of the man wh

boasts its impression. It is chaste and pure in word and deed, and cannot bear to have the least indecency mingle with it.

If therefore a man, be his birth or quality what it will, the higher the worse, presume to wound a lady's ears with indecent words: if he endeavour, in his expressions or sentiments, to convey gross or impure ideas to her mind: if he is continually pressing for *her confidence* in *his* honour: if he requests favours, which a lady ought to refuse: if he can be regardless of his conduct or behaviour to her: if he can use *boisterous* or *rude* freedoms, either to her *person* or *dress*—[Here poor Miss Cope, by her blushes, bore witness to her case]—if he avoids *speaking* of *marriage*, when he has a *fair opportunity* of doing it—[Here Miss L—— looked down and blushed]—or leaves it *once* to a lady to wonder that he does not:

In any, or in all these cases, he is to be suspected, and a lady can have little hope of such a person; nor, as I humbly apprehend, consistent with honour and discretion, encourage his address.

The ladies were so kind as to applaud all I said, and so did the dean. Miss Stapylton, and Miss Cope, and Miss L—— were to try to recollect it when they came home, and to write down what they could remember of the conversation: and our noble guests coming in soon after with Mr. B——, the ladies would have departed; but he prevailed upon them, with some difficulty, to pass the evening; and Miss L——, who has an admirable finger on the harpsichord, as I have heretofore told you, obliged us with two or three lessons. Each of the ladies did the like, and prevailed upon me to play a tune or two: but Miss Cope, as well as Miss L——, surpassed me much. We all sung too in turns; and Mr. B—— took the violin, in which he excels: Lord Davers obliged us on the violoncello: Mr. H—— played on the German flute, and sung us a fop's song, and performed it in character. So that we had an exceeding gay evening, and parted with great satisfaction on *all* sides, particularly on the young

ladies; for this put them all into good humour good spirits, enlivening the former scene, which otl wise might have closed perhaps more gravely than caciously.

The distance of time since this conversation pas enables me to add what I could not do when I wrote account of it which you have mislaid; and which t briefly, as follows:

Miss Stapylton, upon her return home, was as good her word, and wrote down all she could recollect of conversation; and I have already sent her the letter had desired, containing my observations upon the fligl style she so much admired. She suffered it to have such effect upon her, as to turn the course of her reading a studies to weightier and more solid subjects; and avo ing the gentleman she had begun to favour, gave way her parents' recommendation; and is happily married Sir Jonathan Barnes.

Miss Cope came to me a week after, with the lea of both her parents, and tarried with me three days; which time she opened all her heart to me; and return in such a disposition, and with such resolutions, that s never would see her Peer again; nor receive letters fr him, which she owned to me she had done clandestin before: and she is now the happy lady of Sir Mich Beaumont, who makes her the best of husbands, and p mits her to follow her charitable inclinations, according a scheme which she consulted me upon.

Miss L——, by the dean's indulgent prudence and d cretion, has escaped her rake; and upon the discov of an intrigue he was carrying on with another, co ceived a just abhorrence of him; and is since marri to Dr. Jenkins, as you know, with whom she lives ve happily.

Miss Sutton is not quite so well off as the three forme though not altogether unhappy neither, in her way. S could not indeed conquer her love of dress and tins and so became the lady of Colonel Wilson: and they a

thus far easy in the marriage state, that, being seldom together, in all probability they save a multitude of misunderstandings; for the colonel loves gaming, in which he is generally a winner; and so passes his time mostly in town. His lady has her pleasures, neither laudable nor criminal ones, which she pursues in the country. And now and then a letter passes on both sides; by the inscription and subscription of which, they remind one another that they have been *once* in their lives at *one* church together.

And what now, my dear Lady G——, have I to add to this tedious account (for letter I can hardly call it), but that I am, with great affection,

Your true friend and servant,

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER CIII.

Mrs. B—— to Lady G——.

My dear Lady G——,—You desire me to send you a little specimen of my *nursery tales and stories;* with which, as Miss Fenwick told you, on her return to Lincolnshire, I entertain my Miss Goodwin and my little boys. But you make me too high a compliment, when you tell me it is for your *own* instruction and example. Yet you know, my dear Lady G——, be your motives what they will, I must obey you; although, were others to see it, I might expose myself to the smiles and contempt of judges less prejudiced in my favour. So I will begin without any further apology; and, as near as I can, give you those very stories with which Miss Fenwick was so pleased, and of which she has made so favourable a report.

Let me acquaint you then, that my method is to give characters of persons I have known in one part or other of

my life, in feigned names, whose conduct may serve imitation or warning to my dear attentive miss; sometimes I give instances of good boys and naughty b for the sake of my Billy, and my Davers: and they continually coming about me, Dear madam, a pretty s now, cries miss: and, Dear mamma, tell me of good b and of naughty boys, cries Billy.

Miss is a surprising child for her age, and is very fam with many of the best characters in the *Spectators;* having a smattering of Latin, and more than a smatte of Italian, and being a perfect mistress of French, is seld at a loss for the derivation of such words as are not English original. And so I shall give you a story, in feig names, with which she is so delighted that she has writ it down. But I will first trespass on your patience with of my childish tales.

Every day, once or twice, if I am not hindered, I ca Miss Goodwin, who plays and sings very prettily, to giv tune or two to me and my Billy, and my Davers, who, well as my Pamela, love and learn to touch the keys, you as the latter is; and she will have a sweet finger, I observe that; and a charming ear; and her voice is mu itself!—Oh the fond, fond mother! I know you will say, reading this.

Then, madam, we all proceed hand-in-hand together the nursery, to my Charley and Jemmy: and in this hap retirement, so much my delight in the absence of my b beloved, imagine you see me seated, surrounded with joy and the hope of my future prospects, as well as present comforts.

Miss Goodwin imagine you see on my right hand, sitti on a velvet stool, because she is eldest, and a miss: Bi on my left, in a little cane elbow chair, because he is elde and a good boy: my Davers, and my sparkling-ey Pamela, with my Charley between them, on little silk cushions at my feet, hand-in-hand, their pleased eyes loo ing up to my more delighted ones, and my sweet-natur promising Jemmy in my lap; the nurses and the cradle j

behind us, and the nursery-maids delightedly pursuing some useful needlework, for the dear charmers of my heart—all as hush and as still as silence itself, as the pretty creatures generally are, when their little watchful eyes see my lips beginning to open: for they take great notice already of my rule of two ears to one tongue;* insomuch, that if Billy or Davers are either of them for breaking the mum, as they call it, they are immediately hush, at any time, if I put my finger to my lip, or if miss points hers to her ears, even to the breaking of a word in two, as it were: and yet all my boys are as lively as so many birds; while my Pamela is cheerful, easy, soft, gentle, always smiling, but modest and harmless as a dove.

I began with a story of two little boys, and two little girls, the children of a fine gentleman and a fine lady, who loved them dearly: That they were all so good, and loved one another so well, that everybody who saw them admired them, and talked of them far and near: that they would part with anything to one another; loved the poor; spoke kindly to the servants; did everything they were bid to do; were not proud; and knew no strife, but who should learn their books best, and be the prettiest scholar: that the servants loved them, and would do anything they desired: that they were not proud of fine clothes; let not their heads run upon their playthings, when they should mind their books; said grace before they ate; their prayers before they went to bed, and as soon as they rose; were always clean and neat; would not tell a fib for the world, and were above doing anything that required one: that God blessed them more and more, and blessed their papa and mamma, and their uncles and aunts, and cousins, for their sakes. And there was a happy family, my dear loves!—No one idle; all prettily employed; the masters at their books; the misses at their books too, or their needles; except at their play hours, when they were never rude, nor noisy, nor mischievous, nor quarrelsome: and no such word was ever heard from their mouth, as, Why mayn't I have this or

* See page 367.

that as well as Billy or Bobby?—Or, Why should S
have this or that any more than I?—But it was, As
mamma pleases; my mamma knows best; and a bow
a smile, and no surliness, or scowling brow to be seen
they were denied anything; for well did they know, t
their papa and mamma loved them so dearly that t
would refuse them nothing that was for their good; a
they were sure when they *were* refused, they asked
something that would have done them hurt, had it be
granted. Never were such good boys and girls as thes
And they grew up, and the masters became fine schola
and fine gentlemen, and everybody honoured them; a
the misses became fine ladies, and fine housewives; a
this gentleman, when they grew to be women, sought
marry one of the misses, and that gentleman the othe
and happy was he that could be admitted into their co
panies! So that they had nothing to do but to pick a
choose out of the best gentlemen in the county: whi
the greatest ladies for birth, and the most remarkable f
virtue (which, my dears, is better than either birth
fortune), thought themselves honoured by the addresses
the two brothers. And they married, and made goo
papas and mammas, and were so many blessings to the a
in which they lived. There, my dear loves, were happ
sons and daughters! For good masters seldom fail
make good gentlemen; and good misses good ladies; a
God blesses them with as good children as they were
their parents! and so the blessing goes round:—Wh
would not but be good?

Well, but, mamma, we will all be good: won't w
Master Davers? cries my Billy. Yes, brother Billy. The
they kiss one another; and if they have playthings, or an
thing they like, exchange with each other, to show th
effect my lessons have upon them. But what will becom
of the naughty boys? Tell us, mamma, about the naught
boys!

Why, there was a poor, poor widow woman, who ha
three naughty sons, and one naughty daughter; and the

would do nothing that their mamma bid them do; were always quarrelling, scratching, and fighting; would not say their prayers; would not learn their book; so that the little boys used to laugh at them, and point at them, as they went along, for blockheads; and nobody loved them, or took notice of them, except to beat and thump them about, for their naughty ways, and their undutifulness to their poor mother, who worked hard to maintain them. As they grew up they grew worse and worse, and more and more stupid and ignorant, so that they impoverished their poor mother, and at last broke her heart; poor, poor widow woman!—And her neighbours joined together to bury the poor widow woman; for these sad ungracious children made away with what little she had left, while she was ill, before her heart was quite broken: and this helped to break it the sooner; for, had she lived, she saw she must have wanted bread, and had no comfort from such wicked children.

Poor, poor widow woman! said my Billy, with tears; and my little dove shed tears too, and Davers was moved, and miss wiped her fine eyes.

But what became of the naughty boys, and the naughty girl, mamma?—Became of them?—Why one son was forced to go to sea, and there he was drowned: another turned thief (for he would not work), and he came to an untimely end: the third was idle and ignorant; and nobody, who knew how he had used his poor mother, would employ him; and so he was forced to go into a far country and beg his bread. And the naughty girl, having never loved work, pined away in sloth and filthiness, and at last broke her arm, and died of a fever; lamenting, too late, that she had been so wicked a daughter to so good a mother. —And so there was a sad end of all the four ungracious children, who never would mind what their poor mother said to them; and God punished their naughtiness, as you see!—While the good children I mentioned before, were the glory of their family, and the delight of everybody that knew them.

Who would not be good! was the inference. And repetition from Billy, with his hands clapt together, Pc poor widow woman! gave me much pleasure.

So my childish story ended with a kiss of each pre dear, and their thanks for my story: and then came miss's request for a *woman's* story, as she called it. I c missed my babies to their play in the apartment allot for that purpose; and taking miss's hand, she standi before me, all attention, began in a more womanly str to *her;* for she is very fond of being thought a woma and indeed is a prudent, sensible dear; comprehends ar thing instantly, and makes very pretty reflections up what she hears or reads, as you will observe in wl follows:

There is nothing, my dear Miss Goodwin, that you ladies should be so watchful over, as their reputation: " a tender flower, that the least frost will nip, the least c wind will blast; and when once blasted, it will never flour again; but wither to the very root. But this I have t you so often, that I am sure I need not repeat what I ha said. So to my story.

There were four pretty ladies lived in one genteel neig bourhood, the daughters of four several families; but companions, and visitors; and yet all of very different i clinations. Coquetilla we will call one, Prudiana anoth Profusiana the third, and Prudentia the fourth; th several names denoting their respective qualities.

Coquetilla was the only daughter of a worthy baron by a lady very gay, but rather indiscreet than unvirtuo who took not the requisite care of her daughter's educatic but let her be over-run with the love of fashions, dress, a equipage; and when in London, balls, operas, plays, t park, the ring, the withdrawing-room, took up her wh attention. She admired nobody but herself, fluttered abo laughing at and despising a crowd of men-followers, whc she attracted by gay, thoughtless freedoms of behaviour, t nearly treading on the skirts of immodesty: yet made s not one worthy conquest; exciting, on the contrary, in

sober minds, that contempt to herself, which she so profusely would be thought to pour down upon the rest of the world. After she had several years fluttered about the dangerous light, like some silly fly, she at last singed the wings of her reputation; for being despised by every worthy heart, she became too easy and cheap a prey to a man the most unworthy of all her followers, who had resolution and confidence enough to break through those few cobweb reserves in which she had encircled her precarious virtue; and which were no longer of force to preserve her honour, when she met with a man more bold and more enterprising than herself, and who was as designing as she was thoughtless. And what then became of Coquetilla?—Why, she was forced to pass over sea to Ireland, where nobody knew her, and to bury herself in a dull obscurity; to go by another name; and at last, unable to support a life so unsuitable to the natural gaiety of her temper, she pined herself into a consumption, and died unpitied and unlamented, among strangers, having not one friend but whom she bought with her money.

Poor Lady Coquetilla! said Miss Goodwin; what a sad thing it is to have a wrong education! And how happy am I, who have so good a lady to supply the place of a dear distant mamma!—But be pleased, madam, to proceed to the next.

Prudiana, my dear, was the daughter of a gentleman who was a widower, and had, while the young lady was an infant, buried her mamma. He was a good sort of man; but had but one lesson to teach to Prudiana, and that was, To avoid all manner of conversation with the men; but never gave her the right turn of mind, nor instilled into it that sense of her religious duties, which would have been her best guard in all temptations. For, provided she kept out of the sight and conversation of the gentlemen, and avoided the company of those ladies who more freely conversed with the other sex, it was all her papa desired of her. This gave her a haughty, sullen, and reserved turn; made her stiff, formal, and affected. She had sense enough

to discover early the faults of Coquetilla, and, in dislike them, fell the more easily into that contrary extreme which her recluse education, and her papa's cautic naturally led her. So that pride, reserve, affectation, a censoriousness, made up the essentials of her character, a she became more unamiable even than Coquetilla; and the other was too accessible, Prudiana was quite unapproa able by gentlemen, and unfit for any conversation but t of her servants, being also deserted by those of her own s by whom she might have improved, on account of censorious disposition. And what was the consequen Why this: Every worthy person of both sexes despising h and she being used to see nobody but servants, at l throws herself upon one of that class. In an evil hour, finds something that is taking to her low taste in the per of her papa's valet, a wretch so infinitely beneath her (b a gay coxcomb of a servant), that everybody attributed her the scandal of making the first advances; for, otherwi it was presumed, he durst not have looked up to his maste daughter. So here ended all her pride! All her reser came to this! Her censoriousness of others, redoubl people's contempts upon herself, and made nobody pity h She was finally turned out of doors, without a penny her fortune: the fellow was forced to set up a barber's sh in a country town; for all he knew, was to shave, and dr a peruke; and her papa would never look upon her mo So that Prudiana became the outcast of her family, and t scorn of all that knew her; and was forced to mingle conversation and company with the wretches of her hu band's degree!

Poor, miserable Prudiana! said miss.—What a sad, s fall was hers!—And all owing to the want of a proper ed cation too!—And to the loss of such a mamma, as I ha an aunt; and so wise a papa, as I have an uncle!—Ho could her papa, I wonder, restrain her person as he did, li a poor nun, and make her unacquainted with the genero restraints of the mind!

I am sure, my dear good aunt, it will be owing to y

that I shall never be a Coquetilla nor a Prudiana neither. Your table is always surrounded with the best of company; with worthy gentlemen, as well as ladies; and you instruct me to judge of both, and of every new guest, in such a manner as makes me esteem them all, and censure nobody; but yet to see faults in some to avoid, and graces in others to imitate: but in nobody but yourself and my uncle, anything so like perfection, as shall attract one's admiration to one's own ruin.

You are young yet, my love, and must always doubt your own strength; and pray to God more and more, as your years advance, to give you more and more prudence, and watchfulness over your conduct.

But yet, my dear, you must think justly of yourself too; for let the young gentlemen be ever so learned and discreet, your education entitles you to think as well of yourself as of them: for, don't you see, the ladies who are so kind to visit us, that have not been abroad, as you have been, when they were young, yet make as good figures in conversation, and say as good things as any of the gentlemen? For, my dear, all that the gentlemen know more than the ladies, except here and there such a one as your dear uncle, with all their learned education, is only that they have been *disciplined* perhaps into an observation of a few accuracies in speech, which, if they know no more, rather distinguish the *pedant* than the *gentleman;* such as the avoiding of a false concord, as they call it, and which you know how to do as well as the best: not to put a *was* for a *were,* an *are* for an *is,* and to be able to speak in mood and tense, and such like valuable parts of education: so that, my dear, you can have no reason to look upon that sex in so high a light, as to depreciate your own; and yet you must not be proud nor conceited neither; but make this one rule your guide:

In your *maiden state,* think yourself *above* the gentlemen; and they'll think you so too, and address you with reverence and respect, if they see there be neither pride nor arrogance in your behaviour, but a consciousness of merit, a true

dignity, such as becomes virgin modesty, and untainted purity of mind and manners, like that of an angel among men; for so young ladies should look upon themselves to be, and will then be treated as such by the other sex.

In your *married state*, which is a kind of state of humiliation for a lady, you must think yourself subordinate to your husband; for so it has pleased God to make the wife. You must have no will of your own, in *petty* things: and if you marry a gentleman of sense and honour, such a one as your uncle, he will look upon you as his equal; and will exalt you the more, for your abasing yourself.—In short, my dear, he will act by you just as your dear uncle does by me: and then, what a happy creature will you be!

So I shall, madam! To be sure I shall!—But I know I shall be happy whenever I marry, because I have such wise directors, and such an example before me: and if it please God, I will never think of any man (in pursuance of your constant advice to young ladies at the tea-table), who is not a man of sense, and a virtuous gentleman. But now, dear madam, for your next character. There are two more yet to come, that's my pleasure! I wish there were ten!

Why the next was Profusiana, you remember, my dear love. Profusiana took another course to *her* ruin. She fell into some of Coquetilla's foibles, but pursued them for another end, and in another manner. Struck with the grandeur and magnificence of what weak people call the *upper life*, she gives herself up to the circus, to balls, to operas, to masquerades, and assemblies; affects to shine at the head of all company, at Tunbridge, at Bath, and every place of public resort; plays high; is always receiving and paying visits, giving balls, and making treats and entertainments; and is so much *above* the conduct which mostly recommends a young lady to the esteem of the deserving of the other sex, that no gentleman, who prefers solid happiness, can think of addressing her, though she is a fine person, and has many outward graces of behaviour.

She becomes the favourite toast of the places she frequents, is proud of that distinction; gives the fashion, and delights in the pride that she can make apes in imitation, whenever she pleases. But yet, endeavouring to avoid being thought proud, makes herself cheap, and is the subject of the attempts of every coxcomb of eminence; and with much ado, preserves her virtue, though not her character.

What, all this while, is poor Profusiana doing? She would be glad perhaps of a suitable proposal; and would, it may be, give up some of her gaieties and extravagancies; for Profusiana has wit, and is not totally destitute of prudence, when she suffers herself to think. But her conduct procures her not one solid friendship, and she has not in a twelvemonth, among a thousand professions of service, one devoir that she can attend to, or a friend that she can depend upon. All the women she sees, if she excels them, hate her; the gay part of the men, with whom she accompanies most, are all in a plot against her honour. Even the gentlemen, whose conduct in the general is governed by principles of virtue, come down to these public places to partake of the innocent freedoms allowed there, and oftentimes give themselves airs of gallantry, and never have it in their thoughts to commence a treaty of marriage with an acquaintance begun upon that gay spot. What solid friendships and satisfactions, then, is Profusiana excluded from!

Her name, indeed, is written in every public window; and prostituted, as I may call it, at the pleasure of every profligate, or sot, who wears a diamond to engrave it: and that, it may be, with most vile and barbarous imputations and freedoms of words, added by rakes, who very probably never exchanged a syllable with her. The wounded trees are perhaps taught also to wear the initials of her name, linked, not unlikely, and widening as they grow, with those of a scoundrel. But all this while she makes not the least impression upon one noble heart: and at last, perhaps, having run on to the end of an uninterrupted race of follies,

she is cheated into the arms of some vile fortune-hunter; who quickly lavishes away the remains of that fortune which her extravagance had left; and then, after the worst usage, abandoning her with contempt, she sinks into an obscurity that cuts short the thread of her life, and leaves no remembrance but on the brittle glass, and more faithful bark, that ever she had a being.

Alas! alas! what a butterfly of a day, said miss (an expression she remembered of Lady Towers's), was poor Profusiana!—What a sad thing to be so dazzled by worldly grandeur, and to have so many admirers, and not one real friend!

Very true, my dear; and how carefully ought a person of a gay and lively temper to watch over it! And what a rock may public places be to a lady's reputation, if she be not doubly vigilant in her conduct, when she is exposed to the censures and observations of malignant crowds of people; many of the worst of whom spare the least those who are most unlike themselves!

But then, madam, said miss, would Profusiana venture to play at public places? Will ladies game, madam? I have heard you say that lords, and sharpers but just out of liveries, in gaming are upon a foot in everything, save that one has nothing to lose, and the other much, besides his reputation! And will ladies so disgrace their characters, and their sex, as to pursue this pernicious diversion in public?

Yes, my dear, they will, too often; the more's the pity! And don't you remember, when we were at Bath, in what a hurry I once passed by some knots of genteel people, and you asked, What those were doing? I told you, whisperingly, They were gaming; and loath I was that my Miss Goodwin should stop to see some sights, to which, till she arrived at years of discretion, it was not proper to familiarise her eye; in some sort acting like the ancient Romans, who would not assign punishments to certain atrocious crimes, because they had such a high idea of human nature, as to suppose it incapable of committing them: so

I was not for having you, while a little girl, see those things which I knew would give no credit to our sex; and which I thought, when you grew older, should be new and shocking to you: but now you are so much a woman in discretion, I may tell you anything.

She kissed my hand, and made me a fine courtesy—and told me, that now she longed to hear of Prudentia's conduct. *Her* name, madam, said she, promises better things than those of her three companions; and so it had need: for how sad is it to think, that out of four ladies of distinction, three of them should be naughty, and, *of course*, unhappy!—These two words, *of course*, my dear, said I, were very prettily put in: let me kiss you for them: since every one that is naughty, first or last must be *certainly* unhappy.

Far otherwise than what I have related, was it with the amiable Prudentia. Like the industrious bee, she makes up her honey-hoard from every flower, bitter as well as sweet; for every character is of use to her, by which she can improve her own. She had the happiness of an aunt who loved her, as I do you; and of an uncle, who doted on her, as yours does: for, alas! poor Prudentia lost her papa and mamma almost in her infancy, in one week: but was so happy in her uncle and aunt's care, as not to miss them in her education, and but just to remember their persons. By reading, by observation, and by attention, she daily added new advantages to those which her education gave her. She saw, and pitied, the fluttering freedoms and dangerous flights of Coquetilla. The sullen pride, the affectation, and stiff reserves, which Prudiana assumed, she penetrated, and made it her study to avoid. And the gay, hazardous conduct, extravagant temper, and love of tinselled grandeur, which were the blemishes of Profusiana's character, she dreaded and shunned. She fortifies herself with the excellent examples of the past and present ages, and knows how to avoid the faults of the faulty, and to imitate the graces of the most perfect. She takes into her scheme of that future happiness which she hopes to make her own,

what are the *true* excellences of her sex, and endeavours to appropriate to herself the domestic virtues which shall one day make her the crown of some worthy gentleman's earthly happiness; and which, *of course,* as you prettily said, my dear, will secure and heighten her own.

That noble frankness of disposition, that sweet and unaffected openness and simplicity, which shine in all her actions and behaviour, commend her to the esteem and reverence of all mankind; as her humility and affability, and a temper uncensorious, and ever making the best of what is said of the absent person, of either sex, do to the love of every lady. Her name indeed is not prostituted on windows, nor carved on the barks of trees in public places: but it smells sweet to every nostril, dwells on every tongue, and is engraven on every heart. She meets with no address but from men of honour and probity: the fluttering coxcomb, the inveigling parasite, the insidious deceiver, the mercenary fortune-hunter, spread no snares for a heart guarded by discretion and prudence, as hers is. They see that all her amiable virtues are the happy result of a uniform judgment, and the effects of her own wisdom, founded in an education to which she does the highest credit. And at last, after several worthy offers, enough to perplex any lady's choice, she blesses some one happy gentleman, more distinguished than the rest, for learning, good sense, and *true politeness,* which is but another word for *virtue* and *honour;* and shines, to her last hour, in all the duties of domestic life, as an excellent wife, mother, mistress, friend, and Christian; and so confirms all the expectations of which her maiden life had given such strong and such edifying presages.

Then folding my dear miss in my arms, and kissing her, tears of pleasure standing in her pretty eyes; Who would not, said I, shun the examples of the COQUETILLAS, the PRUDIANAS, and the PROFUSIANAS of this world, and choose to imitate the character of PRUDENTIA!—the happy and the happy-making PRUDENTIA!

O madam! madam! said the dear creature, smothering me with her rapturous kisses, PRUDENTIA is YOU!—Is YOU indeed!—It *can* be nobody else!—Oh, teach me, good God! to follow *your* example, and I shall be a SECOND PRUDENTIA!—Indeed I shall!

God send you may, my beloved miss! And may He bless you more, if possible, than Prudentia was blessed!

And so, my dear Lady G——, you have some of my nursery tales; with which, relying on your kind allowance and friendship, I conclude myself

Your affectionate and faithful

P. B——.

CONCLUSION.

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THE Editor thinks proper to conclude in this place, he may not be thought to deserve a suspicion, that extent of the Work was to be measured but by the pati of its readers. But he thinks it necessary, in orde elucidate the whole, to subjoin a brief note of the foll ing facts:

Mr. B—— (after the affair which took date at the n querade, and concluded so happily) continued to be on the best and most exemplary of men; an honour to country, both in his public and private capacity; havi at the instances of some of his friends, in very eleva stations, accepted of an honourable employment abroad the service of the State; which he discharged in such manner as might be expected from his qualifications a knowledge of the world: and on his return, after an sence of three years, resisting all the temptations of a bition, devoted himself to his privater duties, and join with his excellent lady in every pious wish of her hea adorning the married life with all the warmth of an e gant tenderness: beloved by his tenants, respected by neighbours, revered by his children, and almost adored the poor in every county where his estates gave him terest; as well for his own bountiful temper, as for t charities which he permitted to be dispensed with liberal a hand by his lady.

She made him the father of seven fine children; f sons and two daughters; all adorned and accomplished nature to be the joy and delight of such parents; bei educated, in every respect, by the rules of their inimita mother, laid down in that book which she mentions to ha